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THE
PRINCE OF WALES IN CANADA AND THE
UNITED STATES.



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THE
PRINCE OF WALES
IN
CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

BY
N. A. WOODS,
"The Times" Special Correspondent, Author of "The Past Campaign," etc., etc.

LONDON:
BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.
1861.

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Dedication.

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, K.G.,

ETC., ETC.

MY LORD DUKE,

This humble record of the memorable tour of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales through Canada and the United States I dedicate to your Grace with deep sentiments of respect and admiration. To no one could this volume be more appropriately offered than to one who was charged with all the responsibility, and who now so deservedly enjoys the honours due to the successful management of the late most remarkable progress. Frequently during the hurry of events in the West I was compelled to lay myself under obligations to your Grace for information and assistance to enable me, through the columns of "The Times," to discharge faithfully my duties to the English public. For the cordial and ready aid I always received on these occasions I cannot too often express my thanks. To these

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favours your Grace has added another, by your kind acceptance of the dedication of this book—an acceptance which I feel to be a most distinguished compliment to the general accuracy and impartiality of my narrative.

I have the honour to remain,

Your Grace's very obedient servant,

NICHOLAS AUGUSTUS WOODS.

GROVE HILL,
January 2, 1861.

PREFACE.

A VERY few words will suffice to introduce this volume to the reader. It is founded almost entirely upon the letters which, as Special Correspondent of "The Times," I forwarded to that journal, narrating the long progress of the Prince of Wales through Canada and the United States. Some portions—such as the description of the Saguenay, Niagara, and the visit to Washington's Tomb—have been reproduced almost verbatim. But during a tour of such extent, and conducted with such rapidity, it of course happened that, in spite of the kind assistance at all times extended towards me by members of the royal suite and Canadian government, many events of interest both to the English and Canadians were overlooked, and either left unnoticed or merely mentioned *en passant*. On the other hand, details and facts connected with our great North American colonies were

constantly arising, but for which, unfortunately, I could find no place in my record of the state receptions in Canada, which every day, and almost every hour in the day, awaited the Prince of Wales. These omissions I have endeavoured to rectify in the present volume.

The amount of additions and corrections thus necessary has swelled its bulk far beyond the dimensions I anticipated. The comparative absence of state and formality during the progress through the United States, gave me better opportunities of observing the resources and peculiar features of the country than any I enjoyed in Canada. But even the hurried sketch I am enabled to give of that gigantic colony will not be without its use, if it only succeeds in directing inquiry into the almost boundless and little known resources of our great North American dependencies. No one can feel more keenly than I do how small is the stock of information here contributed to this important subject; but,

“What is writ is writ :
Would it were worthier.”

The time, however, is fast approaching when the wealth, magnitude, and importance of the British possessions in North America will force their notice on England and its people, who will then learn with as much pleasure as surprise, that their colony, known under the general name of Canada, is an empire of the West, inferior only to that of the United States.

N. A. WOODS.

GROVE HILL,
January 2, 1861.

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THE PRINCE OF WALES IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

CHAPTER I.

NEWFOUNDLAND AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Canada—Embarkation of the Prince and Suite—Voyage to Newfoundland—Reception—Departure for Halifax—Preparations in the Town—Excitement in Halifax—Arrival—Indians—Procession through the Town—The Weather—Festivities : The Ball—Illuminations—Regatta—Visit to an Indian Encampment—Departure—Visit to Windsor.

THE tour of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales through Canada and the United States was the first great progress ever made in the West by any member of the English Royal family. If in future times for the next century to come one should be undertaken by every succeeding heir apparent to the British Crown, none is ever likely to meet with a more remarkable reception than that accorded to Albert Edward, in 1860. History, I believe, affords no record of any royal progress extending over such a vast territory, and continued through so long a period of time where the reception was, from first to last, on such a lavish scale of splendour and hospitality, and distinguished

by such boundless enthusiasm of loyalty. Yet this remarkable progress, destined I believe to be productive of the most important results—arising not more from the extended knowledge which the English public has gained of the magnitude and resources of their great Canadian empire, than from witnessing the kind and hearty feeling of friendship evinced towards their country by all classes of Americans, at the outset, excited but little notice in England. The general public only knew that His Royal Highness was departing on a kind of state tour to the British North American provinces and Canada—colonies about which, as a rule, they knew still less. Some curiosity was felt as to whether he would pass through the States; and of course an interest evinced as to the kind of reception he would get there. But beyond this there seemed at first very little feeling in the matter. The Prince of Wales had been through Italy, Germany, France, and Spain without attracting any extraordinary amount of attention at home or abroad. In England the public seemed to imagine that the visit to Canada, though of course of a more important and festive kind, would nevertheless, very much resemble his previous travels on the continent, almost overlooking the fact that His Highness was going to visit, and for a time reside among a people as truly and as sterlingly English as any yeoman from Land's End to John o' Groats. Thus at the time the whole length and breadth of Canada and the North American provinces were steeped in festive preparations and making ready for grand displays of every sort and on every scale of magnitude, it was not even known at home to where the tour of His Royal Highness would really extend. While the native tribes were mustering on Lake Huron to do honour to the son of "their Great Mother;" while the back-woods' tracks

round Ottawa were being made or repaired for him to pass along on his winding route to all the chief towns in Upper Canada, almost the most that had transpired in England was, that he was certainly going to Quebec—that he would open the great Victoria Bridge at Montreal—probably visit the President, and not improbably go to New York; the whole visit lasting about a month. In fact, the English public knew very little about the matter at all; and, if I am not mistaken, the first intimation they received of the real extent and importance of the great visit was from the programme of what was to be done in Canada, forwarded to the *Times* from Quebec.

Some little stir was made by the embarkation of His Royal Highness at Plymouth, and a kindly farewell address was presented to him by the mayor and corporation of that town; but this was almost the only public formality that marked the departure of the Prince of Wales on one of the longest, grandest, and most important tours which royalty has ever undertaken.

The vessels chosen to accompany the Prince and form the royal squadron, were the *Hero*, 91 guns, Captain Seymour; the *Ariadne*, 26, Captain Vansittart; and the *Flying Fish*, 6, Commander Hope. The two first named are the finest and fastest ships in the navy—probably of their class the two finest and fastest ships in the world. The last, though a most beautiful steam sloop to look at, is like all of the same sort, by no means a good one to go, but on the contrary, so slow, that it was necessary to give her a week's start of the other vessels to enable her to arrive at St. John's in time. On board the "*Hero*" were the Prince, the Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of the Colonies, and state adviser on this tour to His Royal Highness; Earl

St. Germain's, Lord Steward of Her Majesty's household; and Major-General the Hon. R. Bruce, governor to the Prince. Dr. Ackland, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, attended as the Prince's physician; Lieutenant-Colonel Grey and Major Teesdale, the equerries to His Royal Highness; and Mr. G. D. Engleheart, the Duke of Newcastle's private secretary, were also of the party on board the "Hero." The poop cabin on the upper deck, furnished in the very plainest style, and with an ordinary ship's cot swinging in the corner of the sleeping cabin, was for the use of His Royal Highness. The Duke of Newcastle and Earl St. Germain's divided the ward room. The other members of the royal party had temporary cabins built for them along the main deck, the greater part of the room in each of which was of course monopolised by a long 32-pounder. A college friend of the Prince, the Hon. C. Ellice, a son of Lord Howard De Walden, went in the *Ariadne*; Viscount Hinchinbrooke and the Hon. G. Elliot (son of the Earl St. Germain's), also friends of the Prince, and who joined and travelled with the royal party in America, preceded the departure of the squadron, and went to New York in the ordinary mail steamer. On the morning of July the 10th the vessels steamed out of Plymouth Sound, and the voyage to America commenced.

On this cruise out there was very little to vary the dull monotony, which made Johnson liken a sea voyage to being in prison, with the chance of being drowned. When off Rame Head, the "Hero" fell in with the Channel fleet, sailing along in two splendid lines. The whole squadron saluted, cheered, and then wore round in fine style, and made a formidable escort to the "Hero" till clear of the coast of Ireland, and well out into the broad Atlantic. The flag-ship then signalled

a farewell, again the whole fleet poured forth its thundering homage to the royal standard, and tacking down Channel, were soon out of sight below the horizon.

They were lost sight of with almost a feeling of regret, for somehow or other they were generally supposed to have taken the fine weather with them. Certainly, if the fleet had not some other vessels had, for most assuredly none remained with the royal squadron. From that time out there was nothing but bad weather. It was not downright heavy weather of the violent kind, which forces one to take an interest in the barometer, and make furtive inquiries as to the ship being strong and a good sea-boat—the kind of weather which makes all food but biscuit or sea-pie impossible to be got. Fortunately it was not of this sort (though if it had been it would not have mattered much to His Royal Highness, who is as good a sailor as his brother Alfred), but still the vagaries of a line-of-battle ship in a gale in the Atlantic are rather alarming to witness for the first time. It was merely then unfavourable weather, and, short of a hurricane, nothing worse for discomfort is to be met at sea than what is encountered under this mild general term. There was drizzle and rain on deck, damp and discomfort below, with just sufficient head sea to impede progress, but, apparently, by no means enough to justify the breakage that was exterminating crockery on all sides. Fortunately, not only His Royal Highness but all the suite were exempt from that nauseous leveller, sea-sickness, so in spite of all the time was passed tolerably well, sometimes in speculations as to when there was likely to be a fair wind, or else in making “chaffing” signals to the “Ariadne.” Then, cabin number 7 invited cabins number 5 and 3 to a quiet cigar, when cabins 4 and 6 were sure to drop

in, and at a later hour cabins 1, 2, and 9, and the "festivities were prolonged to an advanced hour." On the seventh day out the breeze became more *prononcé* and there was every prospect of a longer cruise, and of the good citizens of the British provinces being kept waiting for the arrival of their long expected visitor till their arches were faded and their enthusiasm down to zero. It blew hard, with a heavy swell, and the suite were speculating on a rough night, when the attention of all was arrested by that most startling of all sounds at sea, the cry of a "man overboard." In almost as little time as it takes to tell it, both life-buoys were let go, and the "Hero" rounded to. The poor fellow, who had jumped into the water in a fit of temporary insanity, as it was supposed, could be seen astern struggling amid the surges. With some risk and difficulty a boat was manned and lowered, and pulled away with desperate strokes, to save the wretched man. So quick was all that could be done accomplished that it seemed almost certain the poor fellow would be saved, when suddenly, as the boat was almost alongside him, he disappeared and was seen no more. This most painful incident—the only incident of the voyage—by no means made the cruise more cheerful, and the dull, wet, unfavourable weather seemed duller and more gloomy than ever. There was nothing, in fact, to enliven it but hazy conjectures as to when they would arrive, with now and then a small discussion as to whether or not the "Ariadne" would part company in the next fog. But of this latter there was little fear, for wind, rain, fog, or storm, the splendid consort of the "Hero" never parted once from her stern but for a few short hours, when in a thicker fog than ever off the coast of Newfoundland. Thus day by day was passed, and the Prince's barometrical ill luck, which followed him

almost throughout the tour, became more and more evident with each foul wind, dead calm, head sea, or denser fog. With such weather, therefore, every one was not a little pleased to hear on the night of the 22nd of July that the "Hero" was close upon the shores of Newfoundland. The following morning found the squadron off the harbour of St. John's, and before breakfast each vessel was quietly moored abreast of the wide, straggling, quaint colonial capital.

Newfoundland, though in appearance a poor and small colony, is not without its own peculiar importance and one certainly which is as widely known by name and fame as any British possession in the whole world. There is, however, no tract of country of the same size belonging to the English crown, except perhaps Australia, the internal natural resources of which are so little explored. Of the interior of Newfoundland almost nothing has been discovered beyond that it is supposed, on general rumour, to contain many lakes, to be full of swamps and bogs, with isolated hills thinly covered with trees of small growth. In fact, the whole population of the island live in sight of the sea, from which, of course, they seldom move, as from its waves are drawn their only means for commerce and subsistence. Out of a population numbering more than 110,000 beings, there are scarcely 3000 who are not directly or indirectly connected with, or dependant on, the fisheries. Among a people so employed, of course very little attention is ever bestowed upon the interior of the island, which to them appears, not only by rumour but from a commercial point of view and as having no fisheries, to be a mere waste. Almost the very first effort which was undertaken, not to explore, but merely to cross Newfoundland, was to survey a route in connection with the Atlantic Telegraph. The result

of this attempt, which was successful, though during it very many of the Indians who accompanied Mr. Gisborne died of privation and fatigue, showed that for once the wild and sterile nature of an almost unknown interior had not been exaggerated. The island beyond the actual coast line was found to be a mere swamp—cold, raw, utterly wild, and almost destitute of either animals or trees.

On such an island there was, of course, very little for the royal party to see, except in the actual town of St. John's, which had made an amount of preparations in the way of arches and evergreens, such as no one had expected. This festive exhibition would no doubt have been worth seeing, but for the rain, which, as throughout the voyage, accompanied His Royal Highness to this his first landing-place, and poured in such torrents that for some hours the disembarkation had to be postponed. Of what took place at this visit to St. John's there is really so little to record that, but as a link in the narrative of the progress, it might almost be omitted entirely. A few things, however, are worthy of mention, one being that the cod fish caught at Newfoundland, when fresh, is as tasteless as water and as unpalatable as cotton wool. It is only when salted (the only condition in which it is exported) that it becomes even tolerably good; and, fortunately for the value of the fisheries, the cod of Newfoundland bears salting better than any other species known. Another fact discovered during the royal visit demands especial notice, as it was subsequently much commented on, and formed, if anything could form, a sort of foundation for the monstrous superstructure of false reports which were designedly circulated among the Orangemen of Upper Canada. The Protestants and Roman Catholics of Newfoundland are pretty equal in number, and

to their credit be it said, the ministers of both creeds live on terms of the most perfect amity and friendship without interferences or jealousies of any kind. So perfect is this concord that when, after the landing, each body presented an address to His Royal Highness, both at once consented to be included in a joint-reply—perhaps the first instance of the kind on record. This reply the Prince delivered to them as follows:—

“ I receive with deep gratification the Address which you have presented to me.

“ The anxiety which has ever been manifested by the Queen for the promotion of all that concerns the religious, moral, and social condition of her people is well known to you. She will, therefore, rejoice to hear that your labours in this island have been crowned with so large a measure of success, and that good order and obedience to the laws characterise the population among whom, by the Divine will, your lot has been cast.

“ That the inhabitants of this colony may long live in the possession of an earnest faith, and, at the same time, in religious peace and harmony, shall be my constant prayer.

“ Personally, I thank you for your congratulations upon my safe arrival, and for your good wishes.”

After this and many other addresses, from various corporations and societies,* His Royal Highness, having nothing else either to do or see, made a private visit to inspect the really fine interior of the Protestant cathedral. On quitting this building he was requested to

* There were upwards of 380 addresses presented to His Royal Highness during the whole tour, and more than 100 of these were honoured with replies. The whole, if printed, would form a thicker volume than that now before the reader, and even the principal ones, which have since been reprinted by the Colonial Office, make a very fair-sized book. Of course, under such circumstances, it would be mere waste of the reader's time and patience to give even the Prince's answers, except in those cases where subsequent events connected with the tour showed them to have more than a local importance. Such was the address to the united clergy of Newfoundland.

confer the same favour on the cathedral belonging to the Roman Catholics. To this, of course, His Royal Highness at once consented, and having looked into the interior of the chapel, which in its style of adornments much resembled an over-decorated music hall, for a few minutes, the party came away. Short as was this visit, it was taken as a compliment, and was, I am told, a deep source of pleasure to the Roman Catholics. Short as it was, also, it afterwards sufficed, with other causes, to answer a political purpose, and to get up the Orange cry in Canada against what was called the Duke of Newcastle's popish leanings.

This was the only Roman Catholic place of worship the Prince entered during the whole tour from beginning to end.

After these visits and the drive round the town, the Prince proceeded to the residence of Sir Alexander Bannerman, held a short levee, and afterwards, at a banquet, met some of the most distinguished citizens of St. John's. Later in the evening there was a ball, which began the Prince's long series of triumphs at these fêtes, for his grace, affability, and kind good nature won the hearts of all.

It was intended to amuse the populace with fireworks on this evening, but the rain had been so incessant that very few attended to witness the display. This was fortunate, as, few as were the people present, there were fewer still of the pyrotechnics that could be got to light by any means, so that on the whole the intended exhibition was rather a decided failure than otherwise.

On the morning following the ball and projected outdoor entertainment, the inhabitants of Newfoundland presented the Prince with one of the largest and noblest looking specimens of the breed of dogs for which the island is famed all over the world. This

magnificent brute, though still very young, was quite as large as an ordinary donkey, and, like all pure Newfoundland dogs, a deep jet black. With him also was presented a superb silver collar and chain, the former enriched with elaborate chasings, and having between the arms of the colony and the Prince of Wales, a short but appropriate inscription to His Highness. The dog had received the name of "Avalon," after the first colony established in the island by Lord Baltimore, in 1623. The Prince, however, proposed calling the animal by the name of the great discoverer of Newfoundland, Cabot, and this new title the splendid brute soon became accustomed to on board the "Hero." The size, courage, strength, and perfect docility of Cabot, of course made him an universal favourite among the officers of the ship.

It was soon found, however, that his daring and love for the water was of such an absorbing nature as was likely to terminate his career abruptly, unless closely watched while on board the flagship. The first day he was let loose for a run on the main deck, to the astonishment of every one, the instant he caught sight of the sea, he made one bound clear through a port, down into the water, and of course a boat had to be lowered to pick Master Cabot up again. On a second occasion, when let loose, his love of swimming again overpowered all fear of consequences, and Cabot was overboard in the twinkling of an eye, frisking and enjoying himself among the heavy waves with as much delight as if he was born there.

One or two other little escapades of the same daring kind proved beyond a doubt that Cabot was not "fit to be at large" when in sight of the sea. The higher the waves the more anxious and determined he seemed to plunge among them. In sight or out of sight of land

made no manner of difference to him, and it was therefore feared he would go overboard some day when the sea might be so wild that it would be dangerous to lower a boat for his rescue and recapture. Therefore Cabot was kept chained up while at sea, rambling about a dog's house large enough to accommodate a small family.

On the Saturday following the ball the royal squadron quitted Newfoundland and proceeded under easy steam for Halifax. For such a cruise there was plenty of time and to spare, before the hour fixed for the arrival at the capital of Nova Scotia. On Sunday afternoon, therefore, the ships turned aside into the harbour of Sydney, the chief town of Cape Breton Island. Here His Royal Highness landed quietly, and took a short drive round the small though very clean and pretty streets of the capital. It is almost needless to say what was the delight of the inhabitants, who were not the less excited by the honour from the fact of its being totally unexpected. A very thick fog set in soon after the royal party re-embarked from this small province, but the weather was then of small account, for the ships were close to Halifax, where the real state progress through the provinces and Canada was to commence. The squadron accordingly lay to for the night, off the entrance of the harbour, so as to be ready to steam into Halifax at once with the return of daylight.

I had arrived at Halifax some two days or so before the time when His Royal Highness was expected to land at that ancient colony. A telegram had just been received from St. John's, announcing that the Prince of Wales had arrived safely at Newfoundland on the night of the 23rd. But beyond this very meagre amount of information, little if anything was known for

certainty, so that all Nova Scotia was in quite a fever of excitement and delightful expectation. The entire population seemed to think of nothing — certainly they talked of nothing, and one might almost fancy dreamt of nothing but the Prince, and how best to receive him. I had arrived at New York in the "Great Eastern," nearly six weeks before the time when His Royal Highness was expected in the west, and employed the interval in travelling over Canada, as much as I could in so short a period. To my astonishment I found that the whole land from Halifax to Lake Huron resounded only with preparations for the approaching royal visit. It was difficult to find a daily paper which was not full of acrostics on the name of Albert Edward, verses in his praise, anecdotes of his childhood, and predictions of a future glory which should equal that of his royal mother, whose name it must be said is never mentioned either in Canada or the United States, but in such terms of reverence and admiration as every Englishman feels glad and proud to hear. No advertisement ever appeared without some adroit allusion to his expected arrival to rivet the attention of readers to the puff. His name and titles were somehow mysteriously associated by advertisers with cheap pork, old patents, ladies' dresses, sales of timber—everything in fact from a waterproof coat to a barrel of mild cider. You could not sit down to dinner but his portrait loomed dimly from beneath the gravy in the centre of the plate. It was Prince's hats, Prince's boots, Prince's umbrellas, Prince's coats, Prince's cigars, and the whole colony nodded, in fact, with Prince's coronets and feathers. Into all this brilliant turmoil of preparation and display, Halifax appeared to enter with the keenest interest.

The town of Halifax by no means impresses the visitor on his first entrance. As is generally the case, the road from the station passes through some of the poorest thoroughfares and meanest houses. The latter seem ill built and tumbling to their decay, with their doors and windows mostly crowded with seedy looking, squalid inhabitants, who lounge about as if they had very little to do, and were too idle to do even that. Here and there this monotony of seediness is relieved by the presence of one or two brightly dressed Indian squaws, with their flat Tartar features half hidden under a fell of long, coarse, unkempt hair; their great splay feet covered over with blanket mocassins, tramping along with their little papooses tied down hand and foot to a flat piece of board, and looking for all the world like some curious preparation of an infant being dried in the sun. Further up, towards what may be called the more fashionable quarter of the town, the streets are better and wider, though always as hilly, as dusty, and as stony as all towns in the provinces seem bound to be. Still the whole place has an air of antiquated sleepiness about it, a kind of wooden imitation of the dulness of old cathedral towns in England, where each rickety house seems as if it only nudged its neighbour to keep still. The churches and public buildings, however, are large and handsome; and if the traveller has not first visited the flourishing town of St. John's, New Brunswick—the Liverpool of the British North American Provinces—he is apt on the whole to be very well satisfied with the capital of Nova Scotia. To the lovers of beautifully wild and romantic scenery, all the country round the town offers charms which may really be said to be inexhaustible; and the constant presence of a numerous garrison, with the importance of the place as a naval station, secures to

the inhabitants of Halifax more of what is termed "good society" than can be found in any other of the provinces.

The visit of His Royal Highness to St. John's, Newfoundland, of course excited little interest except among the inhabitants of that remote fishing station, as it was at Halifax that the royal progress was understood to commence. Thither, accordingly, visitors flocked from all parts of Canada, and even from many parts of the United States, till Halifax looked not only crowded, but almost busy. The hotels of the town have deservedly always stood extremely low in the estimation of even the least fastidious tourists. The fact of their being then crowded with about four times the number of visitors they ever pretended to accommodate, certainly did very little towards diminishing their evil repute. Beds commanded fancy prices. As a general rule, travelling with beds in one's luggage should be avoided; but here was an exception, and the trouble and expense of dragging one down even to such an "*ultima thule*" as Halifax, would have amply compensated any gentleman at all particular on the score of comfort, and one might almost say cleanliness. All visitors who arrived late found themselves suddenly called upon to solve an impossible problem, as to finding beds, while, to add to the general harmony and peace of mind, every one appeared to have got some one else's luggage, and the wildest confusion prevailed.

The inhabitants of Halifax, however, were very little affected by these *contretemps*. Their minds were all concentrated on one darling purpose, that of giving the Prince a grand and hearty welcome. For, no matter how much behind St. John's and other towns of our great Canadian colonies in material wealth or

commercial future, Nova Scotia is inferior to no colony England has ever owned in warm and generous loyalty to the British throne. Only one impulse therefore seemed to actuate the whole population; all the ordinary duties of life or business seemed to have been laid aside, that the people might devote themselves heart and soul to welcoming their future king with fitting warmth and splendour. Nothing was thought too good for the occasion; and as not only the town, but every street and almost every house worked to the same end, the result may be anticipated, though even those who have seen it cannot easily do it full justice. The Prince's progress all through Canada was one grand state procession from Halifax to Hamilton; but beautiful and impressive as were all his receptions, His Highness saw very little which surpassed his first welcome at Halifax. Very few indeed were the places which even recalled to mind the exquisite street decorations which for the time being transformed the dull old dusty town into a perfect bower. Even a week before the Prince's arrival, scarcely a house but was preparing its illuminations and transparencies, not a street so small as to be without its triumphal arch. In some there were constantly as many as four or five, in others more than ten: a perfect vista of flags and evergreens. All the houses, even to the smallest, were almost covered over with boughs of spruce fir, which filled the air with its rich sweet smell, while the eye was charmed by resting on its deep, rich, mellow-looking green. While on this subject, I must not omit to mention the most gratifying fact connected with this really beautiful display—a display which would have done credit to the largest and most loyal town in England. Nearly the whole of the expenses of these multitudinous arches and illuminations were defrayed by private sub-

scriptions among the inhabitants. It is speaking quite within the mark when I say that at least fifty beautiful arches were finished before the Prince arrived; and of all these the provincial government only bore the expense of two. Of course, if it had been necessary, the government would cheerfully have met the cost of all; but the loyalty of the Haligonians left no room for improvement in this respect.

The rather meagre doings at Newfoundland had been duly telegraphed to Halifax, and kept the people in a constant state of nervous anxiety lest anything should be shown at the fishing colony which might even bear comparison with what they were preparing. There was, however, but little fear of this, for, by the Saturday before the arrival of His Royal Highness, the town was perfectly concealed under such a mass of triumphal arches, illuminations, decorations, arcades, flags, and banners, that Halifax proper was no longer to be seen, but in its stead was a town of colours, tinsel, wreaths, lamps, flowers, and evergreens, till each street was more like those "bowers of bliss and realms of never ending felicity" in which pantomimes are always expected to terminate, than a part of the dull seaport capital of Nova Scotia. All these preparations were not got through without a terrific din of hammering and sawing; and, though apparently nails enough were driven to have built a city, yet something, of course, remained to do at the last moment. So Sunday was rigidly observed till twelve o'clock, when the hammering was renewed with conscientious accuracy and redoubled vigour, and a lively night was the result to all who lived within hearing (as who did not?) of some monstrous hollow drumming arch. One would have thought from the sound, that each leaf on the structure required a tenpenny nail to secure it.

Popular belief varied as to the time when the Prince would arrive at Halifax, and any hour between 3 A.M. and noon in turn became the favourite, as the squadron was now rumoured to be in the bay, and the next moment all but missing. Before five o'clock in the morning every one was astir in the town: not that even the most inveterate of sightseers found or expected much to interest him then, but because it was evident that there was no sleeping with the Prince so near at hand. So people turned out, and gossipped and speculated on the great event, till rumours, hopes, and fears got wilder and more vague each moment. The general uncertainty was not diminished when from the flagstaff on the citadel the signal was run up that two steamers were in sight. This at once made it evident to the meanest capacity that these ships could not belong to the royal squadron, when their approach was announced in such an off-hand manner, without any greater marks of reverence or formality than precede the arrival of an ordinary mail. Nevertheless the royal squadron it proved to be, though still so far off that they only seemed at the entrance of the noble harbour of Halifax like dots upon the edge of the horizon.

The discovery made as great a sensation as if it was the most unexpected thing in the world, and not what all Nova Scotia had been waiting and looking forward to for the previous six months. The good news spread from mouth to mouth, and on the instant steamers, yachts, cutters, and row-boats, started out to meet the fleet, though still some nine or ten miles distant. Everybody, however, could not go this way; and those who were left behind consoled themselves for their disappointment by hoisting up still more flags, banners, and lamps, for, though only six in the

morning, popular enthusiasm ran as high as ever, and seemed to be rising every minute. It was a little damped, however, by the sudden recollection that the three signal guns which were to be fired from the citadel when the royal squadron was in sight, had not been fired at all. For want of the proper information as to the cause of this, public enthusiasm underwent a slight reaction, and Halifax gradually went in-doors again *en masse*. A fresh topic for anxiety deepened the temporary despondency very much, as the delicate attention of a sou'-west wind brought up some heavy masses of black clouds, which gradually shrouded the hills and citadel, raining a little now and a little then, and threatening to become entirely obnoxious as the day wore on.

At eight o'clock it poured so hard that even the firing of the three long-looked-for guns which officially proclaimed that the Prince had come at last, had no effect in getting the people out. All the boats which were to meet the squadron, had long gone; and to do Halifax mere justice, its inhabitants appeared much too used to seeing heavy rain to find anything in it sufficiently attractive to bring them out on that occasion. Fortunately there were intervals when it held off, and made believe as if it meant to clear up thoroughly. During one of these, the ships of the royal fleet, the "Hero" leading statelily, but all eclipsed by the perfect form and noble lines of the "Ariadne," came slowly up the bay. Then from the citadel and forts, from Fort Redoubt, from George's Island. Point Pleasant, and the batteries along the shore, the royal salute began to thunder out in one long solemn roar, which went on multiplying as it reverberated among the hills till the very air seemed to tremble under the heavy sound. Another minute and all the

town of Halifax was in the streets, cheering, hurrying, pushing; every one on the move, though none seeming to know where to go, crowding out of houses, where they could see very well, into little alleys where they couldn't see at all, and otherwise conducting themselves in a wild manner, like a loyal and enthusiastic people. The wharves and the windows, the hills, and even the roofs of the houses were crowded—the only points of vantage which were at all respected during the general rush being the tops of the triumphal arches themselves. The dockyard was the great centre of attraction, for there, not only the public were admitted, but there the Prince was to land, and there the chief officers and gentry of the province were to receive His Highness, with Earl Mulgrave the Lieutenant-Governor, Admiral Milne, the Members of the Legislative Assembly, the Mayor and Corporation, &c.

Precisely at ten o'clock the "Hero," half hidden by the smoke of guns, came opposite the town, when the "Nile," the "Cossack," and the "Valorous," each fired a royal salute and manned yards to the very mast-head—the men as neat as pins in their white shirts and trousers, and looking somewhat like pins, too, as they stood up in close rows, like a fringe to the yards.

The "Hero" kept on till abreast of the dockyard, when she passed under the stern of the "Nile," and rounding to almost in twice her own length, came at once to her moorings. The "Ariadne" with a majestic sweep that was beautiful, though which at one time seemed as if about to send her ashore on the other side of the bay, followed the "Hero;" while the little "Flying Fish," the smartest looking vessel of her class afloat, seemed, as she rose and fell to the undulations of the water, to be skipping lightly after her huge sisters.

Of course, as all eyes were strained to see the Prince, it need scarcely be told how every one that a glimpse was caught of on board the "Hero," from a sailor boy standing in a conspicuous position on the side, up to the officer of marines, was in turn mistaken for him, and in turn elicited from the spectators the warmest expressions of admiration. Few seemed to know that the slight, quiet-looking young man, standing with three or four others on the poop, with an unmistakeably sunburnt tinge of brown over his fair complexion, and who was the first to raise his hat as the strains of the national anthem came from the ships of war, was really the Prince of Wales—the royal visitor so long prepared for and so anxiously expected. Immediately that the vessels came to their moorings, a train of some ten or twelve Indian canoes, of various sizes, paddled rapidly up under the stern of the "Hero." The Indians in them were of the tribe of the Micmacs, who had come in from the woods especially to do honour to the arrival of His Highness. Their light birch-bark canoes had little sprigs of fern in them at the bows, and looked characteristic enough. Not so did their occupants, who were dressed in blue frock coats and trousers, and had their swarthy, broad, Mongol features, and long, coarse, straight, black hair, almost concealed under common English beaver hats, about twice too large even for their wide heads. By way of reconciling them to this most un-Indian costume, the cuffs and collars of the coats were ornamented with rough beadwork, making such a curious *mélange* of the whole dress, that it was hard to say of the two whether civilisation or barbarism was most travestied. The men themselves, though carefully selected from the best of the tribe, and in most cases tall, and in one or two instances athletic-looking, were on the whole

immeasurably inferior in physical development to the average of ordinary white men. Their arms were long, weak-looking, and nerveless; each man stooped so much as to appear almost deformed, walking, when on shore, with a shambling, flat-footed gait, and gazing about the streets with such a vacuous expression of countenance as at once showed them weak alike in mind and body, a fast degenerating race of men. On Lake Huron real Indians—Indians who would not know what to do with all the trousers in Bond Street if they were given them to wear for nothing—afterwards met the Prince, and those tall, lithe, swarthy savages were worth seeing. But alas for what the Micmacs could offer to interest! In their long blue coats and ornamented cuffs and collars, they looked like the mummies of an antiquated beadledom—the parochial scourings of some long bygone Indian village. Their chief was a fine-looking man, but he was an Englishman, who had “taken up” among the Indians as a “medicine-man,” and to whose unskilful ministerings, by the way, the very dilapidated appearance of his new associates may be, perhaps, ascribed.

Lord Mulgrave with Admiral Milne went on board the “Hero,” and had an interview with the Prince, who expressed his intention of landing at 12 o’clock. A few minutes before that hour the ships of war manned yards, and precisely as 12 o’clock struck there was a little stir on board the “Hero,” and shaking hands as he left with all the officers of the ship, the Prince of Wales came down the side, followed by the Duke of Newcastle, Earl St. Germans, Major-General Bruce, and the other officers of his suite, and took his seat in the handsome royal barge. As it pushed from the side, the Prince Royal Standard—the arms of England quartered, according to the heraldic bearings of the

heir apparent—was hoisted amid the thundering roar of guns from forts and fleet.

The Prince landed at the dockyard steps near a triumphal arch, which, to typify the nautical character of the locale, was moored by two small anchors at either side, with a canoe on the top with the Prince of Wales's feathers springing out of the middle like three little masts. Under this the Prince stepped ashore, wearing the uniform of a colonel in the army, with the broad blue riband of the Garter across his breast. Here he stood for some seconds motionless, for he had kindly complied with a request of the city that a photograph might be taken of him as he first landed on Nova Scotian soil. It was rather a trying position for any young man, even though a Prince, to stand motionless, close to the eager, scrutinizing, admiring gaze of thousands, for nearly half a minute without varying a feature or a muscle, and amid such a silence that almost the breathing of the great crowd was audible. But, with his hat raised, and a kind smile on his face which reminded every one irresistibly of his Royal mother, the Prince bore the ordeal gracefully and well—so well that a tremendous cheer, with applause from the ladies, and cries of "How kind of him!" "How condescending!" "How affable!" rewarded him most amply for his slight delay. Before he had well done acknowledging the salutes of the governor, the legislature, and the judges, His Royal Highness was if possible more popular at Halifax than he had even been at St. John's.

After a few formal presentations and a few still more formal addresses he mounted his horse and, accompanied by Lord Mulgrave, the Lieutenant-Governor, and all his suite, issued forth from the dockyard into the main street leading up toward the town. Here

indeed all Halifax was out, shouting, cheering, waving handkerchiefs and clapping hands, as if they were demented. For the first part of the way the street was kept by the fire companies, then by corps of volunteers; among them was a strong company of negroes, and then came the regulars. But through all these barriers save the last the crowd went plunging on, quite irresistible, not only at times overwhelming the line of sentries, but sometimes even carrying them away with them with a headlong rush that no obstacle could check, till they were abreast of the Prince, when they stopped, and with scrupulous reverence forbore to crowd on him, though they made up for this reserve by cheering, shouting, and throwing their caps into the air like madmen. The great street was soon entered—one long vista of flags, arches, flowers, and wreaths, with the roadway densely crowded, and all the windows, roofs, and balconies thronged with hundreds of ladies waving handkerchiefs and throwing down bouquets till the whole place seemed fluttering in the wind. The scene was one of the most enthusiastic delight, the contagious spirit of which spread even to the coldest, till the people seemed actually as if they were taking leave of their senses. I have had a good deal of experience in these royal progresses, but, except on the occasion of the Princess Royal's departure from Gravesend after her marriage, never saw anything to surpass the reception of the Prince of Wales at Halifax. His Royal Highness's horse was young and fiery, and pranced as if quite used to carrying blood royal. He betrayed his inexperience, however, by starting now and then at the cheers, but, as the Prince sits a horse beautifully, the fretfulness of the steed only showed off the rider to the best advantage; and the expressions of fervent admiration which were heard now and then

from the ladies in the balconies as he rode by bowing to them, in spite of his unruly horse, with easy grace, were enough to turn the head of any crown prince in Christendom.

Under arches erected to him by English, Irish, and Scotch, each bearing some well-turned motto expressive of welcome to himself and admiration for his royal mother, the Prince passed slowly on, the crowd always surging after him like a great sea of human beings, tumbling over each other and whatever else came in their way, but always shouting louder and louder every minute. At last the procession turned out of the street leading from the dockyard, and wound up the hill to the Parade, where a beautiful scene presented itself. Over the whole Parade-ground had been erected an immense bench of seats, something like the orchestra of the Crystal Palace, which held nearly 8000 children—the sons and daughters of the citizens. All were very nicely dressed, and looked at a distance, in the gay confusion of colours, like a huge flower-bed, framed in by the arches, and flags, and evergreens in the background, in a bright striking picture. At the foot of the gallery the Prince reined in his horse while the children sang “God save the Queen” with all the strength and harmony of their little voices. The first verse was very well given—so well that the Prince made them a low bow as the second was proceeding, and this put an end to the music at once, for, carried away by enthusiasm at this acknowledgment, two or three rosy little girls and boys began to cheer, and in a second they all rose and shouted, clapped their hands, and waved bonnets, caps, and handkerchiefs in such a vivid and spontaneous burst of juvenile enthusiasm as was truly touching. Their little voices echoed through the square alone for

a moment, for even the great crowd seemed to love to watch them, till they, too, were carried away, and one great heartfelt cheer from everybody present rent the very air. From this point to the door of Government House it was one long continued ovation of eager loyalty and respect.

At Lord Mulgrave's the Prince alighted, and proceeded at once to visit the Countess and Lady Milne. Here Lady Mulgrave gave him a present which had been left at the house for him by a young Indian squaw that morning. It was a cigar-case, beautifully worked in slips of different coloured woods, and further adorned with the little coloured bead ornaments in making which the Indians excel. With the case was a small basket, similar in its make and decorations, which the girl begged the Prince would take to the Queen. Both were made by herself, she said, and a daughter of the Micmacs would be proud if the Prince would accept her gift, and present the basket to his Royal mother. Of course, the Prince accepted his own present, and took charge of that for the Queen.

For the romance of this incident I am sorry to be obliged to add that the squaw called afterwards for the present in return, and plainly intimated that no acknowledgment would be so acceptable as one tendered in the lawful coin of the province.

After a short interval of rest His Royal Highness received a deputation from the members of the Government and Legislative Assembly, who presented him with another very long address, which, among other subjects, alluded with pride to the Nova Scotians who served and fell in the Crimea, and to whose memory a handsome monument had been erected on the hill fronting the Government residence.

On that evening a grand banquet was given at

Government House, and it was intended to amuse the town with fireworks and a general illumination. But the Prince's ill fortune in the matter of weather was as marked at Halifax as it had been at St. John's—as it continued in fact almost throughout the whole of his visit through Lower and Upper Canada. All the day had been threatening and occasionally fulfilling its threats with showers of heavy rain. Still people hoped against hope, till at twelve o'clock, exactly as the Prince landed, a steady drizzle began. From that time out it continued to increase with every hour, not in showers, but with a continued, massive, steady downpour: the kind of rain in fact which is so peculiar to public holydays and out-door festivities in England. Under such a waterfall, of course, the fireworks were as great a failure at Halifax as at St. John's. They seemed to sputter and hiss at their own failures, and the damp dreary mob which came to witness them had but little to console them for their wetting. The fleet had been ordered to illuminate, but, of course, counter-orders were sent, and it would have been well if the same thing could have been done throughout the town. That, however, was not tried, and as a matter of course the attempt to light up was an utter failure. Transparencies and variegated lamps inside houses did well enough, save that there were but few in the splashy streets to admire them; but with the arches and the best displays of lamps, which were of course outside, nothing whatever could be done. If they had even tried to set the arches on fire the rain would have put them out at once, and the only tokens of illumination which they bore was where some red lamp, partly sheltered, blinked feebly for a few minutes here and there, like an inflamed eye winking through the darkness, and then went out for ever.

The following day (Tuesday, July 31st) was, like the previous one, observed as a general holiday, shops and stores were closed, the telegraph was impervious to messages, and even the mail *via* St. John's to Boston did not go. In fact, as it was popularly expressed, Halifax was in a "general bust," and nothing but holidays and fêtes were thought of. The printers, it was said, availed themselves of the opportunity to strike work, and this brought the journals of Halifax to a dead stop, a fact of no particular moment, inasmuch as the weak little press bantlings of that town are, at the best of times, only published semi-occasionally. Even the special gazette, containing the addresses and replies delivered the previous day, was only brought out with great difficulty. It would never have been brought out at all but for the energy displayed by a most genial and courteous member of the Government, who resuming his practice of a long disused vocation, managed, with the assistance of a captured apprentice, to set up sufficient of the type in time. That day the Prince went to the common, near the citadel, and reviewed two regiments of the garrison, with all the various corps of rifle volunteers. There was scarcely the same crowd on this occasion as on the landing, for in truth on the previous evening all Halifax had kept it up rather late, and in spite of the disappointment caused by the weather—perhaps in consequence of it—the festivities in doors were "prolonged to an advanced hour." However, notwithstanding this, there was still a great muster on the common, where the Prince was received with a royal salute, and, what was more to the purpose, with the utmost enthusiasm by the people. The regulars, consisting of the 62nd and 63rd regiments, with some artillery, were, with the volunteers, inspected together, and then marched past at slow and quick

time, after which the volunteers were drilled and reviewed before the Prince separately. In number I should say there were not less than 1100, all composed of volunteers belonging to the town of Halifax. They were divided into different companies, whereof one was entirely of Negroes—the only one it must be said in truth that was at all careless and slovenly in its drill.

The others were, without exception, as fine a body of men as one would wish to see—careful and steady in their discipline, neat and handsome in their uniform and equipments, and altogether fine and serviceable-looking corps. Their marching past was quite equal to that of the regulars, and only in one or two of the more complicated evolutions could any difference in drill be detected, and even this was so slight that a week's extra drill would be sufficient to remove it. To Lord Mulgrave is due the credit of having formed these corps in Nova Scotia, and the example thus set has been followed more or less throughout the other provinces, who have provided themselves with a numerous and well-trained militia, which is likely for some time to come to be equal to all the emergencies that can arise in their local governments.

Without making invidious comparisons, mere justice compels me to add, that the volunteer militia of Halifax are, as a body, infinitely superior to those of the other provinces, or even of many parts of Upper Canada. Very many of them indeed are equal to the picked companies of the best volunteer regiments in London. Halifax justly prided itself on their efficiency and soldier-like appearance on this occasion, and while this interest is manifested by the inhabitants and the same *esprit du corps* maintained among the volunteers themselves, the superiority of the Nova Scotian militia is likely to be lasting.

After the review the Prince visited the citadel, which, as usual, is perched on the peak of a hill, dominating the town and country for miles around. I was told it was a very strong place, and, as a patriotic Englishman, am willing to believe that all English citadels must be strong places. It seemed to me, however, that as a rule, the calibre of its ordnance was very much lighter than it should be to keep pace with the recent advances made in the use of heavy guns. It is curious to contrast how the Admiralty arm our vessels of war with the heaviest ordnance (often too heavy for the men to handle), while in very many of our forts and citadels the guns are, for the age, ridiculously light. This is the more strange when we remember that great weight of metal is often a serious drawback in a ship; it can be none in a fortress.

After this visit, in the afternoon military games, races in sacks, climbing the greasy pole, and other sports for the people, took place on the common; but at these His Royal Highness was not present, and he only left Government House at ten o'clock, with all his suite and staff, to honour the grand ball with his presence. This ball was intended to be one of the chief features in the Halifax entertainment, and it certainly was beyond all doubt a most successful and brilliant affair. At first the arrangements respecting the fête gave rise to considerable dissensions and animosities, which for a day or two before the great event came off, seemed likely to materially interfere with the success of the whole affair. As the expenses of the ball were defrayed by the province, and as there was certain to be a deficit of some 200*l.*, it was determined to make everybody pay their ten dollars—everybody, that is, excepting the Prince and his suite, the naval and military officers, and “the persons of distinction,” who were to be pre-

sented with invitations. This course—the only really fair one that the committee could take with an entertainment given at the expense of all—opened the Haligonian temple of Janus at once, for as might have been expected, a great many more people thought themselves “persons of distinction” than could get the committee to agree with them in that opinion. The little press of Halifax had its columns enlivened with letters from “Observer,” “Nemo,” “Little Bo Peep,” “Avenger,” &c., denouncing the committee for having, with the fatal tact which always attaches to the management of such local celebrations, contrived to offend, at one fell swoop, both the ladies and the militia. The anger of the latter might be defied, but that of the former threatened them, of course, with social ruin. However, as the time for the fête drew near, not only the wisdom but the actual necessity of the course taken by the committee became apparent, and to outward seeming, at least, all was amicably arranged.

The fête was given in the Province House, where the members of the Nova Scotian Legislature hold their Parliament, and debate, and intrigue, and struggle for places and power with as much vehemence as at St. Stephen's. This building, however, though a large and roomy one, was far too much broken up into apartments, for the Cabinet, for the House, for the President of council, &c., to afford any space in which some 1200 persons could promenade, dance, and flirt. The House of Commons' room, therefore, was given up bodily to refreshments, and the little speaker's chair and strangers' gallery were half-concealed among the roses and evergreens which formed an ornamental background to the tables of confectionery. The supper was laid in a large wooden building, specially erected for the purpose, and another to correspond was built for the ball-

room. All the passages between these were handsomely decorated with mirrors, evergreens, banks of flowers, groups of weapons, and gas stars and chandeliers innumerable. The temporary ball and supper rooms were draped in the style of tents, canopied with pink and white, and, on the whole, the entire aspect of all the rooms was tasteful and striking in the extreme. The Prince was expected to arrive at the hall at ten o'clock, and of course, therefore, long before that hour the room was well filled with the chief ladies and gentlemen of the province, and a strong muster of the officers of the fleet and garrison. On the whole, it was really a brilliant assemblage, and one which would have done honour to any ball-room in Europe.

The Prince arrived exactly at ten o'clock, and was welcomed with tremendous cheers by the crowd outside—by the visitors in the ball-room with bows and courtesies. As His Royal Highness was in high spirits, and seemed anxious that no time should be lost, the ball commenced at once, the Prince opening it in a quadrille with Lady Mulgrave. He next danced with Lady Milne, which duties discharged to the two chief ladies present, he sought partners for himself in every succeeding dance, and led out some one or other of the distinguished young belles of Halifax. It need hardly be said how popular was this mode, even among the young officers and dandies, whose "engagements" he must have broken through in the most ruthless manner, and whose fair partners he bore away in triumph. At half-past twelve o'clock the royal party went to supper, which was laid out in the temporary building with great taste and splendour. Here at the conclusion of the repast, the Mayor of Halifax gave "the Health of Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and the Prince of Wales," toasts which were, of course, received with

immense enthusiasm, and there was evidently a lingering expectation in the minds of some of the good citizens of Halifax that the Prince would favour the company with a speech in reply to each. His Highness, however, had more taste than to prefer speech-making to dancing, and, accordingly, as soon as the toasts had been duly honoured he bowed his acknowledgments, and returned at once to the amusements of the ball-room.

Contrary to general opinion that it was etiquette for royalty to retire from such entertainments early, the Prince showed not the least disposition to leave after the supper. One, two, and three o'clock passed, and still found him dancing indefatigably. It was not till nearly four o'clock, and the last dance but one in the programme was reached, that he took his departure, followed to his carriage by nearly all the visitors, who added their cheers to the enthusiastic shouts of the crowd still round the building as the carriage drove off.

On this night the fêtes of Halifax culminated to their highest point, for the inhabitants had taken advantage of a pause in the rain to really illuminate the town. The fleet followed the example, so that on the whole, Halifax made rather a long and brilliant festivity of it.

On the day following the ball the Prince rode out in plain clothes, to visit an estate near Halifax called the Duke of Kent's Lodge. This pretty estate was formerly the property of Sir John Wentworth, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, but now belonging to his heir, Mr. Wentworth Gore, who had specially come out from England to receive the Prince in the visit it was almost certain he would make to the mansion formerly occupied by his grandfather. The grave-

stone of the Duke of Kent's favourite charger, in the picturesque pleasure-grounds of the now ruined lodge, was an especial object of interest to His Royal Highness. After this His Royal Highness and suite proceeded to the "Hero" to witness a grand regatta, in which row boats, sailing cutters, and Indian canoes were engaged. The day, for once, was beautiful, and as some hundred small craft of all kinds were entered for the contests, it made a most animated scene. There was such an uninterrupted succession of races, that the whole bay was covered with boats of all kinds, rowing wildly from point to point, winners and losers being cheered alike, and so tremendously, that the general impression left upon the mind of the spectator was that everybody had won something.

The speed with which some of the boats from the squadron (especially the "Ariadne's") and the Halifax boats were pulled, was, considering the weight and shape of their craft, almost astonishing. The most interesting race of the day, however, was between the canoes, manned—or I had better say paddled—by Indian squaws. To watch the way these women paddled, beating the water into foam behind them, their wild, uncouth, swarthy features kindled into an expression of savage excitement, as they forced their light bark canoes along, shouting to each other in a high, squalling, almost unintelligible tone, embodying such taunts and sneers at their antagonists as even Indian women know how to inflict with cutting accuracy, was an extraordinary sight to witness. The gravity which has been so much talked of among the Indians is certainly not an attribute of their squaws, for apparently a more loquacious set of women, whether white or brown, never ventured on the water. Which canoe won the race it was difficult to say; but the

general result must have been of interest, for it seemed to terminate in one loud chorus of gesture and vituperation, which to the spectators appeared not a whit less forcible from their not understanding a word of it.

The faint traces that still remain throughout Lower Canada and the provinces of the once powerful aboriginal population, are daily getting fewer and fewer. It is seldom one sees east of Lake Huron a pure-blooded Indian, and even the members of the tribes who still enjoy their hunting-grounds round the shores of that great inland sea, fail almost entirely to realise the romantic notions which are formed as to their skill, their strength, their dignity, and their courage. That the "braves" of the six nations who once held undisputed sway over the whole of North America, and more especially the men of the Mohawks, the Delawares, the Iroquois, and the Hurons, were fierce and dangerous enemies, the bloody annals of the first early settlers in America sufficiently prove. But even these very annals show that in the open field a band of fifty white men was more than a match for five times that number of redskins. Their real strength and danger to the settler lay in their skill as huntsmen, for the craft and subtlety which enabled an Indian to surprise and kill even the most wary kind of deer, was always more than sufficient to enable him to "stalk" a colonist. In the matter of hunting, even among the few half-caste natives that yet remain, their skill is as great now as it was then. In all else one feels almost a kind of wonder that the natives, as they are now seen—so sensitive to cold—so racked with rheumatism—so helpless, idle, beggarly, and drunken—could ever, even in their best days, have been a people with whom treaties were made, and whose courage and warlike skill made it necessary to conciliate them with offers

of friendship and money. A race really possessed of the wild virtues so liberally attributed to them by romancists would never have died out in the rapid and extraordinary manner in which the millions of North American Indians have disappeared. The few half-caste descendants that still remain are now in Canada what the gypsies are in England—a race mostly of beggars and poachers, with the only difference that the Indians are seldom thieves. It is gradually becoming the custom to give an Indian money—not because he deserves it, but because he is an Indian—a kind of charity which will, I should think, if anything can, tend much to stop the extinction of the race.

On the opposite side of the bay, facing the town of Halifax, and while the Prince was on his visit, a real Indian encampment was fixed. The wigwams of birch bark, stretched over pine poles, would be to a backwoodsman or a lumberer warm and comfortable enough. When I visited it the women were cooking, fetching wood, making little ornaments for sale, or minding the papooses. Some of the men were down at the water's edge fishing, while others were engaged building a canoe. It was interesting to watch the skill and rapidity with which the latter work went on, though one could not but feel that it was less skill than a kind of instinct. They were making a canoe as their forefathers had made it two or three hundred years before, without improvement or alteration—its form, its substance, and its size, a mere type of all the other canoes that ever floated upon American waters. Within half-a-mile of them the magnificent form and bulk of the "Hero," screw line-of-battle ship, rose like a fortress from the water. The contrast was suggestive; I do not mean to say that I ever expected to find the

Indians building a screw line-of-battle ship. The scene is only worth mentioning as perhaps one of the means of accounting for the extinction of a people who cling to forms and types, for form's sake, even in their competition with one of the most progressive races of men the world has yet seen. As it is with the North American Indians, so in another century will it be with the Chinese and Japanese.

The Regatta, over the Prince quitted the "Hero," and paid visits to all the vessels of the squadron; and what with the cheering of the people, manning yards, and firing salutes, the royal progress through the fleet was a most attractive feature of the day. The "Valorous" had got up steam, and in this frigate His Highness proceeded through the Narrows above the harbour into the celebrated Bedford basin, or inner natural harbour of Halifax, the finest probably on the face of the earth. This noble sheet of water is about ten miles long, by seven broad, free from almost any rocks, with a great depth of water all over it. Except at its narrow entrance, it is completely landlocked and shut in by the picturesque semi-mountainous hills, which, clad with red and white pine to their very summits, make the whole scenery of the lake as rich and solemn-looking as can well be imagined. To say that the whole navy of Britain could ride here in safety gives but a poor idea of the immense capacity of this harbour. Not only the royal navy, but all the shipping of Liverpool, could be accommodated in it with ease, and with room to spare. The heights around it, too, are so steep and rugged that a very little trouble or expense would convert them into such a series of impregnable fortresses as might defy all the armies and navies of the world to assail.

The place is recognised as an important naval dépôt

to a certain extent; but the few ships that are scattered there now and then only serve to prove that the undeveloped resources of the basin for the accommodation of fleets are almost boundless. Halifax must eventually become one of the greatest and most important naval stations in the possession of Great Britain, and the only matter for surprise is that it is not so already. After steaming round the basin the Prince returned to the Governor's house, where there was a levee in the afternoon, at which nearly everybody was presented, and where the crush to get in was as severe in its way as it used to be in St. James's. All seemed so bent on "making way," as it is termed, and keeping the passage clear, that it at one time seemed more than probable that no one would get in at all. Eventually, however, the stream took an onward course, and after a lapse of some three hours, about 1000 gentlemen were presented, bowed, and hurried out again as fast as possible, to make room for others. In the evening Lady Mulgrave gave a ball, which coming so close after the fête of the previous night was, of course, by comparison, rather a tame affair, and one which terminated early. Not so, however, with the festivities in the town of Halifax, which was again illuminated, and where in the houses and in the streets the people indulged in such a whirl of rejoicings and other festivities that the whole place seemed to have lost its senses. Certainly the stimulus which the Prince's visit gave appeared to have utterly exhausted and overcome a considerable portion of the inhabitants, for I have seldom seen so many stupified people as were about the streets that night.

Yet, notwithstanding this extensive dissipation, no one seemed the worse for it, and the streets were as full by six o'clock on the morning of the 2d of August

as they were on the day of the Prince's arrival. The time fixed for the departure of His Royal Highness was eight o'clock ; but long before this, the road leading to the station was thronged with thousands anxious to bid a kind farewell to the young visitor who had almost turned their heads and quite won their hearts.

The most enthusiastic cheers and acclamations rent the air as the Prince drove along to the train, and even after he had started the kind farewells could be heard ringing out among the solitary hills, and springing back from rock to rock in vague unmeaning echoes like shadows of a sound. Thus the Prince quitted Halifax, and I do not think that in all the broad dominions to which he is heir, there is a town or a city which for its size and means could have given him a better or more heartstirring welcome.

The rail from Halifax to Windsor, near where the Prince was to embark, lay through a rugged country, where rocks seemed striving with scanty pines for the possession of the soil, and where huge limestone cliffs and groups of moss-grown withered trees, long fallen, drooped about in dreary confusion, like the ruins of a dead world. Now and then a wretched log-hut was seen through the forest, empty and half-unroofed, and at long intervals came a shanty station, with its half civilisation on the very borders of a half-tamed wilderness, through which a rusty telegraph wire ran—a clue to the progress making far beyond the wilds. The train arrived at Windsor after a run of some two hours, and then the Prince alighted for a short visit *en passant*.

The town or rather village of Windsor, on the western side of Nova Scotia, belongs to that small class of townships which are known throughout Canada and America as "one-horse places."

Nevertheless, small as it was, it managed to get up a most beautiful display of arches and decorations, and an assemblage not less noteworthy of kindly and loyal people. All these His Royal Highness had time to study in their minutest details, while an address of the most inordinate length was slowly read to him. This long and very solemn ceremonial over (the incessant repetition of which at every place must have taxed the patience of the heir apparent to the utmost) the Prince and suite, with a large party of invited guests, went to lunch. Every one seemed hungry enough, but the lunch took less time than the address which preceded it, after which all the party proceeded to the little village of Hansport, where H.M.S. "Styx," under the command of Captain Vesey, was in waiting to convey them across the celebrated basin of Minas to St. John, the commercial capital of the province of New Brunswick.

CHAPTER II.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Bay of Fundy—Arrival at St. John—Reception—Illuminations—Fertility of the Province—Arrival at Fredericton—A Grand Ball—Visit to Carleton.

THE only route by which the traveller can reach this most flourishing and beautiful colony from Halifax is by steamer across the basin of Minas, and down the Bay of Fundy to St. John. His Royal Highness and suite went in the war steamer "Styx," and at the same time there was a very general exodus of all the chief officials and gentry of Halifax, bent on following the Royal visitor through the ceremonies and festivities of the adjoining province. The boats that ply between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are admirably formed, very fast in their speed, and most ample in their means for accommodating passengers. In short, they are boats on the American plan; floating hotels, of the comforts of travelling in which we English are as ignorant as of comfort in our fixed hotels, and which I fear are very deservedly the dread of tourists all over the world. Thus the passage from Nova Scotia to St. John is quick and pleasant enough, averaging, on the whole, less than ten hours. But were it ten times less rapid and comfortable than it really is no traveller should

neglect to make this voyage, and, above all, to arrange it so as to make it in the day, when he may perhaps be able to enjoy the magnificent scenery of the Basin of Minas. But, in spite of every care as to time and tide of starting, it is quite possible that one might cross it a dozen times and yet see nothing of the shores on either side, so dense and so frequent are the fogs. It is on the shores of this basin that Longfellow lays the scene of his "Evangeline," and the little village of Grandpré can be seen, nestled down in a beautiful valley, behind the bold lofty headland of Blomidon. Foggy as is the locale in general, no fogs ever cling over this picturesque French settlement, but wrap in huge dense masses the rugged crest of Blomidon, which nearly always looks like a mountain whose summit is lost in the clouds. As the steamer crosses from the basin into the Bay of Fundy, passing between Split Cape and the picturesque village of Parksborough, the scenery is most beautiful. Split Cape is something like our Needles at Southampton, but of limestone rock, much loftier, and clothed up the sides with brushwood, and crowned with clumps of that proudest and most solemn looking of all trees, the true Canadian pine. The village of Parksborough, too, with its white houses, reposing quietly at the bottom of a deep valley, like a nest of eggs, and surrounded by lofty hills and forests, is one of the most exquisite little bits of landscape which it is possible to imagine. Once out of this noble gateway, if it may be so called, the charm of the voyage rapidly diminishes, for you pass from the basin of Minas into the Bay of Fundy, than which no transition can possibly be more disagreeable.

Humboldt goes into extacies about the natural phenomena of the Bay of Fundy—its huge waves, its rapid currents, and the immense rise and fall of the tide,

greater by many feet than in any other part of the world. The impressions of those who cross it, as I did often, in a fog, a heavily laden boat, and during two-thirds of a southerly gale, sending in a tremendous swell, will not, however, be quite so enthusiastic. Most of my fellow passengers on this occasion seemed not only unused to the Bay of Fundy, but to bays of any kind whatever. Conversation, which up to this time had been so flowing and so genial, lulled at once, and a painful silence fell upon the passengers as the boat reeled and splashed through the huge seas. Before she had been ten minutes at this drunken work all within her was as silent as the "Flying Dutchman," save when the stillness was broken by some unhappy Canadian, who, in an exaggerated attitude of despair, proclaimed his intention of perishing on the spot. It was some comfort that none of these dismal anticipations were realised, though at one time they seemed not improbable. St. John, the real, though not the legislative, capital of New Brunswick, is one of the most thriving and beautiful towns of all in the North American provinces. Like nearly all which His Royal Highness visited on the Western Continent (except Washington and Kingston), it looks very fine indeed from the water, but, unlike a great many of these, landing does not destroy the enchantment proverbially lent by distance to the view. The town stands in a well sheltered nook of the Bay of Fundy, in a rich amphitheatre of high though gently rising hills. In the centre of the semicircle the noble river St. John divides it, so that the city of St. John proper is on one bank and the suburb of Carleton facing it. The streets of St. John, though in some places very steep, are wide and scrupulously clean; the houses are all finely built, lofty and regular, and an air of active

business and prosperity pervades the whole place, very different indeed from the utter languor which ordinarily appears to weigh down Halifax in the dust. There are large and spacious docks, well-built stone-faced quays, saw-mills, employing many thousands of men, and the banks of the river are covered in with building yards, filled with frames of ships on the stocks, in every stage of forwardness. The public buildings are handsome and spacious; the churches are large and beautiful; and a suspension bridge, built at the cost of the town, over the river St. John, is as handsome as that at Niagara, and more than one-third longer in its span. With such evidence of permanent and long-established prosperity before him, the traveller finds it difficult to believe that sixty-five years have scarcely elapsed since the site of the town was covered with a dense untrodden forest. Such, however, is the fact, and some of the first settlers are still living at St. John who can well recollect the time when a log hut on the site of the present docks was a luxury,—when they had to pacify the Indians with rum and blankets, and band together during the long winter nights to save and keep their cattle from the wolves.

St. John, with its enterprising population, its fast rising importance, and for a colonial city its large trade and great wealth, could easily have given the Prince a reception which would have eclipsed even that of Halifax, but of which it must be told in truth it certainly fell short. For this, however, the officials gave a very reasonable explanation, in the fact that His Royal Highness did not unfortunately visit the city for four complete days, as at the capital of Nova Scotia, but merely passed through it, resting one night while *en route* to Fredericton. Another, though rather a doubtful excuse was, that the preparations

had inadvertently been so much delayed from various causes that even up to the moment of the Prince's landing they were scarcely finished. There is an old French proverb which says "*qui s'excuse s'accuse*," and this applies in all its force to the apology for the display at St. John. Had nothing at all been said about the matter every one would have thought it admirable, but making excuses only courts criticism for what would otherwise be passed unnoticed. The triumphal arches though few in number were all lofty, well decorated structures, and each one singly infinitely better of its kind than any single arch at Halifax. But at Halifax every street was a perfect bower of arches, and every house between them was only dimly seen through its wreaths and evergreens. There were, it must be admitted, very few such private efforts made at St. John, so that the arches, though very handsome and well placed on lofty hills, stood almost alone in their glory.

The Prince arrived off St. John at ten on the night of the 2nd, and early on the 3rd signified his intention of landing at ten in the morning. The place where he was to be received was enclosed on three sides by high tiers of seats. But these were the venture of a private speculation where all the places had to be paid for. The charge for admission was a dollar and it was evident that the figure must have been thought too high, as there was at the last moment rather an ugly array of empty benches, which took largely from the general and not too brilliant effect. To add to the *contretemps*, too, an American steamer was moored almost across the entrance to the landing-place, and the captain obstinately declined to budge an inch, as the position his vessel occupied was the very best for witnessing the spectacle, and he, like a smart captain,

had taken early advantage of this post and let his ship to visitors, greatly to the detriment of the benches before-mentioned. The steps up to the top of the wharf, also, were not complete when the Prince was ready to land, so that the carpenters were actually driving nails at one end of the stage at the very moment when his Highness began the ascent at the other. The term "ascent" is meant in all its force, for, precarious as the gradual ascents of Royalty have often been, I doubt if any ever had a more difficult path to tread than that by which the Prince and his suite scaled the wharf which landed them at the city of St. John. It was a very broad staging of planks, placed at a very steep incline, scored across, at rather distant intervals, with rough strips of wood, apparently intended to trip up the whole *cortège*—Prince, Duke, Admirals, Generals, and all—in reality, placed there under a vague general idea that they would be of some assistance in the escalade. It was an exciting moment when the "Styx" began to man yards and the royal barge pushed off from her side, and still the unfortunate landing-stage was not completed. The good mayor and sheriffs hurried about hither and thither; provincial dignitaries, seizing on tools, began to hammer wildly, dragging a smooth carpet over the inequalities of the woodwork, as if the whole machine was not slippery and dangerous enough already. Nearer and nearer came the barge and louder and louder grew the hammering. Everybody said it would be finished though everybody thought it wouldn't, until at last, as the Prince disembarked, the professional carpenters were driven away, while the amateurs threw down their tools and stood with a bland smile to receive His Highness, as if everything had been ready, and they in waiting for his landing since midnight.

The Lieutenant-Governor of the province, the Hon. Manners Sutton, and staff, were in attendance to welcome His Royal Highness, for whom at once three cheers were ordered. But in the matter of cheering, the education of the New Brunswickers seemed to have been sadly neglected, for every one was so busy in looking at the Prince that the cheers on the whole were rather failures than otherwise. No stay was made at the landing-place and no addresses were presented, so that the Prince went at once to his carriage, and a kind of procession was formed of the private chariots in which His Highness and suite were seated. From the time of leaving the landing-stage till the procession stopped at the house of the late Judge Chapman, which had been fitted up for the stay of His Highness, there was scarcely any cheering whatever. The people, who lined the streets in dense crowds, gazed eagerly and, apparently, almost awe-struck on the Prince, and seldom ventured on a sound or movement. But the Prince seemed much more pleased with this decorum than with any amount of acclamation, as it gave him an opportunity to observe the town and the splendid rows of men composing the Volunteer Fire Companies, who, in their handsome uniforms and their decorated engines, drawn up in lines, kept the streets on both sides clear. There were many Volunteer Rifle Companies out also, but their appearance bore no comparison with the fine corps which the Prince reviewed at Halifax. On the lawn in front of the Prince's residence a large number of beautiful little children, all dressed in white with blue sashes, were collected to sing "God save the Queen," with some new verses specially introduced in honour of His Royal Highness, on whose path, as he advanced towards the house, they were also to strew the bouquets of flowers with which

they were amply provided for that purpose. These little innocents, however, like their fathers and brothers outside the gates, seemed to forget everything but clapping their hands and gazing on His Highness, and in their loyal confusion gave the National Anthem with most surprising variations as to time and tune. From the same cause the Prince received quite a shower-bath of flowers, which were flung at him, round him, and over him by dozens, and eager was the scramble when he had passed to get any one of the little bouquets on which he had chanced to tread.

The house fitted up for his reception, though very small, had been very well decorated and furnished with everything new, save the table, easy chair, and a few articles of furniture which had been used by his grandfather, the Duke of Kent, when staying on a visit there, and which, though very many years had since elapsed, had always been carefully preserved as relics. It required, however, a very strong belief in the force of traditions and associations to reconcile one to their appearance in the apartments. At two o'clock in the afternoon the Prince held a levée at the Court-house, the interior of which had been most handsomely gilt and decorated specially for the occasion. Here addresses, as well as individuals, were presented. It would be hard to say exactly how many gentlemen were presented, but, to judge from the crowd and the time it occupied, a very large per-centage of the male inhabitants of St. John must have had that honour. In the evening the whole town was illuminated, and though it would of course be easy to mention illuminations which were infinitely better, still it must be said that one more general or more effective the Prince did not often witness in all his long and magnificent progress.

Very few designs were attempted. In their stead

every house and every tree was covered with hundreds of Chinese lanterns and variegated lamps, hung here and there in brilliant and picturesque confusion. Nowhere was this rich strange glittering medley of bright colours to be seen to better advantage than in the prettily-laid-out King's Square, in the centre of the town, where the lanterns swung in myriads, and gleamed and sparkled in every conceivable form and colour. It was said that some 25,000 extra visitors were in St. John on that night, and no accommodation was to be got for money, and certainly not for love. It was this want of shelter, doubtless, which led so many of the masses to fortify themselves in such an uncommon degree against the ill effects of sleeping in the night air, and subsequently to recline on road and footway in attitudes indicative of the most profound oblivion to personal comfort and safety. In provincial phraseology, St. John was very "tight" that evening, for the arrival of His Royal Highness seemed to have transported the people with delight, and drinking his health and long life was considered an excuse for everything. Yet, no disturbance; not even a street row occurred during the whole time of the royal visit. On the morning of the 4th of August the Prince started for Fredericton. The whole suite drove in carriages to a little village called the Nine-mile Station, and about that distance from the city. Here on the Kennebekasis river, a noble branch of the St. John, the royal party embarked on board the "Forest Queen," and went by water up to Fredericton, the legislative capital of the province, a distance of eighty miles. The weather, unfortunately, was again very unfavourable, thick and dull, with now and then showers of heavy rain. The wild and beautifully romantic scenery was thus on this occasion almost hidden, and it was not till the re-

turn voyage back to St. John that the superb character of the shores of the river could be fully appreciated. At every little shanty village—and there were many along the whole route—the people turned out as the steamer passed, waving flags, ringing bells, and firing muskets, with as much enthusiasm and delight as if the royal visit had been made to them especially, and the Prince was coming to stay among them for a month at least.

Every one on board seemed much impressed by the rich luxuriance of the soil, and every one asked the question, which no one could answer, “Why were not emigrants brought there?” The three provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island comprise in all an extent of country capable of supporting some 10,000,000 people. The united population of all three is much short of 500,000.

Abounding in the most magnificent harbours and rivers, with fisheries second only in value to those of Newfoundland; with almost boundless mineral resources in coal, iron, copper, and plumbago; with land of the richest description to be had almost for asking, and with a demand for labour which is almost greater than in any other part of the world; it seemed almost a mystery how it was that there were not more colonists. The great tide of emigration always sets towards the prairie land of the far west. It would be absurd attempting to deny the inducements which these prairies really do offer to poor settlers; but it would be equally vain to conceal that in the reckless indiscriminate raid made to all parts of the states, emigrants often commit the most ruinous mistakes. If small agriculturists in England were only made aware of the advantages held out to settlers in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Upper Canada, there would be a chance for

these colonies becoming as great, wealthy, and powerful as the new states of America even in our own time. But the British North American Provinces are as unknown, not only to emigrants, but to the mass of Englishmen as Mesopotamia, or the shores of the Caspian Sea. The popular impression regarding the provinces seems to be that they are much akin to Labrador—half barren rocks, surrounded with icebergs during three-fourths of the year. Thus, during the last thirteen years, the total number of emigrants who have settled at New Brunswick has been short of 20,000, while to keep pace with the urgent demand for labour in all parts of the province, scarcely that number yearly would be sufficient.

Prince Edward Island is even more fertile than New Brunswick. In both places land may be bought for about 4*s.* 6*d.* an acre, and the payment of even this small sum spread over a long term of years. Yet only a small proportion of the persons who settle in New Brunswick ever take to farming. They generally go into the lumber trade; for felling the pines and floating them down the stream on rafts yields the quickest return, though nothing like the profit that, it is said, may be gained by steady farming. Many in England are apt to associate a soil covered with pine trees with the thin stony hills from which the Scotch fir wrings a precarious existence. But there is as much difference between a luxuriant Canadian pine and a Scotch fir as there is between a myrtle and an oak. For farm labourers sufficiently intelligent to understand how a virgin soil should be treated, and who are willing to work hard for a few years, few places offer such inducements as New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. If those who go there have a little capital, say 100*l.* or 150*l.*, of course, so much the better; but even those

who only bring their labour are certain of getting a good living, and, by the exertion of that industry and frugality which are necessary all over the world, may well look forward in the course of time to competence. Nature, in fact, seems to have done everything for the country—man nothing; and for want of settlers to clear the land and fell the trees, even the capital of the province, the pretty little town of Fredericton, is hemmed in by a forest so primitive and wild, as still to harbour bears, deer, and wolves on the very confines of the city.

The provinces will, indeed, have reason to bless the visit of the Prince, if it only sufficiently directs attention to these colonies to gain them that of which above all other things they stand so much in need—some hardy young immigrants, whether men or women. For Irish settlers, New Brunswick is, above all others, the place; for nearly three-fourths of the entire population in St. John are from the sister island, and all seem to be doing remarkably well.

Fredericton, though the capital of the province and the seat of the Government, is not, by any means, a large place. It only numbers about 4500 inhabitants, and in spite of the large handsome church, which is called the cathedral, there are many villages in England of twice its size, twice its population, and more than twice its trade. Still, it is a most charmingly clean and pretty town. The streets are wide, regular, and well planted at the edges of the footpaths with luxuriant trees. The houses are high and well built, and the three churches are all striking and spacious buildings, so that from the water the town, locked in by a noble ridge of purple hills, has a rural beauty which at once impresses the visitor in its favour. On the summit of a conspicuous gentle slope in the centre of

the town is a fine collegiate school : for to the honour of the inhabitants of Fredericton, be it said, there are few English colonies where the advantages of a sound liberal education are more keenly appreciated. The boat with His Royal Highness and suite arrived off Fredericton at seven on the evening of Saturday the 4th. With its arrival, of course, came rain and thick weather. The landing was, nevertheless, a very pretty scene. The banks of the beautiful river were lined with crowds. The church bells rang. The houses were decorated with flags and evergreens ; the streets crowned with handsome arches, and every point where even a passing glimpse could be gained of the heir apparent, was thronged with well-dressed occupants.

The Prince disembarked under a royal salute, fired by the Volunteer artillery ; a guard of honour, also of the Volunteers, presented arms and lowered colours with most creditable precision. The cheers were deafening for a moment until the Prince got into his carriage, when loyalty overpowered every other sentiment, and the crowd rushing rather tumultuously round the equipage, scattered the aldermen and other dignitaries of the town before them till they got sight of the Prince, when they stood still and cheered till the hills echoed again. Escorted by a fine and well-drilled detachment of Yeomanry cavalry, the Prince's carriage was drawn slowly through the town to Government House, and everywhere His Highness received the same enthusiastic marks of devotion and respect.

The Government House at Fredericton, now occupied by Mr. Manners Sutton, is one of the largest and handsomest of the kind in all the provinces. The grounds round it towards the river are beautifully kept, and the Prince's rooms commanded a magnificent prospect over the river St. John, and up one of its

many most picturesque Indian tributaries, the Nash Waak.

In the evening there was a torchlight procession, in honour of His Royal Highness, round the Government House. It was a very brilliant and well managed affair; after which—for a very little gaiety amuses Fredericton—the people really went soberly to bed.

Sunday, the 5th, was, of course, observed as a day of rest—a day of rest which, even early as it was in the tour, began to be rather eagerly looked forward to by some, rather weary of the perpetual fêting.

But on Monday, the 6th, the town resumed its rejoicings with redoubled vigour, and the state labours of the Prince commenced again. The first proceeding was to formally open a cleared meadow of some thirty acres, the germ of a future park which Fredericton had added to its other luxuries. There never was a place less in want of a park, considering that the hills and woods are within a stone's throw of any part of it, and there never yet was a spot which answers less to the name of "park" than that which the Prince opened there, inasmuch as the whole meadow is as level as a bowling-green, and every tree is carefully uprooted. Nevertheless, the people liked it, and were proportionately pleased at the Prince opening it. After this, of course, there was another levée, at which every one was presented; and the local papers explained the niceties of evening dress, and were at pains to point out at length what it meant, and that a dress coat should not be a frock coat, or of any colour but black, with other valuable and important information with regard to neckerchiefs and waistcoats. Even these slight rules of etiquette were not without their use, and had the effect of keeping the applicants for the honour of presentation within tolerably moderate bounds. There was no

limit to the number of those who wished to attend, but there was a most decided limit to the number of dress coats in the province, and the levées were thus kept down.

In the evening there was a grand ball at the Provincial House of Assembly, which passed off very well, in spite of the arrangements, which here, too, at one time threatened its success. Fredericton, though a small place, is by no means so small as not to have its quarrels and divided parties. Thus there had been so great a difference of opinion as to the propriety of building one large temporary ball-room, that the matter had to be compromised by building two or three little ones, which were all decorated on different plans, except one, to the adornment of which a great legal functionary had given up his mind, and which was bedizened with evergreens on no plan at all. The result of such an arrangement was obvious. The room in which the Prince was dancing was desperately crowded, and the others, of course, nearly empty. However, as long as the Prince was dancing and people could see him, everybody was pleased, and His Royal Highness himself won golden opinions by the assiduity with which he danced all night, and the good taste with which he selected some of the prettiest young ladies in the room — of whom there were plenty — for his partners. What they thought of his liveliness and conversational powers afterwards it is not difficult to imagine, but some of them appeared so nervous and so agitated during the whole time they were his partners that it may be more than doubtful if they were able to recollect, when the dance was over, a single word of what he had said to them during it. In consequence of the before-mentioned arrangement of little rooms the Prince and suite supped alone, while the general

visitors went into the court-house and ranged themselves, like prisoners at the bar, at a table spread in front of the judge's seat.

Though His Royal Highness had arranged to return to St. John by the "Forest Queen" at six next morning, yet, as at Halifax and Newfoundland, it was near four o'clock before he quitted the ball-room at Fredericton; consequently it was past eight o'clock in the morning ere he commenced his voyage down the river again. The day, for once, was magnificent, and the noble scenery was thus seen to its fullest advantage. At times it was exceedingly wild, grand, and rugged, almost like that of the Hudson at West Point. Its general character, however, was rich luxuriant beauty, like the valleys in Devonshire on a large scale. The Prince's boat landed him at Indian Town—a suburb of St. John which he had not previously seen, and where some beautiful decorations were prepared in honour of his arrival. All the people were out, too, in their gayest—the old Welsh settlers, the Irish and Scotch, with a thin sprinkling here and there of Indians, stalking in abnormal dignity and sullen raggedness, the remnants of a broken, expiring race. It was one grand ovation all along the streets, for the people seemed suddenly to have recovered their voices and made the houses ring again with their cheers. The Prince's carriage did not enter the city of St. John at all, but turning off short across the beautiful suspension-bridge went straight towards Carleton on the opposite side, where he was to embark from the ferry and return on board the "Styx."

While crossing this bridge His Highness got the best view of the magnificent river of St John—a river which is inferior only to the St. Lawrence in British North America. The mouth of it, just under

the bridge, has a 'sunken ridge of rocks, over which, when the immense tide of the Bay of Fundy is rising, a cascade pours *into* the river. When the tide, on the contrary, is falling, the cascade flows the other way—out of the river. Only at high tide can this bar be crossed by shipping. Above the bar, however, there is fine navigable water to Woodstock, a distance of some 150 miles from St. John. The fine branch called the Kennebekasis is a sort of small inland lake, not at all unlike Bedford basin, though even more picturesque in its shores.

Carleton, like all suburbs of a town, has rather a good opinion of itself and its attractions, and the Prince was accordingly invited to pass through it on the day of his arrival; and he, with the utmost kindness, at once consented to do so. Carleton shrouded itself at once in evergreens and arches, swept up its streets, proclaimed a general holyday, and arranged a very pretty procession of its firemen and volunteers to escort His Royal Highness and keep the streets clear. Twelve o'clock was the hour fixed for his arrival; but twelve o'clock came, and one, and two, and three, and the people waited and waited and waited, but still he did not come. At last a message came to state that His Highness would not be able to pay the intended compliment to Carleton. The grief and disappointment of the people was something overwhelming; and when the Prince left St. John next morning, and he was really gone, and Carleton still unvisited, their fury in words against some local authorities to whom they attributed the slight, knew no bounds; Carleton forthwith hoisted its flags half-mast high, in token of its mourning and desolation. The news of this affliction, of course, reached the Prince, and as no slight was intended, and the good people who had made such pre-

paration had on the whole been treated rather hardly, he at once signified his intention of paying Carleton a visit on his return from Fredericton, and embarking from it. At this news the Carleton flags went up again to the tops of the poles, and the whole place beamed once more with smiles. The reception which they gave His Royal Highness was extraordinary, from its deep warm enthusiasm and delight. Flowers were strewed in his path by hundreds of children dressed in white; every moment the excitement of enthusiasm grew more and more unbounded, till at last the people made a rush at the carriage, had the horses out in a twinkling, and drew it themselves in triumph to the shore. The kind leave-taking, from the thousands gathered on the beach, was something touching. The sun was setting over the Bay of Fundy, the ships of war and forts were all saluting; the harbour was covered with multitudes of boats and steamers, the occupants of which were all cheering and waving handkerchiefs. Never have regrets for the departure of any prince appeared more general and sincere, than those which followed the Prince of Wales from New Brunswick. As the barge moved off from the shore the cheering was changed for cries of "Good bye, God bless you, and farewell!" till the boat had got beyond hearing, when the crowds stood mute and looking almost mournful, till the echoes of the last guns had died away, and the "Styx" itself was a mere black speck upon the waters of the Bay of Fundy.

CHAPTER III.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Route from Windsor—Destruction of Timber—Loyalty of Truro—Departure from Pictou—Ball at Charlotte Town—The Aurora Borealis—The “Hero” aground.

THE route which His Royal Highness took to reach this most fertile of all the provinces, was as long and circuitous as could well be contrived, in order to enable him to see as much of the country of Nova Scotia as possible. The arrangement was to return from St. John to Hansport, thence by carriage to Windsor, thence by rail to Truro, and thence by carriage again to Pictou Bay, and so on in the “Hero” to Charlotte Town, the capital of the province of Prince Edward Island. The night the Prince embarked from St. John was wonderfully still and calm, though towards morning it rained heavily; and, as usual, when the Prince landed at Hansport at six in the morning, it was in the middle of a tremendous shower. A beautiful drive round the head of the inlet brought the party to Windsor, at a little before eight in the morning.

This little village had, as I have already told, made a most tasteful display of arches and garlands on the occasion of the Prince’s first visit; though as a small place, and one through which His Highness only passed *en route*, it might well have excused itself this expense.

Yet its good inhabitants seemed to think that even this was not enough, and that the honour of a second call demanded fresh acknowledgments: so more flags and more evergreens were put, till the whole place seemed like a big garden, and the air was scented with the sweet smell of the spruce firs.

A king's ransom would scarcely have got a bed in Windsor on the previous evening, though why people had hired them it was impossible to say, for assuredly no one went to sleep, but remained promenading between the thinly-scattered houses all through the hot, still night. As the Prince was not to arrive before eight o'clock, of course everybody, in spite of the rain, was in their place on his line of route by five A.M., and seemed to derive a mysterious sort of satisfaction from looking eagerly up the road along which he was expected to come. At last he did come, and the good people of Windsor cheered with such vigour and effect as would have led any one only listening to believe it was a populous place, or one at least which, on the whole, was rather flush of inhabitants than otherwise.

His Royal Highness and suite took breakfast at the Clifton House, and, this important prelude to a long and difficult journey having been duly performed, the royal train arrived, and, amid cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, the Prince took his departure from Windsor. With him also went the hearts of half the young ladies of the province of Nova Scotia, who were wild about him, and who seemed not likely to recover their sober senses for months. A popular sonnet was once written on a pathetic—very pathetic—incident at New Orleans. On this an affecting ballad, entitled, "Let me kiss him for his mother," was composed. These words had, however, been quite divested of their melancholy associations by the young ladies of

Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and "Let me kiss him for his mother," first said archly enough at the ball at Halifax, had gradually passed into a motto among all the *belles* of the provinces.

Part of the route from Windsor lay through the almost primeval forests, which cover so much of the provinces and of Canada, and than which nothing more wild, more beautiful, and more impressive in their silent grandeur can be imagined. Sometimes the rail would go for miles through deep impenetrable woods, where as yet apparently no man had trodden, and where the never-ending pines towered above the swamp ash, spruce maple, and white poplar, which give such a luxuriant aspect to the otherwise formal vegetation of North American scenery. Every now and then you saw amid the thick mass of boughs a gigantic pine which had tottered, but not found room to fall, and, as if fearing to disturb the tremendous silence by the crash of its ruin, reclined high in air amid the branches of his more sturdy fellows. Miles upon miles of such a route were passed, until it began to approach the location of some new settler, when the aspect of the forest again changed, for the great trees had been girdled round to kill them, and stood up like skeletons amid the general life around, blanched, dead, and white as snow. It is always a solemn scene this, and more so when the trees which have stood unmolested for 200 years at last begin to fall, and lie piled high over one another in the most fantastic heaps, so gray, so lifeless, and so overthrown, that you are glad to see the bright green leaves of the sycamore and wild raspberry creeping over them, as if to hide their ruins from the light. Then came places where many, but not all, had fallen, leaving the tallest and most powerful withering alone, straight and bare as

iron pillars, like a series of the most colossal hop-poles, or else, broken off some fifty feet above the earth, they seemed, like Flaxman's ruined column, to be Nature's tombstones, monuments to the memory of departed forest life and grandeur.

Now and then the wild solitude is broken by a rude fence of piles of little trees enclosing a few acres of half-cleared land, where, amid tall, ragged, half-burnt stumps and twisted roots, a thick coarse grass straggles up, and is eagerly devoured by cows or sheep almost as wild as deer. The next patch is oats, potatoes, or sometimes Indian corn, rich, green, and wavy-looking like fountains of leaves, and then comes the settler's hut. It is only a poor log shanty, hot and dusty in summer, cold and draughty in winter, without a tree to shade it from the sun and wind, for it is generally put in the centre of the clearing. A lot of children with bare, sunburnt arms and legs are sure to be scampering about among the pigs and poultry, looking as brown, as vigorous, and as sturdy in their way as the very pines they have so lately dispossessed. Pass by this hut in ten years hence, and you will find the shanty used not as a dwelling, but a barn, and the settler already on his way to comfort and independence, if not fortune, building himself a rough, commodious, homely mansion, at the door of which the tax-gatherer never knocks, and where there is always work and welcome for the labourer for a year, and a spare cow and horse at the end of that time, when he too takes his axe in hand and starts to clear the wilderness like the rest.

The wanton destruction of timber that is now so fast going on in the provinces and Canada must be looked upon by all that regard more than the gratification of their own immediate wants, at least with regret, if not

with alarm. The settler looks upon a tree as his natural enemy, as, indeed, within certain limits, for the time it is. His first act is to fell enough timber round his hut to save that from burning; his next is very often to set fire to the woods. In the day the huge dun mass of smoke from these forest fires lingers over the horizon for miles and covers the hills like a cloud. But at night it lights them with a dull red effulgence, a sea of fire, fanned for a moment into a sheet of bright flame as the wind rises and bears it up round some tall pine, in the branches of which it seems to play and jump about from limb to limb, till the whole is one great pyramid of fire, crackling and blazing fiercely. A few minutes and it burns out, and a great tree, the growth of some eighty or hundred years, is destroyed, all save the first forty or fifty feet of its lofty trunk, which keep hissing and sparkling feebly now and then like the case of an exploded firework. It is depressing to see the devastation caused by these fires. You go for miles through a black dead country—not the sound of a bird, not the sign of a leaf, nor a vestige of any living thing to break its awful silent monotony. The dry, sultry ashes of the forest crumple under your feet, and this and the occasional falling of a trunk, which crackles lightly down in a cloud of charcoal ashes, are the only sounds which disturb the painful solitude. The aspect of ravage and desolation which a great fire causes is bad enough in all places, but nowhere does the destruction seem so complete and awful as on the spot where a great forest has been thus destroyed. It seems as if some natural phenomenon had smitten the woods black, silent, and desolate for ever. In cases where the fires have occurred the year before, however, the scene is not so desolate, for even in such a short space the inexhaustible fer-

tility of the soil has done much to repair the mischief, and thickets of young shrubs are seen to be fast springing up, while perfect bushes of wild geraniums, fire flowers, wood lilies, and foxgloves, crowd around the charred stumps, making such colour contrasts, as their scarlet blossoms push up between the charcoal, as give a strange, peculiar beauty to the scene.

It is an extraordinary fact, but one which is strictly true, that when a forest is burnt, trees of an utterly different kind to those which formerly grew there, spring up again in their place. Thus, if a forest of soft woods, such as pines and swamp ash are burnt down, oak and beech trees instantly spring, though such trees may never have been seen in the district before. The reverse of this takes place when woods of oak and beech are destroyed by fire: it is then the pines which replace the hard woods.

How do natural philosophers and botanists account for this apparent phenomenon? The result of the wholesale destruction of timber which has been going on for years shows most disadvantageously in the lands which have been long settled. They are almost like prairies—an unbroken expanse of land—a sea of grass, and without a single tree or shrub worth the name for miles. In the longer settled parts of the Canadas the want of wood is already beginning to be felt, and of course, as time goes on it must be felt still more, especially when to the want of wood is added that which is certain to follow it—the want of water. In the wilder portions of the country—nearly nine-tenths of its whole extent at the present day—timber of all kinds is still a nuisance, and though a war of extermination is levied on it in all its forms by axe and fire, and miles upon miles are burnt down in a single day, it still covers the country in a dense mantle of pines,

giving shelter to thousands of deer and moose, and no small quantity of bears and wolves as well.

Through such a country as this the royal train passed, every little shanty turning out its inmates to cheer, and everybody seemingly in the highest degree pleased at catching a flying glimpse, not indeed of His Royal Highness, but of His Royal Highness's carriage. Between the junction from Windsor to Truro the train was nearly taking fire, but a few buckets of water put an end to the danger, and without further *contre-temps* it reached Truro soon after 11. The preparations made at Truro were really beautiful. Triumphal arches had occurred all through the progress in such an uninterrupted succession that one took them as things of course. Those of Truro, however, wrung admiration from the most *blasé* in such matters. There were very many of them, their forms were beautiful, and all were decorated with a good taste and effectiveness which would have done honour to any town in Great Britain. All the people, not only of the town, but of the surrounding country for miles and miles, lined the little streets, dressed in the most festive of costumes, and the royal salute fired by Volunteer Artillery was the signal for an uproarious outburst of enthusiasm and applause, mingled with a little shower of bouquets, well aimed at the carriage at least, if not at the Prince.

An impromptu procession of vehicles was soon formed, which crossed the little town under no end of decorations, and debouched upon a kind of village green, where the Prince was to receive and reply to an address. In the centre of this green a very handsome trophy over an extemporaneous fountain had been erected and hung with garlands and draped with crimson curtains; it really looked one of the best efforts

of the kind the Prince had met. Under this, a loyal address was read, and a royal reply delivered, about which nothing more need be said than that both were appropriate, and the former very long. The party then retired to lunch, after which, at twelve o'clock, the whole *cortége* entered carriages and began their journey across country to Pictou, a distance of forty-six miles. Relays of horses had been arranged along the road, and it was well that this precautionary measure was taken, for along the wild and desert track which led to Pictou there was as little chance of finding a horse as finding a man. The road, the only one across the province, was really a good one, and His Royal Highness and suite managed to travel along this at the rate of some eight miles an hour—not bad speed when horses, roads, and carriages were considered together. So surely as any place was reached which had two or three houses, so surely was there an arch of some kind or another; sometimes a simple one of sweet spruce fir, sometimes a more ambitious effort, in which half the wild flowers of the woods were woven in rich confusion. At the entrance to the county of Pictou there was a most beautiful arch and a numerous assemblage of people, though where they all came from it was hard to imagine. From this point to the town, a distance of some eighteen or twenty miles, arches and wreaths occurred frequently, till, at six in the evening, His Royal Highness came in sight of the wide harbour of Pictou, with the red, quaint little town forming a small belt of houses on its edge. Every street here wore a decoration, and the people had assembled from all parts of the country. But except for the gratification of their own feelings of loyalty, it was scarcely worth while, for the Prince only drove through the town, and had embarked in his barge almost before the smoke of

the guns for the royal salute had cleared away. But at Pictou, as was the case throughout the whole progress, the people were amply satisfied for all their toil of preparations, and all their patient waiting on the route for hours, if they only saw His Highness and knew that he saw the decorations they had erected in honour of his coming.

It was almost getting dark when the Prince embarked, or I believe he intended to have availed himself of the opportunity of visiting some of the celebrated coal mines of Pictou. Only at Pictou and at Cape Breton Island does coal exist in all British North America. At the former town, however, the seams are found thicker than probably in any other mines in the world. One seam, the extent of which is not yet known, or only known vaguely to be very large, varies from thirty to thirty-six feet in thickness.

From Pictou, however, His Royal Highness was obliged to go at once on board the "Flying Fish," which Commander Hope and his officers had, almost entirely at their own expense, repainted and decorated as bright and shining as a little yacht. Here the Prince and suite were at once at home, as in fact the Prince always was when once he got on board a vessel of the royal squadron, and could throw off the state and checks of royalty.

His stay on board the "Flying Fish," however, was but short; and after an interval of some two hours, the pretty sloop got under weigh, and steamed to the outer bay, where the "Ariadne" and "Hero" lay about ten miles off the shore, owing to the shoalness of the water. At six A.M. on the morning of Thursday, the 9th of August, the squadron got under weigh again, and steamed across Northumberland strait for Charlotte Town, the capital of Prince Edward Island.

This province is considered the most fertile of all the English North American possessions, and is one of the dozen claimants that insist on being called the garden of Canada, though the only portion that has any really justifiable pretensions to that high title is the magnificent tract of land that extends over the whole country lying between Toronto and Hamilton in Upper Canada. Still Prince Edward Island is the most fertile of the provinces, though immeasurably behind St. John in everything but the value of its soil for agricultural produce. The whole island is, in fact, a large dairy farm, only wanting emigrants to turn its rich resources to account. The great fertility of the soil is in a great measure due to the abundance of streams that cross it in all directions, while the island itself is so deeply indented by bays and inlets, that it is said no part of it is more than eight miles distant from the ebb and flow of the sea tide.

Charlotte Town itself, if such a little group of houses can be called a city, stands on the junction of the Hillsborough, York, and Elliott rivers. Beyond it all the country seems like a gigantic park, so richly is it wooded, so fertile are its wide extent of meadows and soft grassy uplands. The whole population of the place, however, is very small, scarcely more than 90,000, very far less than that of any of the Metropolitan boroughs. Yet Prince Edward Island has not only its members, but its Upper and Lower Houses of Assembly—a House of Lords and Commons for 90,000 widely-scattered agriculturists! It seems like putting paddle-engines into a canoe. But, poor and small as Prince Edward Island is, compared to other provinces, far more was done for the Prince in the way of state preparation than could have possibly been expected. It rained, of course, just as the Prince landed, and con-

tinued to pour in torrents all the rest of the day and night. Fortunately, the arches and other decorations were of too solid a character to be easily washed out, but, on the contrary, looked all the better and the fresher for their wetting. The same remark may apply to the people, who appeared to have been "wetting" considerably, and who consequently were very "fresh" indeed. Before the ball, which took place on the night of the 10th, His Royal Highness reviewed the Volunteers, who, though far from numerous, were, in all relating to equipment and discipline, a credit to the colony. After this small military display, every one made up their minds for the *fête* of the evening, which, if all I heard was true, must have been anxiously looked forward to all over the island since the previous Christmas. The ball, therefore, was in its way a very gay affair. As at Halifax it took place in the rooms where the Legislative Assembly meet semi-occasionally for transacting the affairs of the island. Certainly, whatever other advantages these rooms possessed, they were not large. So the ball-room was very crowded, and not many could get in, or, being in, get out. But people like being crowded at a ball, especially when dancing is not their forte, and thus even the most critical at Charlotte Town could not detect whether the bewildered individuals, pushing here and there, were really involved in the mazes of a quadrille or only trying to gain the door. The Prince was there, too, laughing and dancing as much as any, and the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Dundas, the Lieutenant-Governor, were equally amused and equally complicated among the crowd. So the whole *fête* was voted a decided success, and "the festivities prolonged to an advanced hour."

Saturday, the 11th, was a quiet day—that is, the Prince only received visitors and embarked in state on

board the "Hero," which, with the "Ariadne," "Cossack," and "Flying Fish," and a French 42-gun frigate, "Pomone," were all dressed in colours, had yards manned, and saluted. This made a good spectacle of the departure, and the crowds of people lining the shores finished the effect, and made the whole ceremony one of considerable state and *éclat*, in spite of the rain, which had, of course, been dropping all the morning, and which the thunder of the guns brought down at last with drenching vehemence. At two P.M. the signal was made to weigh anchor, and in half an hour afterwards the squadron was steaming quickly down the straits, with light winds, thick, rainy weather, a little cross sea, and a decided prospect of each and all getting worse as the night drew on. The course was down the Gut of Cansou, across some dangerous shoals between Prince Edward Island and the mainland, where the channel for large ships is narrow and intricate, and where, on that night at least, there was but little prospect of getting sight of any bearings by which the squadron could judge of its whereabouts. Fortunately the rain kept down the wind, as, indeed, it seemed capable of keeping down anything; but it was a wretched night, and by ten o'clock the vessels were slowly creeping on, sounding their way with the lead-lines as they advanced, and hoisting groups of lights at the mainyard whenever any was fortunate enough to find some water deeper than the rest. Thus moving, stopping, sounding, and signaling, the squadron crept slowly past the Escuménar light and Mirimichi Bay, till daylight broke, when the open sea was gained at last. Sunday, the 10th, was at first as bad as Saturday, in point of weather, till the evening, when the breeze fell, and the rain ceased as the ships steamed in towards Gaspé Point. To see the bold magnificence

of this coast to the best advantage, all the squadron stood into the narrow channel between Bonaventure Island and Cape Gaspé, where the huge cliffs of steep red sandstone, lit up by the setting sun, seemed like mountains of fire, in which the dark shadows caused by rents and chasms stood out with a black distinctness that was almost terrible. Just beyond Cape Gaspé is an insulated mass of fiery sandstone, known by the name of the Percé Rock. It is caverned into a heap of rents and holes, some of which penetrate its entire mass, and allow a faint daylight to peer through it, showing like spots of dirty chalk upon its straight blood-coloured sides. The "Hero" ran close to this to enable His Royal Highness to see its rough grandeur at the best, and passing across Mal Bay stood straight for Gaspé Harbour.

It was night again, however, before this was gained, and as the last rays of the sun were overpowered by darkness the Aurora Borealis seemed suddenly to spring into light and life in the sky, and kept playing across every part of the heavens, as if the active principle of the light which had just departed was rejoicing over its release from work. Sometimes it would entirely vanish with a sudden blink, as if the illumination was blown out, and then come faintly streaming down the sky in thin, lambent, pencilled veins, which spread out in sudden shoots, now brightening, now fading, till the whole lit up in one rich vivid blaze, and died out to reappear again in another direction. The squadron reached Gaspé Bay soon after dark, and anchored for the night alongside the "Victoria" and the "Lady Head" steamers, which had come down with the Governor of Canada, Sir Edmund Head, Lord Lyons, our minister at Washington, and the chief members of the Canadian-government, including Mr. Cartier, Mr.

Macdonald, Mr. Vankougnet, Mr. Rose, &c., to meet His Royal Highness.

Early in the morning of the 13th, after a visit had been duly paid to the "Hero" by the Executive officials, the squadron was signalled to get under way and follow the commodore into the inner harbour of Gaspé. The whole coast line of the North American provinces abounds with natural and almost landlocked harbours, many of which are superior in size and security and depth of water to the most vaunted harbours of Great Britain. Milford Haven, Queenstown, Bantry Bay, or Plymouth, are almost below any standard of comparison with these magnificent refuges; and Gaspé, though far from one of the best, is still immeasurably better than many of the best of ours. A long chain of richly wooded undulating hills encloses it on three sides, and its broad capacious mouth, some five miles wide, has a natural breakwater across half its extent in the shape of a sandbank, which, stretching out in a sharp curve, stops the angry water from passing into the inner harbour. The "Hero," followed by the "Ariadne," "Flying-Fish," "Victoria," and "Lady Head," steamed up this basin till the little town of Gaspé, with its stiff-looking white-washed houses, its cleared fields, and regular sharp outlines of small trees, for all the world like the villages children build with a box of Dutch toys, came close in view. There was still the inner harbour of all to enter, and up this the "Hero" was, of course, to lead.

On a high, commanding spit of land a heavy battery commenced firing a royal salute as the vessel approached, and the echoes went reverberating among the hills in a deep, sustained roar, as if the mountains were shouting to each other in tones of thunder. All this time the "Hero," with the royal standard flying, seemed

unaccountably still. The last gun was fired, and the uproar which it called into being waxed fainter and fainter, till it ceased gently in a hoarse murmur, the shadow of its former self, and still the "Hero" continued quiet and motionless as a rock. At last a crowd of little signals were hoisted with the "Ariadne's" pennants, and went down again before a landsman could well count their number. But, quick as they went up and down, they had been read by the squadron, and it was "Hands up—stream cables!" for the "Hero" was hard ashore. In trying to enter the inner harbour she had taken the ground on a low spit of shoal, and there she remained hard and fast. In a few minutes the "Ariadne" went ahead, and, skimming round the bay with a speed which no ocean-going frigate ever surpassed, turned in her own length and backed in, stern foremost, to assist the flag-ship. The manœuvre was beautifully executed, though quite in vain, for where the "Hero" gets aground there is not much water for the "Ariadne." She, too, touched the shoal with her stern, but of course went off again, and got out her boats at once with hawsers to tow. The Commodore then signalled the "Flying Fish" to close, and in a minute or so afterwards that pretty little sloop was brought under the stern of the "Hero" with such skill and ease that, though the vessels actually touched, the distance was calculated with such minute care and nicety that, as sailors say, the two ships would scarcely have broken an egg between them. In a very few words Commodore Seymour gave his instructions, and in a very few minutes Commander Hope carried them out, taking the "Hero's" stream cable through the stern port, and dropping it with a bower anchor in the very spot where it was necessary to haul on. Simply as this is said in words, it was on the whole a difficult

thing to do properly ; but the " Flying Fish " did it, and did it well, too. Hauling upon this, and steaming full power astern till the water was in a foam, the " Hero " made a desperate effort to clear herself, but all in vain. Nothing moved her, and there seemed at one time a strong probability that she would have to run her guns aft, if not to lower them into the " Flying Fish " entirely, before she floated. During this interval of time a number of gaily-dressed boats had come out from Gaspé town, and quite unaware of the untoward circumstances of the case, collected in a crowd under the " Hero's " bows, their crews cheering and waving handkerchiefs as if His Royal Highness had purposely gone ashore to receive their ovations at his ease. At his ease, indeed, the Prince certainly seemed to be, " sky-larking " about the quarter-deck of the " Hero " with the younger officers with as much good-humour and *sang-froid* as if he visited Gaspé every day in the year, and was rather in the habit than otherwise of getting ashore in a line-of-battle ship. At last, after an hour or more had been spent in useless attempts to move the " Hero " off, the " Ariadne " passed two hawsers out astern, and, taking the flag-ship in tow, pulled her out of her difficulties bodily and set her afloat once more in deep water.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SAGUENAY RIVER.

The "Hero" aground again—Scenery of the River—A little Excursion—
Mountain Echoes—Arrival at Quebec.

AFTER the narrow escape of the "Hero," which if she had gone ashore a little harder would have been placed in a very awkward position, and might have remained in it for a week, no further attempt was made by any of the squadron to enter the inner harbour of Gaspé. As soon therefore as the flagship had recovered herself, recalled her boats, and in a manner resettled her plumage, the signal was hoisted, "Prepare to weigh." In ten minutes afterwards the squadron was steaming down the bay as fast as they could run, for a huge Atlantic fog-bank, dense as a shoal, came pouring in, and, safe as the harbour is at all times, it was not thought quite advisable to keep large ships tacking about in it in fog which was quite of the colour and almost of the consistency of butter. All, therefore, made haste to get out at once, the "Hero" leading round Cape Gaspé—a tremendous headland of limestone rock, gray and solemn-looking, with its massive brow furrowed into deep chasms, like wrinkles, by the action of the elements upon it for ages past. The "Flying Fish" was afforded rather a close opportunity of studying this awful rock, for in the fog the "Ariadne,"

suddenly made her appearance close astern, compelling the "Flying Fish" to turn almost into the rock to avoid a still more dangerous collision. Outside the harbour the fog was, if possible, even more dense, and in half an hour the ships were anywhere but together, and there seemed not the least chance of their coming together unless they ran into one another in the fog. To avoid the risk of this and warn her consorts, the "Hero" fired guns at short intervals, but to make the confusion worse the lighthouse on Cape Gaspé began firing, while a couple of guns somewhere ashore fired also. Of course when the "Ariadne" and "Flying Fish" replied to these, guns were going off on all sides through the thickest fog, none knowing why or wherefore, and the wildest bewilderment prevailed.

On the 14th it cleared a little, and the ships went ahead fast—so fast, indeed, that the "Flying Fish" was soon making a long stern chase of it, and though her heavy guns were brought aft, and all other nautical devices adopted to increase her speed, she continued dropping astern till she would have been left behind altogether had not the commodore signalled the "Ariadne" to take her in tow. To a frigate of such speed and power as the "Ariadne" it made very little difference whether she had a line-of-battle ship in tow or only a sloop like the "Flying Fish;" but on this occasion unfortunately her attempts to tow were not successful, for hardly had she got the "Flying Fish" well under weigh ere part of her engine broke down, and the gallant "Ariadne" came to a dead stand-still. There was nothing for it therefore, but to leave her to beat up under sail till she could repair the accident, while the "Flying Fish" pressed on full power to rejoin the "Hero"—an effort which took her the whole night

to accomplish, and which she never would have accomplished at all if the flag-ship had not slackened speed as she neared the mouth of that most awful-looking of all rivers, the Saguenay, up which it was intended the squadron should steam. The Saguenay is only some 120 miles distant from Quebec ; but, as the river is of its kind the most extraordinary in the whole world, it had been arranged that the Prince should spend at least two days in fishing and boating between the tremendous cliffs which hem it in on every side. While the "Hero" was preparing to enter this river the "Ariadne" rejoined the squadron. She had repaired the damages to her engines by nine on the previous night, and had steamed up a distance of 122 knots in eleven hours.

All the vessels were preparing to enter the mouth of the river when the "Hero" got ashore again on a very little shoal, but one on which she nevertheless managed to get aground, and pretty firmly too. The water round the entrance to the Saguenay is deep enough for any line-of-battle ship that ever floated, except in one small place called the Four-fathom Patch, the only spot in the whole bay where she could take the ground, and on this the pilot contrived to run her rather hard. The buoys which indicated the presence of this danger had shifted considerably—so considerably, in fact, that it was said the pilot should have seen at once by their bearings that they were not where they ought to have been. As the tide was falling fast there seemed to be very little probability of her being got off for some hours. The "Ariadne" was preparing to pull her off again if she would come, or pull her in half if she wouldn't, and the "Hero" was beginning to get her guns aft, when suddenly, to the astonishment of all, she moved a little, and then bumped a little, then

moved a little more as the sweep of the tide pushed her, and at last, as she went full power astern with her screw, gradually worked clear of the shoal, and was once more quietly afloat. This made an end at once of the chance of the squadron going up the Saguenay, so the Prince and his suite disembarked and went on board the Governor's steamer, which had followed them from Gaspé, and thus the first day's tour was made up the wildest and gloomiest river in the world. The day was about as wretched and unfavourable as could possibly have chanced for any other trip.

For a voyage up the Saguenay, however, every one thought it the most appropriate weather that could have happened, and the wonder was that as this was the case the day was not fine. The wind was high and rushing in fierce sharp squalls which drove the rain like small shot in your face. Gloomy black clouds rested on the mountains, and seemed to double their height, pouring over the ragged cliffs in a stream of mist, till, lifting suddenly with the hoarse gusts of wind, they allowed short glimpses into what may almost be called the terrors of the Saguenay scenery. It is on such a day, above all others, that the savage wildness and gloom of this extraordinary river is seen to the greatest advantage. Sunlight and clear skies are out of place over its black waters. Anything which recalls the life and smile of nature is not in unison with the huge naked cliffs, raw, cold, and silent as tombs. An Italian spring could effect no change in its deadly rugged aspect, nor does winter add an iota to its mournful desolation. It is a river which one should see if only to know what dreadful aspects Nature can assume in her wild moods. Once seen, however, few will care to visit it again, for it is with a sense of relief that the tourist emerges from its sullen gloom, and looks back upon it as a kind of

vault,—Nature's sarcophagus, where life or sound seems never to have entered. Compared to it the Dead Sea is blooming, and the wildest ravines look cosy and smiling. It is wild without the least variety, and grand apparently in spite of itself, while so utter is the solitude, so dreary and monotonous the frown of its great black walls of rock, that the tourist is sure to get impatient with its sullen dead reserve till he feels almost an antipathy to its very name. Some six miles above is the little town, or, as in England we should call it, village of Tadousiac. It is more than 300 years since Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, the bold adventurer who, through his misinterpretation of the Indian word "welcome," gave the present name to the country, landed here. It was almost his first real resting-place, and the first mention which we have of the Saguenay is one which now well befits its savage aspect, for Cartier sent a boat and crew to explore its rocky chasm which were never more heard of. From that day to this the river has had a name which, allowing for the difference of times and creeds, only the Styx can equal. At the mouth of the Saguenay the water varies in depth from ten to sixteen fathoms, but once between the walls of the river and the depth from end to end is never less than 100 fathoms, generally 150. On either side, at a distance of about a mile apart, the cliffs rise up thin, white, and straight, varying in perpendicular height from 1,200 to 1,600 feet, and this is the character of the river Saguenay from its mouth to its source. On the right bank the cliffs are poorly mantled here and there with stunted pines, but on the left there is scarcely a sign of life or verdure, and the limestone rocks stick up white and bleached in the gloomy air like the bones of an old world.

At two places, St. Marguerite and between Capes

Trinity and Eternity, where smaller tributaries pour their contributions into the deep, black stream, a breach occurs in the wall of rocks, as if some giant hand had torn them forcibly back, and left them strewn and baffled of their power in uncouth lumps over the valleys beyond. But these are the only openings, the only means of escape, if they may be so called, from the silent gloom of this dead river. The Saguenay seems to want painting, wants blowing up, or draining; anything, in short, to alter its morose, eternal, quiet awe. Talk of Lethe or the Styx, they must have been purling brooks compared with this savage river, and a picnic on the banks of either would be preferable to one on the Saguenay! On the occasion of the Prince's first visit, on the 15th, the mist and rain hid half its gloom, but more than enough was seen to send the party back to the "Hero" at about five o'clock wet and dull. There was rather a state dinner on board the flagship that evening, and the Prince, having to be up early the next morning, retired at twelve. Before turning in he made a bet with one of the officers of the ship that he would be up before four o'clock next morning—a bet, too, which he won, though much tired with the fatigues of the previous day—he overslept himself so far that he had barely time to make his appearance on the quarter-deck of the "Hero" in a hurried and very imperfect toilette before eight bells (four o'clock) was sounded. Before six A.M. he was again on board the Governor's steamer, and away up the Saguenay to fish. Before he left, Captain Hope, of the "Flying Fish," had received orders to get up steam and take all the officers of the squadron on an excursion up the river. Of course, everybody wished to go, and, as the day was bright and glorious, everybody that could come came. The "Flying Fish" thus had the honour of being the first

man-of-war that ever passed up the Saguenay, and if the whole navy of England is sent, I am sure a merrier party will never enter its waters than steamed up on that occasion. Even the Saguenay could not depress their spirits, and if that was not a proof of the zest with which all entered into the day's enjoyment it would be hard to say what was. From St. Marguerite the smart little sloop steamed on to where the wild scenery of the river culminates at a little inlet on the right bank between Capes Trinity and Eternity. Than these two dreadful headlands nothing can be imagined more grand or more impressive. For one brief moment the rugged character of the river is partly softened, and, looking back into the deep valley between the capes, the land has an aspect of life and wild luxuriance which, though not rich, at least seems so in comparison with the previous awful barrenness. Cape Trinity on the side towards the landward opening is pretty thickly clothed with fir and birch mingled together in a colour contrast which is beautiful enough, especially when the rocks show out among them, with their little cascades and waterfalls like strips of silver shining in the sun. But Cape Eternity well becomes its name, and is the very reverse of all this. It seems to frown in gloomy indignation on its brother cape for the weakness it betrays in allowing anything like life or verdure to shield its wild, uncouth deformity of strength. Cape Eternity certainly shows no sign of relaxing in this respect from its deep savage grandeur. It is one tremendous cliff of limestone, more than 1500 feet high, and inclining forward nearly 200 feet, brow-beating all beneath it, and making as if at any moment it would fall and overwhelm the deep black stream which flows down so cold, so deep and motionless below. High up on its rough gray brows a few stunted pines show like

bristles their scathed white arms, giving an awful weird aspect to the mass, blanched here and there by the tempests of ages, stained and discoloured by little waterfalls, in blotchy and decaying spots, but all speaking mutely of a long-gone time when the Saguenay was old, silent, and gloomy, before England was known, or the name of Christianity understood. Unlike Niagara, and all other of God's great works in nature, one does not wish for silence or solitude here. Companionship becomes doubly necessary in an awful solitude like this, and, though you involuntarily talk in subdued tones, still talk you must, if only to relieve your mind of the feeling of loneliness and desolation which seems to weigh on all who venture up this stern grim watery chasm.

The "Flying Fish" passed under this cape slowly with her yards almost touching the rock, though with more than 1000 feet of water under her. Even the Middies and youngsters from the squadron were awed by the scene into a temporary quietness. The solemn and almost forbidding silence at last became too much. The party said they had not come out to be overawed, chilled, and subdued by rocks, however tremendous, so it was carried *nem. con.* that, dead and stony as they were, they must at least have echoes, and the time was come to wake them. In a minute after, and Captain Hope having good-naturedly given his consent, one of the largest 68-pounders was cast loose and trained aft to face the cliff. From under its overhanging mass the "Flying Fish" was moved with care lest any loose crag should be sufficiently disturbed by the concussion to come down bodily upon her decks. A safe distance thus gained, the gun was fired. None who were in the "Flying Fish" that day will ever forget its sound. For the space of a half a minute or so after the dis-

charge there was a dead silence, and then, as if the report and concussion were hurled back upon the decks, the echoes down came on crash on crash. It seemed as if the rocks and crags had all sprung into life under the tremendous din, and as if each was firing 68-pounders full upon us, in sharp crushing volleys, till at last they grew hoarser and hoarser in their anger, and retreated, bellowing slowly, carrying the tale of invaded solitude from hill to hill, till all the distant mountains seemed to roar and groan at the intrusion. It was the first time these hideous cliffs had ever been made to speak, and when they did break silence they did it to some purpose.

A few miles further on, the "Flying Fish" passed under Statue Point, where, at about 1000 feet above the water a huge rough Gothic arch gives entrance to a cave in which, as yet, the foot of man has never trodden. Before the entrance to this black aperture a gigantic rock, like the statue of some dead Titan, once stood. A few years ago, during the winter, it gave way, and the monstrous figure came crashing down through the ice of the Saguenay, and left bare to view the entrance to the cavern it had guarded perhaps for ages. Beyond this, again, was the Tableau Rock, a sheet of dark-coloured limestone, some 600 feet high by 300 wide, as straight and almost as smooth as a mirror.

After passing this the interest in the scenery declined, so the "Flying Fish" turned about and made the best of her way down the river at full speed. Passing St. Marguerite the Prince was still busy with his fishing, and a royal salute was fired, the echoes of which, I believe, are still wandering in search of rest to this very hour.

His Royal Highness returned to the "Hero" at

about nine o'clock. His sport, owing to the fineness of the day, had not been very great, as a few small trout were all the whole party had to boast of. Mr. Price hooked a large salmon, and gave it to the Prince to land, but his attempt was not successful. The Prince had not had sufficient practice in salmon fishing to enable him to accomplish that most difficult of all feats to a beginner—that of landing a very large fish with a very small line. It was not for the want of advice, however; there was plenty of *that*. Every one called out what to do, and, as a matter of course, every one suggested a different mode from every body else, so that His Highness was bewildered, and the salmon proved the truth of the old proverb, that “in a multitude of counsellors there is safety;” and, breaking the line, got clear away.

Fishing, however, was not the only sport enjoyed. A party of Indians waited at St. Marguerite with their canoes; and in these the Prince, with the Duke of Newcastle, Major-General Bruce, and other members of the suite, embarked, and ventured down the rapids, which pour from that beautiful tributary into the main stream. I had always been of opinion that sitting in a Turkish caique was the most uncomfortable means of conveyance ever resorted to on water; but sitting in a canoe I found was a trifle more difficult still. Nobody but an Indian ever liked a canoe, or felt at ease in it. Its bark is so thin, that the very ripple of the water may almost be felt through it as through a blanket, while in appearance the effervescence of a bottle of Allsopp would be more than enough to upset it. In reality, however, they are safe enough as long as one keeps perfectly still; and in order to enable them to do this, the seats on which the traveller sits are slung so that the body moves with every motion of the frail little

skiff. In one of these canoes the Prince (who seemed to know as little of fear as any man that ever lived) came down the rather angry and boiling rapids of St. Marguerite. They were not, of course, equal to those of the St. Lawrence; but even down these I believe His Royal Highness would have ventured, had he only had a good Oxford crew on whom he could depend to back him.

It was long past daylight ere this pleasant quiet party on the Saguenay gave up their amusement and, re-entering the precincts of the gloomy river, ran quickly down its black channel to the St. Lawrence.

As he came alongside the "Hero," the ship burnt blue lights, and in an instant, as if in rivalry of their pale bright fires, the aurora borealis sprang up into the sky, playing such fantastic tricks of light and vivid colour as shamed all terrestrial illuminations into nothing. The squadron anchored for the night off the mouth of the Saguenay, and at 6 A.M. on the 17th got under weigh for Quebec. There was rather a fresh breeze and strong tide down the St. Lawrence, so that quick progress was not possible, and at seven o'clock in the evening the vessels anchored at Isle d'Orleans, twenty miles below Quebec, the first, the oldest, and the strongest of all the cities of Canada.

CHAPTER V.

QUEBEC.

The Prince on Board—Aspect of the City—Sectarian Squabbles—Illuminations—The Chaudière Falls—The Speakers of the Upper and Lower Houses Knighted—Falls of Montmorenci—The Natural Steps—Ball at Quebec—Falls of Lorette—Roman Catholics of Laval—The Heights of Abraham—Departure from Quebec.

THE Royal squadron remained at Isle d'Orleans till nearly two o'clock on the 18th. Long before it started, therefore, a whole fleet of river steamers had come down from Quebec all dressed with colours, and covered with festive evergreens from stem to stern. These, however, were the only demonstrations ventured on, for of cheering, or, indeed, any but decorative enthusiasm, there were none. It might have been that the weather exercised an adverse influence in this respect, for it was cold, rainy, and very wet; but, whatever the reason, there was at least no doubt of the fact, and no cheering was attempted at any time in the whole passage from Isle d'Orleans to Quebec. It was not for the want of a better example either that their rather cold decorum was observed, for the Prince, before starting, paid a long private visit to the "Ariadne," and in leaving that magnificent frigate the crew rushed into the rigging and gave such cheers as only 500 blue jackets really can give. All the Quebec steamers then followed alongside the Prince as he returned in his barge to the "Hero;" but nevertheless the silence remained unbroken, and, as at St. John

the people in their burning anxiety to have a good look at him, seemed not to think of the usual tokens of welcome and loyal recognition.

The Prince had celebrated his last night on board the "Hero" by inviting all the young officers of the ships to dine with him before parting. The smoking time after dinner was prolonged for an hour—a privilege of which His Royal Highness availed himself to the last minute, though he was the first to set the example of throwing his cigar away when the time expired. In conformity to the rules of the ship, both as to lights and smoking, he was always most strict: neither breaking them himself nor countenancing some of his particular friends among the younger officers in doing so.

The result was, of course, that he was not only liked but respected by all the officers on board, though liked is perhaps much too weak a term to express the feelings entertained towards him. His popularity was not at all the effect of his exalted rank. Every one who knows anything of a line-of-battle ship, ward-room and gun-room, knows how little mere rank, however high, counts there, if unaccompanied by more sterling attributes. On board the "Hero," and indeed in all the ships of the royal squadron, he will not alone be remembered as the Prince of Wales, but better still as the most good-natured, courteous, fun-loving, kind-hearted gentleman that ever entered a ship.

At two o'clock the squadron got under weigh. The "Hero" led, followed by the "Ariadne" and the "Flying Fish." With the flagship, of course, went the fleet of river steamers, and as the wind was up the river, each was enabled to follow His Royal Highness's vessel with such a dense, impenetrable mass of smoke as was never seen in the St. Lawrence before.

Viewed from the deck of the "Flying Fish," which, as the last ship, was just clear of the sooty atmosphere, the fleet ahead seemed as though they were in some tremendous naval engagement, and as much of the scene as could be distinguished had thus rather a fine effect. Whether those on board the "Hero," only the very top of the mainmast of which was visible, thought as well of the display was not doubtful, for nearly every one there regarded it somehow as a most intolerable nuisance. All the little houses, churches, and villages on the banks of the river were decked with flags (nearly always the French tricolour), and the sputtering, irregular fire of guns and small arms never ceased along the route for an instant, so that with the smoke of the guns, steamers, and squadron, the St. Lawrence seemed on fire from one end to the other.

But the weather almost spoiled everything. The great and naturally picturesque features of the reception at Quebec were fortunately such as no amount of rain could utterly destroy; and though certainly the deluge which fell on the day of the landing did no good, it certainly did less harm than might have been expected. Just before three o'clock the squadron came in sight of Point Levi, and then slowly on the other side of the broad river, the steep rugged heights of Abraham and lofty outlines of Quebec—the Gibraltar of North America—rose gradually into view.

The appearance of this quaint old city from the bay is always grand and imposing. Its old historical associations are well borne out by the rough gray tiers of houses rising one above the other with their bright tin gable roofs contrasting with the antique fashion of the buildings themselves, amid which in huge heavy outlines the walls of the fortress wind up and down with

all the engineering eccentricities of salient and re-entering angles. But on shore it is such a combination of the old and the new, of a peaceful, prosperous town built in and out of a tremendous citadel—a *mélange* of modern “stores,” guns, bastions, crenelated walls, suburban residences, and houses of tin and pine wood—as makes it resemble no other place under the sun. Take a large part of Malta, mix it up with St Peter’s at Guernsey, add a few of the old houses at Abbeville, strew it here and there with log houses, roof it all over with tin, pave roads and paths with wooden logs, put an immense citadel at the top, cover the streets rather profusely with dirt, and stick the whole on one of the hills over Milford Haven, with an English Government and a French population, and there you have Quebec. Everything there seems in an anomalous state—the footpaths are ladders and the roads are slides. There is a Parliament building, which is not to be used. There are good squares, which are always empty, and narrow, difficult flights of streets, which are always full. With the English the name of Quebec is indissolubly associated with the name of Wolfe. Among the Quebecians Montcalm is revered. In a strategical point of view one would say the shops of Quebec were the keys of the position, for batteries loom over the roofs of chemists and haberdashers, and you can walk in few places without finding your movements inspected by huge open-mouthed guns, which lurk in ambush at every corner, behind trees, in gardens, or half concealed by roofs and stacks of chimneys. Of its kind Quebec must be unique, and I am glad to think it is, for it seems to have got old without becoming venerable, and prosperous without much activity or cleanliness. But from the water, before the Prince landed, it looked grand, as all lofty

places from the water somehow or other do. The chief buildings were decorated with flags, the houses, wharfs, and terraces were thronged with thousands, and up the steep streets the points of triumphal arches could be seen with their bright decorations still flaunting, though rather dulled of their splendour by the rain and wind. As the "Hero" came up opposite the town the forts began to salute from the citadel, the terrace, and the batteries near Wolfe's Cove, where the rugged path up which the ardent young General struggled with his men is still to be seen. The effect of this repeated cannonade, as the great masses of smoke wreathed over the whole of the lofty town, through which the tin steeples and spires dimly shone, was very fine indeed, and seemed to bring out the old character of the place for war and glory more strongly than ever.

His Royal Highness landed from the "Hero" at four o'clock under a tremendous cannonade from all the forts and vessels of war in the harbour—the latter having yards manned, and giving three grand cheers as the royal barge swept past to the shore.

Great decorative preparations had been made for the reception at Quebec. All the streets were beautifully decorated, trees were set in the ground at the edge of all the footpaths, houses were screened in with deep ornamental balconies of evergreens and transparencies, and lofty arches crowded all the main thoroughfares. Nothing was really more astonishing, when the short time of the Prince's stay in ~~each~~ place was considered, than the lavish expenditure which had everywhere been incurred to give him a fitting and splendid reception. It was only after the landing, when one drove about Quebec, and found in remote corners handsome arches which

it was never once expected he would pass under, or even see, that the real nature and universality of the welcome given to him could be properly appreciated. Except on one or two remarkable occasions, I had never seen anything like it at royal progresses in England, and in Canada each city seemed to strive to surpass whatever had been done before.

In arranging the procession that was to meet His Royal Highness, symptoms were shown of that religious discord which was afterwards worked upon with such effect by some unscrupulous politicians as to nearly put an end to the whole tour in Upper Canada. Three-fourths or more of the population of Quebec are Roman Catholics, and this was alleged as the reason, or rather excuse, for assigning to the Roman Catholic Bishop precedence over the Protestant Bishop Mountain, in the order of the *cortége*. The Protestant Bishop very properly refused to submit to this implied inferiority. The Roman Catholic Bishop, it was said, would not for a time give way, and the dispute at once gave rise to a good deal of religious bitterness and feeling in the town. Eventually, however, the Roman Catholic Bishop was made to see that his claim for precedence was utterly untenable, and indeed could not be listened to for a moment, when he at length yielded. But the dispute, of course, left an ill feeling. Among the English the attempt was viewed as another instance of the encroaching arrogance of the Church of Rome; among the French Roman Catholics as a slight to the religion of the great mass of the people, in fact, *the* religion of Lower Canada.* From the visit to Quebec, or rather from the wan-

* A large and important meeting was held in Toronto last month to denounce the conduct of those members of the Canadian opposition, who, for the sake of political capital, had originated, or at least aggravated, the

ton and utterly unjustifiable manner in which a few disappointed politicians misrepresented its every act and deed to the Orange party, arose all the subsequent troubles at Kingston, and Belleville, and Toronto. But to resume. At the spot selected for the disembarkation of His Royal Highness, a very beautiful pavilioned canopy had been erected, under which stood all the officers of State and chief dignitaries of the city in full uniform. In the background a spacious balcony of seats had been raised for the accommodation of non-official visitors, and as this was amply crowded, the whole scene was rich and striking enough to impress the Prince, and all who saw it from the river, most favourably. Under the canopy the Mayor read an address, to which the Prince replied appropriately, with his royal mother's clear distinctness and proper emphasis that made every word as audible as though he spoke in a room to half-a-dozen listeners.

This ceremony over three cheers were called for, and, to a certain extent, given. For it must in truth be admitted that cheering is not the *forte* of the Lower Canadians. All the streets, in spite of the incessant rain, and the deepest, blackest, and most tenacious kind of mud, were thronged with people from every part of the country, many of whom had come from long distances. The Prince and all the suite seemed

Orange disturbances in Kingston. In referring to the question of precedence between the Bishops at Quebec, Mr. J. A. Macdonald, one of the chiefs of the Canadian government, himself an Orangeman, and member for Kingston, said, that, in claiming precedence, the Roman Catholic Bishops only claimed a legal right which was guaranteed to them under the treaties by which Canada was ceded to England. On finding the strong feeling of opposition that was raised to their claim, they themselves withdrew it on the understanding that by so doing their rights were not to be prejudiced on any future occasion. But still the dispute left the feelings I have alluded to at Quebec on both sides.

much surprised at such a concourse in such weather, and were especially struck with the extent and beauty of some of the chief arches which, as at St. John, were better than those at Halifax, though not nearly so numerous.

His Royal Highness passed through the city for the greater part of its entire length, issuing out under the St. Louis gate, on his way to Cataragui, the residence of Sir Edmund Head, the Governor-General of Canada. In the evening Quebec illuminated, and a more effective display of this kind is not often seen. It was not quite as general as that at St. John, but it was almost as good, and the effect, owing to the natural advantages of the city, was infinitely greater. To see Point Levi on one side of the St. Lawrence, and Quebec on the other, from the water that night was really a charming spectacle. Every house had lights in its windows, all the chief buildings were lit up, and the tiers of streets, rising one above another in rich gradations of light and colour, all of which were vividly reflected back by the river, made a kind of quadruple display which is neither easily described nor forgotten. All night, as a matter of course, the streets were crowded, and the light-fingered professors, who were there from New York in considerable numbers, made a splendid harvest, if all the complaints were true. Their presence, however, would have been less annoying if they had made the streets the only places for the exercise of their skilful vocation. Unfortunately, they penetrated the hotels with a spirit and enterprise that was bitterly felt by many.

On Sunday, the 19th, the Prince rested, and attended divine service in the cathedral. Even there, however, the same gang of daring thieves were present, and money and watches to the value of more than

600*l.* were stolen from various members of the congregation, who, of course, attended on this occasion in most pious and considerable numbers.

On the night of Sunday the rain, which for a time had lulled, set in again with vindictive impetuosity. Thus it continued during all Monday, pouring down with a steady, dull monotony of water, as if it meant to wash away Quebec, winding up in the night with a terrific thunderstorm, which left the air rather thicker than it was before, and certainly no drier. By this storm the decorations of some of the arches were decomposed into the dimmest and most extraordinary outlines of their former selves, the balconies were limp and frowzy, and people groped their devious ways through the streets under the branches of small wet fir trees, that rendered an umbrella doubly necessary at the time they utterly prevented its use. In fact, these festive evergreens seemed only to answer the purpose of wetting the benighted struggling passengers, save in the night where the wind had overturned them across the footway in dark corners, where they all at once fulfilled another and still more unpleasant duty for those who did not cautiously look where they were treading. The streets and little by-ways of Quebec (the latter always the majority) were trodden into swamps, neither mud nor water, though partaking largely of the most unpleasant attributes of both, and in these crowds of Canadians squattered and splashed, for many had come into town that day to see the fireworks which were appropriately fixed for the evening, as affording some variety after the rather liberal allowance of the other element. On such a day, and in such weather, of course, all jumped to the conclusion that nothing would be done by His Royal Highness, and the idea was encouraged by every

rational and sober-minded person in the town. But royalty has its duties, &c., and as it had been arranged that the Prince was to make a private and unostentatious visit to the Falls of the Chaudière on this day, to the Falls he went accordingly.

During the rest of the time he was in America, he never again passed through so much water to see so little. Mark Tapley himself would have succumbed to the damp influences of such a day, and had the trip been arranged for any but royalty, it would have been thought sheer lunacy to have adhered to it. But the programme of what the Prince was to see and do was clung to everywhere with a desperate tenacity, which made the laws of the Medes and Persians mere by-rules in comparison.

So the Prince and his suite pushed their way through the dense rain as they best could, and saw the tumbling, smoking Falls of the Chaudière, which, as their name implies, seethe away in spray as if their waters were boiling hot and fell steaming among the rocks. Their effect, however, must have been rather lessened in royal estimation by the weather of the morning, for such a waterfall as they had passed through to reach them was almost enough to make anything short of Niagara seem tame and dull.

Tuesday, the 21st, was fixed for the return of the Prince from Cataraqui, where he had been staying at the Governor-General's, to his palace at Quebec, in the old Parliamentary Buildings, which, although he was only to occupy them for two nights, had been all re-decorated and furnished throughout in the most costly style. Fortunately, on the occasion of this return, just as he entered the city, the weather changed, and cleared up fine and warm—too warm, perhaps, for though it failed to dry the streets

(what could ?) it converted their slushy mud into a paste as tenacious as bird lime, and by no means so clean.

Immediately after his arrival, the Prince held a levée in the chamber of the Upper House, which had been richly decorated for the occasion, and which, with its handsome throne, its wall draped with heavy folds of crimson cloth, and overhung with a fine series of paintings, had a regal and most imposing aspect.

The ministers of the Canadian Government were in uniform, and there was a very large and brilliant staff of naval and military officers, and all previous levées were therefore quite eclipsed by this. The speakers of the Upper and Lower House had the honour of receiving knighthood from His Royal Highness—the first time that the Prince had ever conferred that distinction on any one. Sir Narcisse Belleau was the first created. There was some doubt whether the speaker of the Lower House was to be so honoured, but it was soon removed, when the Prince again took the sword of the Duke of Newcastle, desired Mr. Smith to kneel, and, laying it lightly twice across his shoulders, plain Mr. Smith rose up Sir Henry. Before these honorary rewards had been bestowed, two addresses—one from each branch of the legislature—had been read, first in English and then in French, and duly presented and responded to by His Royal Highness. Another address was also presented from Bishop Mountain and the members of the Anglican Church of Quebec, to which the Prince likewise made a graceful and appropriate reply, that gave great satisfaction to the clergy. After this there was a state *déjeuner*, from the hot crush of which the Prince was soon very glad to escape, and drive to the Falls of

Montmorenci, situated between the picturesque hills which form the left bank of the St. Lawrence, some eight miles below Quebec.

The road to these Falls is pretty enough ; not much in its way, though sufficiently undulating to prove that it must at one time have been richly picturesque, before all the trees were utterly uprooted and destroyed. Now it is fine, well-cultivated land, cleared of even the semblance of a shrub, and closely dotted here and there with white wooden houses, all of which are tenanted by French Canadians, who preserve their Gallic type, Gallic language, and, in some cases, Gallic antipathies, to this very day. Like all such conservative settlers, in whatever land, they are quiet, frugal, and industrious, but unprogressive, seldom meddling much in the political concerns of the colony, though, when they do so, invariably siding with their compatriots on all subjects.

The Falls of Montmorenci are said to be, after those of Yo Hamite, in California, the highest in North America. The river, rather a deep one, though only some 150 feet across, comes brawling down a series of rocky chasms to the edge of a tremendous cliff which opens on the St. Lawrence, and over which the stream rushes in one grand heavy mass down a sheer unbroken depth of nearly 300 feet. The character of this beautiful Fall is generally thin and foamy—at a distance like a huge avalanche of snow reposing softly among the gaunt black rocks. Its appearance of majestic repose, however, soon gets broken as the visitor advances towards it, and the roar gets louder and fiercer till you come out upon a little point which overlooks its edge, and gaze upon a huge sheet of water springing madly over, white, boiling, and angry, its long shoots of spray plunging further and further down, till

the whole is lost in piles of mist below, soft, white, and irregular as a summer cloud. When the Prince saw it it was at its grandest. Unlike that lofty monarch of cascades, Niagara, to the might and rush of which the melting of the winter snows or the longest summer drought neither adds nor detracts, Montmorenci, and, indeed, all other falls, are visibly increased by much wet weather.

After the very heavy and uninterrupted rain of the three previous days, therefore, the Fall was swollen to its utmost, and came down the rapids bellowing with a noise like thunder as its great final plunge, which was to shut it out for ever from the light of day, grew more imminent. It was really a grand sight, and one which is regarded almost with a regretful awe as the river, in all its fiercest energy of life and power, make its last leap, and, all torn and dishevelled, with not a trace of the stately grandeur with which it left the cliffs above, but a mere crowd of hurrying, broken water, enters the unfathomable hole at its base, and is never seen again. Strange as it may seem, of this tremendous body of water, which pours down within a few feet or so of the St. Lawrence, not a drop is known to enter the river which it apparently rushes to meet. A little narrow semicircular ledge of rock, a couple of feet high, surrounds the foot of the fall, separating it from the tidal mark of the great river. Over this ledge, which marks the rim of a yawning funnel-shaped hole, the baffled waters of the Montmorenci never pass, but sink at once without a sign, and rush on no one knows whither. The hole has never been fathomed, its course has never been traced, and things that pass over Montmorenci are never more seen. The almost mournful impression this creates is rather heightened

by the gloomy luxuriance of the scenery around. The black, dead-looking rocks and lofty seared pine trees, the white gravestone-looking towers of granite, which till two or three years back supported a suspension bridge over the Falls, when it suddenly gave way, hurrying those upon it to an instant and dreadful death, all add to the sad effect. At the foot of these Falls, too, General Wolfe made his most desperate and most disastrous attempt upon Quebec. Here he suffered a severe defeat from Montcalm—a defeat which he so signally avenged within two months afterwards by his capture of the Heights of Abraham, and Quebec itself. Montmorenci roars and plunges now without a change as fiercely as it did on that disastrous day, yet the very name of the battle is almost forgotten, or degenerated into a local tradition, and the mounds of the redoubt which Wolfe reared to cover his retreat and embarkation are mere shapeless ridges, which even the eyes of the curious can but faintly trace. From Montmorenci the Prince proceeded some three miles up the rocky banks of the stream to a place called the Natural Steps—a little gem of Canadian scenery which, for its size and peculiar character, is not to be surpassed in any part of America. It is a wild, lonely place, where a series of rocks, as regular as colossal steps, jut out on either side into the deep, narrow rapids of the Montmorenci. Their geological formation, I have no doubt, is curious, and some learned theories have been broached as to the cause of their being there at all, though few will care to think or read of these when in that rich, wild, quiet glen where the river, not yet brawling angrily with upstart rocks, flows on with quick, silent dignity, as if it knew the massive steps as friends since all creation, and recognised their

solemn limestone masses as characteristic ornaments of its own brown, decayed-looking waters. Higher up, the steps, still old, worn, and imposing, break into a kind of mournful irregularity, and loom about in great gray pinnacles like the ruins of an old castle, with gaps and rents in the tremendous walls between, speaking rather of their strength than weakness. Everything tells of age and quiet here, and the woods, which almost close in the glen at the top, give a dull, solemn repose to the whole, as if the dark apertures between their trunks were vaults, and the very leaves rustled gently of the mysteries of nature. It is a pity that these exquisite scenes of Canadian beauty are seldom painted, photographed, or printed, —are in short, almost unknown by name to the world in general. If the Falls of Montmorenci and their Natural Steps were in the United States, there would be pictures of them everywhere, a fine hotel in their immediate neighbourhood, and thousands going to visit them annually. As it is, not 10 per cent. of those who drive to Montmorenci even see or hear of the Natural Steps at all. On the evening after this excursion, the Prince entertained a large party at a banquet; at the conclusion of which, all went to the Grand Ball given by the Mayor and citizens of Quebec to His Royal Highness. This fête was given in the Music Hall—a large and very lofty building, sometimes used for concerts, sometimes as a theatre, and once, after the fire which destroyed the Parliament House, as a place of meeting for the Canadian legislature. Yet in spite of these vicissitudes of fortune, it still remains a noble and well-decorated saloon; and on the occasion of the ball, it had, at great expense, been entirely rehabilitated in fresh paint and gilding in such a beautiful and costly style, that the

recollections of the ball at Halifax were then, for the first time, quite eclipsed by comparison. About 1600 guests were present in all. Among them was a very large muster of naval and military officers; and, as usual when the sister services meet on these occasions, the military generally go to the wall. There is an impetuosity about the gallantry of naval officers which carries all before it with the fair sex, and against which the conventional beau of a garrison town stands no chance. Thus the commanders and lieutenants whirled off the prettiest belles in triumph, while ensigns and subalterns could scarcely find partners at all.

The Prince with the Duke of Newcastle and suite arrived at ten o'clock, and His Highness immediately betook himself to the festivities of the evening with that gallantry and keen relish of the scene which always distinguished the heir apparent on these occasions. He danced every dance that was danced between ten that night and four next morning! Great numbers were at the same time dancing, or rather trying to dance, and knocking against each with an energy and determination that was worthy of a better cause. None could well avoid collision when limited to a spot little larger than an ordinary table-cloth, and the Prince and his fair partners had to run the gauntlet of polkas and waltzes like the rest. During one of these terpsichorean struggles, the Prince caught his spurs in a lady's dress—tripped and fell. He was up again in an instant, laughing heartily, and dancing away more vigorously than ever.

In its vulgar way the *New York Herald* did its best to make the Prince appear ridiculous from this little *contretemps*. Five minutes after the occurrence it was telegraphed to that Journal. Probably in half-

an-hour it was known in Texas, while the *Herald* drew attention to the fact in an alarming series of "headings," of which the following are only a few:—

"THE CANADIAN COMMOTION.

"Splendid Splurge of the Quebeckers.

"The Prince at the Grand Ball given by the City.

"He danced Twenty-two Times, tripped and fell, his
Beautiful Partner rolling over him.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense.

"The Prince immediately picked himself and Partner up and
continued the Dance.

"Terrible Flutter of Crinoline."

Certainly to judge from the accounts in this veracious Journal, the fall must have been an extraordinary one, inasmuch as it was detailed how it occurred in no less than three different ways, and with four different partners. Princes fall very much like other people, and even if they did not, His Royal Highness would have found it most difficult to have touched the floor in the way indicated by the *Herald*, according to which he "cut his eye" while coming "heavily on the back of his head."

The supper preparations at this fête were for a time involved in a state of the most perilous uncertainty, for when the hour came for that banquet to be laid, it was found with dismay that none of the waiters were in a condition to be safely entrusted with anything that could be broken by dropping.

Eventually by all sorts of aids and contrivance in the way of amateur assistants, this formidable difficulty, which had been clearly foreseen and calmly expected by many, was overcome; and the curtain of the pretty little theatre, at the end of the hall, rose at last on the supper. Like most theatrical suppers, however, it had a bright, unreal character, for the tables would not accommodate a tithe of the guests,

and a very numerous majority, therefore, could only feast their eyes—the most unsatisfactory medium possible through which to enjoy a banquet. We will let the curtain fall again, therefore, over this delusive portion of the entertainment, and return to the hall, where dancing was kept up by almost undiminished numbers, and certainly with undiminished spirit, till the lights began to “pale their ineffectual fires” before the rising sun.

On Wednesday, the 22d, it had been arranged that his Highness should drive out to the Falls of Lorette and visit the Indian village near. The former is a beautiful cataract; the latter, like everything else connected with the Indians, was a delusion and a snare. The Falls pour down a very rocky glen, tumbling over a sloping mass of cliff, which beats the black waters of the Lorette into the nearest approach to a white foam they can ever be forced to assume. From this cliff the whole mass of water rushes down a chasm in the rock some 300 feet deep, and about six feet wide, at an inclination of nearly sixty feet in a hundred. The velocity of the torrent at this part is therefore, perhaps, not to be equalled by any other fall in the world. So great is it that at the termination of its mad rush it is hurled up out of the chasm so as to form a perfect arch of water, like the letter S, thus *o*. The visitor to the Indian village naturally makes up his mind for wigwams, tomahawks, war-paint, and stalking chiefs wrapped in abnormal dignity and ragged blankets. He at least expects a war-whoop on entering, and summons up all his courtesy not to be annoyed if the chiefs take his visit in dudgeon, and receive him with sullen, dignified silence. Preparing himself, therefore, to endure anything rather than not visit the wild children of the soil, he commences a search among

neat cottages and pretty little churches for some tokens of the huts of the Red Men. I wandered there for an hour in vain, and was at last driven to accost a young man whose features I thought showed unmistakeably that he was of Indian origin. In reply to my inquiry if there really was an Indian village anywhere near, he replied, with a bow that was almost Parisian, "*Mais oui, Monsieur ; c'est ici.*" It was a fact, and I had really driven out some twelve miles on a hot day to see an Indian village about as characteristic of the Hurons as Kew or Brentford. My informant further added that the marriage festival of the chief's daughter was then being celebrated at his house, and kindly offered to conduct me there. The house was something like a small English parsonage, and in which one would as soon have thought of intruding as in any private residence in England, but that my guide begged me in excellent French to enter. The chief who welcomed me was dressed in a plain substantial broadcloth suit, in all respects like an ordinary English farmer, save that, as a mark of his dignity, he wore something like a beadwork toastrack on his head. Encouraged by the appearance of this peculiar head-dress, and with a faint hope that at the marriage of the chief's daughter I must see something characteristic of the race, I entered the room, where the chiefs, with their wives, daughters, and "young men of the tribe," were enjoying themselves. I found in a clean, large room, just like any other room at a substantial farm, a party of some twenty-five or thirty, the "chiefs" in unexceptionable morning dress, the "squaws" in white muslin dresses, hats and feathers, scarfs and gloves. They were dancing the Lancers to the music of an excellent pianoforte! This was enough for me. I had seen quite sufficient of savage life.

The Prince did not visit Lorette. He had doubtless been informed what these Indians really were like. His not visiting them, however, was a matter of small importance, for I was told that some of the gentlemen who attended the levée were "chiefs of the tribe."

Instead of driving out to Lorette His Royal Highness and suite paid a visit to the great Roman Catholic University of Laval, where he received an address from the bishops of that Church. In his reply the Prince did not address them by any title, such as My Lords, but commenced at once by saying, "I accept with the greatest satisfaction the welcome you offer," &c., &c.

At this omission of what they claimed as their legal title, the Roman Catholic hierarchy took deep offence, and through Mr. Cartier, the Canadian prime minister, asked explanations of the Duke of Newcastle for what they said they would otherwise consider as an intentional affront. His grace at once replied that it was ridiculous to suppose that an "intentional affront" could have been meant in a courteous reply to an address of welcome and congratulation. The duke further stated that in the replies addressed unitedly to the Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy of St. John's, Newfoundland, no style or title had been used, and that the same rule would be adhered to in replying to the addresses of the clergy, of whatever denomination, throughout the province. This explanation the Roman Catholic bishops said they would at once accept if the duke would *give a promise* that he would not in future allow any titles to be used in replies to the addresses from religious bodies. To this as a matter of course his grace said he would give no promise, and that if they had not sufficient confidence in his impar-

tiality and wish to avoid giving cause of offence to any religious body, he was sorry for it, and could not help them; but give a promise he certainly would not. With this answer the bishops were obliged to be content, though they submitted with a doubtful grace, and the idea of an "intentional affront" appeared to rankle in some minds. It is necessary to mention this matter in detail, for on this visit to the University of Laval and the alleged preference it showed to the Roman Catholics, the Orangemen insisted on founding their grievances and their rights to an Orange demonstration. Thus, while the Orangemen regarded this visit as a marked favour to the Roman Catholics, and as an instance of the Duke of Newcastle's Popish leanings, the Roman Catholics looked on it as an "intentional affront," and as a proof of the duke's bigoted Protestant antipathies. Truly, in a country where religious animosities run so high as in Canada, it was hard to please everybody, and the duke by being rigidly impartial between all at first pleased nobody.

From Laval the Prince went to the convent of the Ursulines. This convent, which was founded in 1639, holds a high position in the estimation of the Roman Catholics of Quebec. It always has a superior, fifty nuns, and six novices who give instruction and teach needlework to poor children. The rule of this convent is that no male person can ever be admitted within the wall which encloses it, save only one of the royal family or the sovereign's representative. This reservation was made in favour of the Bourbons, when Canada was still a proud appanage of the French Crown. After the capture of Quebec by Wolfe, in 1759, the privilege of entering the convent was by the then superior and nuns transferred to the English

royal family or their direct representative, including all whom they might bring with them in their suite. Thus for the last century a new Governor-General of Canada in taking office always claims and exercises his privilege, as the representative of the sovereign, of paying a semi-state visit to the Convent of the Ursulines, and on these occasions the public are admitted with him. Beyond such visits made once in every seven years, no male person passes the outer walls, and this bigoted exclusion extends even to the relatives of the nuns. An instance was mentioned to me of a French gentleman who had a relative in this convent with whom he was most deeply anxious to have a personal interview, if only of a few minutes. To all his entreaties, however, a deaf ear was turned, and he had to wait for five years till the occasion of the Governor-General's visit, when he claimed and was allowed the right of entering with his excellency, and thus saw his relative.

The Prince of Wales exercised his right of royalty of entering this convent, and many of the public entered it with him. The nuns presented him with an address praying for blessings on his future career; and one of them, robed in white, sung a kind of hymn for his happiness, in a voice of such exquisite sweetness and melody as few present ever heard surpassed. In the afternoon His Royal Highness went to the almost impregnable citadel of Quebec, and thence drove to the Heights of Abraham, and saw the plain column which is erected on the spot where Wolfe fell, with the simple inscription, "Here Wolfe died victorious." The small redoubt which the troops threw up on that eventful day may still be faintly traced—slight mounds of earth which gave England the possession of this gigantic empire. It is a pity

no care is taken to preserve the remains of this little work. Wolfe might well do without a column, for to no man that ever lived does the motto over Wren so well apply, when you stand on the Heights of Abraham and look round on the magnificent panorama beneath of rivers, plains, and mountains which his skill and daring conquered at a blow. From the monument a winding road is cut down through the rock to Wolfe's Cove, where he landed from the opposite bank of the river and scaled hills to which those of Inkermann were mere molehills, either for height or steepness. The road that leads from this spot into Quebec is like the alleys of Shadwell in point of squalor, and the huts like the tenements that hang loosely together in that villanous quarter of Constantinople that extends between Galata and St. Stephanie. It is the most curious *mélange* of dirt, ruinous houses, and historic rocks, perhaps, in all America.

On this evening there was another grand banquet at Parliament House, and the long deferred fireworks for the people came off at last. The pyrotechnics were very fine, but the display was marred in the midst by an alarming accident. A large stage had been erected for the accommodation of visitors, of such slight materials that many refused to venture on it. Enough, however, essayed to bring it all to the ground, injuring many most seriously, and some fatally, in its fall. There was of course an inquiry, but it is perhaps right to add, that for the most culpable negligence employed in the erection of this stage *nobody* was found to be in the least degree responsible.

At an early hour on the following morning (23rd August), the Prince quitted Quebec in the "Kingston"

steamer, and at once every one began to fly the town for Montreal as fast as possible. In a few hours Quebec was dull and empty, its faded decorations looking stained, mournful, and slatternly, like old Vauxhall in the day time.

CHAPTER VI.

MONTREAL.

Situation of Montreal—The Volunteers—Address from the Corporation, and the Prince's Reply—The Industrial Exhibition—The Victoria Bridge—Indian Games—Ball at Montreal—Rapids of the St. Lawrence—The Thousand Islands—The Lachine Rapids—The People's Ball—Eccentricities of Dress—Unfavourable Weather.

THE Prince left Quebec in the steamer "Kingston," which had been specially hired by the Canadian government, and beautifully fitted up for the accommodation of His Royal Highness and all the suite. With the "Kingston" went the "Flying Fish," "Valorous," and "Styx." The two latter did not belong to, or form part of the royal squadron, and were only sent as a state escort in consequence of there not being sufficient depth of water to enable such large vessels as the "Hero" and "Ariadne" to follow the Prince in his visit to the fine capital of Canada. Midway between Quebec and Montreal, at a small town called the Three Rivers, the ships anchored for the night. The chief inhabitants came off to present an address, which was duly acknowledged by His Royal Highness, and then the town of the Three Rivers illuminated in honour of the occasion; and, certainly, as it was seen from the water, it appeared to be a most beautiful display. Both from its extent and duration the whole

affair must have cost the inhabitants (by no means numerous or rich) a very considerable sum. Yet there, as all through Canada, cost was never allowed to enter into the consideration of these fêtes. The only question seemed to be what would best do honour to the occasion, and when this point had once been decided, it was carried out at any price. On the following morning, soon after daybreak, the squadron resumed its slow journey up the rapid current of the St. Lawrence to Montreal.

Montreal is in wealth, in population, in intelligence, and in refinement, in fact in all the great social and commercial qualities which go to form a capital—the capital of Canada. A recent decision of the home government has declared that the legislature, and as far as possible the actual capital of Canada, is to be in future at Ottawa, and accordingly an attempt is now being made to build up such houses round about that pretty little township as may do away with the straggling village look of the place, and render it more worthy of the name of capital. Into the political reasons which led to this decision it is of course needless to enter, except to remark that almost each Governor-General of Canada has, when it was wished to remove the legislative capital from Montreal, chosen a different site, and thus Toronto, Quebec, and Kingston, have all in turn been tried as capitals and failed. Each fresh failure has demonstrated the impossibility of ever depriving Montreal of its leading place in the estimation of the Canadians. In fact, between Montreal and any of the other towns or cities of Canada, there is no comparison whatever. No other city has the same commanding situation for commerce, and, to compare great things with small, it would be about as feasible attempting now to found the capital

of England at Malvern, as seek to dispossess Montreal of its hold upon the minds and feelings of the Canadians in favour of Ottawa.

Viewed from the opposite bank of the St. Lawrence, or from the commanding summit of Mont Royale, from which the place is named, the appearance of the whole city is not to be surpassed by many in all North America. The churches and public buildings are massive and noble looking stone structures. The houses are all lofty and handsomely built; the streets wide, clean, and most admirably paved. About the whole place too there is an air of business and wealth which speaks at once of active long established prosperity. On the river side almost the whole extent of the city is fronted in with massive stone quays and docks which are the admiration of Americans, for no city in the States has anything to equal them. Unlike the levees on the Mississippi and Ohio, those at Montreal are not disfigured by huge unsightly warehouses, but are separated from the city by a broad massive terrace of limestone along their whole extent.

At such a capital, and among a people so celebrated, colonially speaking, for their wealth, taste, and refinement, it may readily be guessed that the preparations for doing honour to the heir apparent were made on a scale of unusual grandeur and magnificence. The streets were not looped in by arches nor shrouded by evergreens, as at Halifax: wood was far too scarce round Montreal to permit that. So the sweet spruce fir was for once absent; and in its place were the built decorated wooden arches, which are usually erected on the same occasions in England, and the great object in the design of which is generally to make them as granite-looking as possible, and deprive them, in fact, of all appearances which could show what they really

were—decorations specially erected in honour of the Prince. Some of these, however, meant only for inspection by day, were very good, though the constant rain had by no means improved them; others, meant for illumination and filled in with transparencies, showed but poorly in the day, and had a rough, half-finished, scene-painted look, which was not agreeable. But by night those same arches carried off all the honours, for when lit from the inside, as they were from base to summit, they had a wonderfully beautiful effect, as they spanned the streets in long undulating lines of coloured lights. For the rest, all the streets were draped with flags, English fashion; and as not a house in any of the chief thoroughfares was without some large transparency or illumination more or less appropriate, the city of Montreal, even by the sombre light of a clouded sky, was wonderfully gay and brilliant. A detachment of the Boston Fusiliers, consisting of several fine companies of well-dressed and well-drilled volunteers, had come up from Boston especially to do honour to the Prince's arrival. This was a marked compliment, and the Prince felt much pleased and flattered by the attention. In addition to these, the Montreal Volunteer Cavalry turned out, and better troops it would be difficult to see, either for discipline or soldier-like bearing. There were also some Volunteer Artillery, wearing the old grenadier cap of the time of Marlborough, and otherwise looking like an "army" of supers, escaped from some minor theatre.

Friday, the 24th August, was the day originally fixed for the Prince's landing; and at Montreal, as at all other places in the Canadian tour, the day was ushered in by a regular deluge of rain. It was such a perfect storm of water, that anything like an out-door display became literally impossible. A grand proces-

sion had been arranged to meet the Prince, and, in fact, this was intended to be a great feature of the programme ; but in such weather a procession of anything but canoes was out of the question. This was a bitter disappointment to Montreal—A disappointment which could only be allayed by the civic dignitaries going on board the “Kingston,” and requesting, in the name of the city, that His Royal Highness would kindly defer his landing till the following day, in the hope of better weather. To this the Prince, who was waiting in uniform, and ready to land, at once consented ; and the grief of Montreal was allayed on learning, from “authority,” that the procession would certainly take place next day, weather permitting.

Fortunately for the peace of mind of the city, the morning of the 25th was not ushered in by heavy rain, and the thick black clouds at last began to break, though with extreme reluctance, and as if they had not quite made up their minds about giving way so soon. The Prince disembarked at nine o'clock in the morning, under a superb pavilion. With him also landed the suite, then immensely augmented by the Governor-General, the Commander-in-Chief (Sir Fenwick Williams), and Admiral Milne, all with their suites of aide-de-camps, or secretaries. All the chief dignitaries of Canada were in attendance to welcome His Highness to Montreal. Here also, was the Mayor, Mr. Rodier, in gorgeous robes of state, with the members of the common council, the consuls in uniform, the magistrates, bishops, chaplains, moderators, judges, and heads of societies, all more or less emblazoned and adorned. The Prince accepted the address presented to him with a kind smile, and replied as follows :—

"Gentlemen,—The address you have just presented to me, in which you proclaim your loyalty to the Queen and attachment to the British Crown, demands my warmest acknowledgments.

"The impression made upon me by the kind and cordial reception which has been accorded to me on this first visit to Canada can never fade from my mind ; and deeply will the Queen be gratified by the proof which it affords that the interest which she takes in the welfare of this portion of her empire, and which she has been anxious to mark by my presence among you, is met on their part by feelings of affectionate devotion to herself and her family.

"For myself, I rejoice at the opportunity which has been afforded me of visiting this city—a great emporium of the trade of Canada—and whose growing prosperity offers so striking an example of what may be effected by energy and enterprise under the influence of free institutions.

"That this prosperity may be still further enlarged is my earnest hope, and there can be little doubt that by the completion of that stupendous monument of engineering skill and labour which I have come in the name of the Queen to inaugurate, new sources of wealth will be opened to your citizens, and to the country new elements of power developed, and new links forged to bind together in peaceful co-operation the exertions of a wide-spread and rapidly increasing population."

After this, everybody fell into the gentle state of hurry and confusion peculiar to "making way" for the procession, which was really a very long and a very grand one indeed, and one which, on the whole, it was worth waiting for a fair day to see carried out in all its projected pomp. Heading it, though not included in the programme, was a small party of the Cawknawaaga Indians, who lived near Lachine, on the rapids whence their rather inharmonious title is immediately derived. They are one of the few remaining branches of the Iroquois—of the six great nations which once held

all North America as their hunting ground. No travestie on modern civilisation was attempted here, nor did they wear frockcoats decked with a backwoods' millinery of beads and feathers. The Cawknawaagas were all attired in full dress after the fashion of their nation; that is to say, with loose bead-embroidered woollen tunics, mocassins, head-dresses of beadwork and feathers, and their features disfigured or adorned, as the spectator chose to think, under a profuse layer of many-coloured paints. Thus equipped, they were certainly not prepossessing objects; and, though they looked characteristic enough, I must own I preferred the Indian "pure and simple" as I saw him at Lorette to those with such pigmentary eccentricities of colour on their features as these Cawknawaagians displayed. For the rest, they were persons of every size and age, though when you saw one you saw all—there was not the least appearance of individuality or character about any which would enable you, even after careful scrutiny, to distinguish him from the rest. They had the same flat, broad, Tartar features—thick-lipped and wide-mouthed, with sallow, tawny faces, long, coarse, wiry hair; white, sharp, irregular teeth; and small, quick, black eyes. The latter were keenly suggestive of either a genius for petty traffic, or the acquisition of small-ware generally by any means.

The most intense feeling of enthusiasm and loyalty seemed to animate the populace when the Prince landed. They shouted with deafening vehemence, and all the many steeples in the city rang out tremendous peals in a confused grand clamour, that filled the air with a rich embroidery of sound, adding to the whirl and excitement of the whole display.

In such state His Royal Highness was escorted to his residence, formerly the mansion of Mr. Rose, Chief

Commissioner of Public Works in Canada, which had been placed at his disposal during his visit. Only a very short halt was made there, for a great deal of ceremonial and high state had to be got through this day, with but little time for breathing between each event ; so, after a short pause, just sufficient to enable the crowds that had witnessed the procession to flock to the Exhibition, His Royal Highness again commenced a progress through the streets to formally open and inaugurate the Industrial Exhibition of Montreal and Province of Canada.

The permanent building which had been erected for this exhibition stands in a commanding situation on the northern side of the city, just where the slopes of Mont Royale begin a slow rise. The building itself, in outer form and general internal arrangement, is very like one of the end transepts of the Crystal Palace at Norwood, only on a much smaller scale, and built with brick walls, roofed in with an arched wooden ceiling. For the rest, the columns, girders, and tie-rods of the interior are much the same in principle as in the English Exhibition. The outside, however, is handsomely adorned with light ornamental woodwork and painting, which give it a clean and pleasing effect. The time for opening this exhibition, as was originally intended, should have been at least ten days or a fortnight later than the 25th of August. But advantage was taken of the presence of His Highness to inaugurate the exhibition with the utmost state and *éclat* ; and this compelled the committee to open the building before much more than half its contents had arrived, and when even of that half not more than one-third of the articles were unpacked from their cases. Thus the galleries set apart for the various products of Canadian growth or manufacture were almost empty, a fact on

which Mr. Chamberlain, the indefatigable secretary, congratulated himself not a little when he found how pressed he was for space to accommodate spectators. The Prince arrived at the exhibition at eleven o'clock, and, passing through a marquee set aside for the display of a fine collection of hothouse plants, waited a short time in a handsome reception room till a sufficient number of naval, military, and civic dignitaries had arrived to constitute something between a "brilliant staff" and a small procession. This formed, His Royal Highness at once entered the building, and passed to the dais, amidst the warmest acclamations of enthusiasm and flutterings of handkerchiefs that ever any heir-apparent was greeted with. "God save the Queen" was sung splendidly by the chorus, after which the Governor-General read another address—nothing ever was done without reading a long address—to which, as usual, the Prince responded, and these formalities being over, a complete tour was made of the building. There was not a great deal in it to delay this part of the ceremony. There were some rich specimens of iron and copper ores, in both of which minerals all Canada abounds, though as yet these sources of colonial wealth have been most imperfectly developed. The copper ore is badly and expensively worked, though, in spite of all waste, the mines yield an enormous profit, and would yield ten times more if better managed. Iron ore of the richest kind is abundant everywhere, especially in Western Canada, where, at a place called Croxly, it yields from 60 to 70 per cent. of pure metal. Some very fine specimens of this ore were shown to the Prince. A conspicuous object in the centre of the building was a column of coal cut from one seam, and thirty-seven feet high. In Canada there is no coal formation whatever—a serious check on the profitable

working of the iron ores. Only at Pictou and Cape Breton is coal found, and from the mines at the former place this noble column was cut entire. The Prince inspected these and some fine specimens of native marbles. Among other objects in this department was a small grindstone sent as a present to His Royal Highness, on which, in gilt letters, was inscribed the rather premature inscription, "To our hopeful King." On the upper galleries of the building was a splendid display of furs and skins in every stage of preparation, and a gallery of Canadian pictures, in which, among others of a much lower order of merit, were several really fine works.

The circuit of the building made, the Exhibition was declared to be formally opened, and almost instantly after came a general and rapid rush for carriages and vehicles of every kind, for the opening of the Victoria Bridge was to take place in about an hour afterwards, and the two points of interest were just sufficiently wide apart to make it extremely doubtful whether those who left the Exhibition last would be able to reach the bridge in time. The drivers of hired carriages of course "improved the occasion" under these circumstances, and dictated their own terms. These were hard enough, for twelve dollars, about 2*l.* 12*s.* sterling, was always asked and often given for taking a fare a distance of some two miles and a half.

The formal opening and inauguration of the Victoria Bridge was, in colonial importance, the chief feature in the royal visit to Montreal, and the completion of this noble structure deserved to be celebrated with all the state and pomp which the presence of His Royal Highness could bestow. As an engineering triumph over natural difficulties of the most stupendous kind, it is not only without its equal in the world, but the

world offers nothing which may fairly be put in comparison with it—nothing which can be pointed to as evidencing more determined perseverance in the face of almost hopeless obstacles—more genius, or more consummate skill. The Menai Bridge is a noble structure, yet after all only the germ of the great idea here developed to its fullest. Brunel's great bridge at Saltash is remarkable for the wonderful skill with which it overcomes obstacles which were, in fact, almost created that that gifted engineer might have the pleasure and merit of vanquishing them. Roebing's suspension-bridge over the Rapids of Niagara—the most ingenious, and, perhaps, even the most beautiful bridge of its kind in the world, is only designed for a special and peculiar gorge, and, apart from this, no fair comparison can be drawn between the Niagara and the Victoria, when the former is only eight hundred feet long, and the latter more than nine thousand! To appreciate the Victoria Bridge—to do justice to its grand conception, and, what seems the almost super-human energy and skill necessary to carry out the idea in all its present grand perfection, one must see it. One must not only see it, for a merely indefinite length gives no real idea of the immensity of the undertaking. The tourist should look at the St. Lawrence in winter, when millions of tons of floating ice come crashing down it, and in summer, when even at its lowest ebb the current flows like a sluice, at the rate of eight miles an hour. He must remember that the whole of its bed is a mere quicksand, strewed over the bottom with gigantic boulders, weighing twenty-five and thirty tons, that the depth of water is seldom less than twenty-five feet, and that the stream at this point is two miles wide. When any one takes the trouble to think quietly over the nature of these obstacles, and

then looks up at the lofty rib of iron which stretches high in air from shore to shore, he must be more or less than human if he does not regard it as the grandest and most successful engineering work which, at least, has yet been accomplished.

It is by no means an imposing, or even tolerably well-looking structure. Its height from the water and its immense length gave it more the appearance of a gigantic girder than a bridge. Viewed at sunset, when its dull tints are brightened into red, and with Montreal as a background, with all its tin roofs and steeples glistening like silver in the sun, it looks well enough, though never much more than an iron footpath to the picturesque city beyond. Few can believe at the first glance that it is really more than five times longer and bigger than the longest bridge ever yet constructed.

Its total length is very nearly two miles (9500 feet); its height from the water little over 100 feet. It is composed of twenty-five tubes joined in lengths of two tubes, each about 270 feet, with a centre one of 380 at the highest part above the river. In weight of iron it is actually very little over a ton per foot in length (the lightest bridge of its kind ever made with the same strength), and the contraction and expansion of the whole make a difference in its length between summer and winter of more than ten feet. This is of course, properly allowed for in its construction. The piers, which are twenty-four in number, and contain some 3,000,000 cubic feet of masonry, were formed by forcing down coffer-dams of wood in the exact places where the foundations were to be laid, then driving rows of piles round these, and filling in between the two with wads of clay, forced down till they were water-tight. The water inside the coffer-dam was then pumped out by steam pumps, and the work of clearing out the

gravel and mud, and laying the masonry down on the very rock commenced. Quicksands let in the water to such an extent that no pumps could keep the cofferdams empty, and tiers upon tiers of piles had to be driven all round them till the subterranean communication was cut off at last. At other times huge boulders were in the way, and divers had to be employed for months in the bed of the river, securing chains to these rough masses before they could be hooked up and taken away. When all was clear and progressing well the mere force of the swift current would sometimes destroy the dams, and masses of floating ice in one short winter's day laid waste the labour of a whole summer. It may give the reader some idea of the varied and overwhelming nature of the obstacles contended against, when it is stated that some piers were destroyed by ice and quicksands as often as six or seven times year after year, and that on the average of the whole twenty-four piers the works of each one were actually destroyed thrice. Only the genius of Stephenson and Ross, and only the unconquerable nerve and readiness of Mr. Hodges, to whom the entire work of the building was entrusted, could have overcome such obstacles, and persevered in the face of such apparently hopeless reverses. At last the piers got above water, and were faced towards the set of the current with a long massive wedge of granite masonry, strong and sharp enough to divide even the icefields of the St. Lawrence. Gradually, and only working in the summer, they were built to the required height, and then the labour of constructing the tubes commenced. The dangerous rapidity of the stream made it impossible that the tubes could be built on shore, floated out on rafts, and then raised to their positions in one piece, as was the case with the bridge at Menai. So the whole tube was

first actually built in England, and sent out piecemeal, with every plate, bar, and angle-iron numbered with such minute exactness that, as far as the mere putting together was concerned, there was no more difficulty than with a child's toy. Thus, with the assistance of a temporary scaffolding stretched between the piers, tube after tube was slowly built across to the centre, where the great span of 330 feet comes. As may be imagined, the work of building this across with no supports from below presented a series of engineering difficulties such as have never yet been encountered in any piece of ironwork that was ever put together. Mr. Hodges, however, persevered and triumphed here, as he had done elsewhere, and at length at the close of 1859, five years after the commencement of the work, the first stone and iron bridge over the St. Lawrence was completed. It was tested with a strain more than ten times greater than any which the ordinary exigencies of traffic could ever bring upon it; and nothing exemplified more strongly the confidence felt by Mr. Hodges in the strength of his work than the test to which he exposed it. A train was sent through it so heavily loaded that two of the most powerful engines were unable to move it. A third engine was obtained, and even then the three were barely able to force the weight to the centre tube.

Speaking of this tremendous test, Mr. Legge, C.E.,* says he well remembers the "peculiar feelings" he experienced when standing at the marking-post assigned him, surrounded by an Egyptian darkness, dense enough to be felt, arising from the condensed steam and the smoke of the engine, and totally obscuring the light of a glass lamp two feet distant. To thus stand

* "The Victoria Bridge, and the Men who Built it."

closely pressed up against the side of the tube, with eyes and lamp brought within a few inches of the datum-line intently watching its movements, and leaving but sufficient room for the slipping, groaning, but invisible engines and their heavily-loaded cars to pass, with but a quarter of an inch of boiler-plate between time and eternity; or when mentally reasoned back to safety and security, and while listening, during the stoppage of the train, to the surging, crashing ice far below, as it swept past, to have those feelings of personal security dissipated in a moment by the thought of an overloaded car breaking down and burying the deflection-observer beneath its weight, was surely reason enough for the existence of the "peculiar feelings" alluded to. The deflection under this severe test was very little more than an inch, and the tubes recovered their original level the instant the load was removed.

In a strategical point of view it seems rather a mistake to cross the St. Lawrence at this spot, and thence continue the railway to Quebec along what may be called the American side of the St. Lawrence. In case of any "difficulty" with our western cousins a corporal's guard would suffice to capture the whole 180 miles of line which stretch from Montreal to Quebec. Had it been taken along the northern bank the broad rushing stream of the St. Lawrence would have been almost a complete safeguard, perhaps not from injury, but certainly from capture. A railway bridge over the St. Lawrence was, of course, necessary for communication with the States, but taking such an important length of line as that mentioned along the American side of the stream seems not only unnecessary, but imprudent in a military point of view. The Canadians, of course, think very highly of the Grand Trunk Railway, and well they may, for, however little the line has

done for its shareholders, it has unquestionably done everything for Canada. Before the line was finished it used to take in winter from a week to ten or fourteen days to journey from Montreal city to Quebec; and hundreds are still living who can remember when it took from three to four months to send goods in boats poling up the stream from Quebec to Toronto. The journey from Quebec to Montreal is now done in six hours, and from Quebec to Toronto in sixteen.

The mere ceremony of opening a bridge is very much the same at all places. All the visitors to this rather meagre ceremonial were conveyed in special trains to Point St. Charles, at the entrance to the bridge on the Montreal side. Deeply cut over the stone aperture at this side were the inscriptions :

ERECTED, A.D. MDCCCLIX.

ROBERT STEPHENSON AND ALEXANDER M. ROSS,
ENGINEERS.

While on the lintels was carved :

BUILT BY JOHN HODGES,

FOR

SIR SAMUEL MORTON PETO, BART.,
THOMAS BRASSEY, AND EDWARD LADD BETTS,
CONTRACTORS.

There was the usual platform covered with scarlet cloth, and a little scaffolding, from which hung a ponderous slab of granite, the last stone required to complete the masonry of the marvellous undertaking. The men at the windlass above—the real layers of the stone, like humble, but necessary sceneshifters, were carefully concealed from view. The Prince with all his suite and officials came at two o'clock in a beautifully-constructed open railway car specially built for the occasion. Of course, he was received with deafening

outbursts of enthusiasm, and a number of fair standard-bearers who held little silver flags on which his coronet was worked, waved them with most astonishing energy.

Laying the last stone was soon accomplished. The Prince patted and touched the bed of mortar, and the mass of granite was slowly lowered into its place. There was no cheering, so it was a solemn affair, and seemed like laying a tombstone over the grave of 15,000,000%. The Prince then entered his car again, and proceeded through the bridge, the hot air from the iron tube giving, on the whole, rather an unpleasant sensation. The bridge bellowed and rumbled like thunder as the train progressed, and the opening by which it had entered grew smaller and smaller till it only shone faintly in the distance like a pale blue star. At last a dim twilight appeared ahead, and the engine gradually stopped. It was in the centre of the bridge where the Prince was to drive the last rivet, so there was a general scramble out, and all the party stood listening with a feeling almost of awe as the hoarse sustained rumble of the engine moving away went echoing up and down the dark tube, which seemed to sway and vibrate as the noise went rolling on backwards and forwards, striving for escape from its hollow iron prison.

His Royal Highness went outside to one of the openings in the masonry of the centre tower, and gazed down on the St. Lawrence rushing past in one grand bluish-looking stream far below, sweeping under the bridge in eddies and whirlpools, or bursting into little spirits of angry foam as they touched the sharp edges of the granite masonry. None could glance below on this great river, and then look along the sides of the iron tube, which tapered away at each end in the distance till it seemed a mere reed of metal, without feeling

astounded not only how such a design was carried out, but how it could ever have been conceived as practicable.

The formality of completing the bridge was here gone through. Four rivets had been left unfinished, and these were closed with iron bolts by two workmen. The last, a silver rivet, was clinched by the Prince himself. The ceremony is nothing to describe, though it would have made a grand picture. The two workmen wielding their tremendous hammers with a din that was awful, the rich uniforms of the Prince and suite, half hidden in the gloom, and softened down by the wreaths of thick wood-smoke which curled from the funnel of the engine in the background—the little glimpse through the opening into the bright sunlight—the St. Lawrence far beneath—the flaunting decorations and shining roofs of Montreal beyond the river—all made a striking subject for a picture.

The Prince turned a look of humorous inquiry on the Duke of Newcastle as he saw the process of riveting going forward, which said, as plainly as look could speak, "I shall never be able to use those hammers that way." His turn soon came. The last iron rivets were fixed, and the last of all, a silver one, was inserted. The Prince took the hammer, and, heavy as it was, prepared to wield it stoutly—of course, with the wrong or big end foremost, which any one but a professional smith would surely think was the right one to use. He laughed, and rectified the mistake when pointed out. Then Mr. Hodges adjusted the silver knob, and with some stout, sounding blows, the Prince finished the last rivet in the Victoria-bridge. There was no cheering over it—the company was too select for that; and the wood-smoke from the engine had long ceased to be a pictorial accessory, and become a

stifling nuisance. So every one stumbled back in the dark to the car, which went on through the tunnel to the other side of the river, where a magnificent view of Montreal could be gained. Here the party remained for a few minutes, and Mr. Blackwell, in the name of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, presented the Prince with some beautiful gold medals executed by Wyon, commemorative of the occasion. The suite were presented with similar ones, but in silver.

The Royal car then returned through the bridge to one of the large workshops of the company, where a splendid lunch had been prepared, and which, as the guests were not only hungry but numerous, was soon disposed of. At its conclusion the Prince passed through the workshops, where all the machines were going at full speed, with their lathe-bands decorated with rosettes, and every part of the machinery covered with little plumes and bunches of flowers, which kept whirling round like silent fireworks. Only a short stay was made here, for the day had been a long one, and the Prince, though not looking tired, must have felt so. The party, therefore, returned at once to their house, and in the evening Montreal illuminated. It was one of the best illuminations which the Prince had seen. Every one of the streets was a perfect blaze of light, and fireworks were going off in all directions. The Prince intended to come in and walk about town *incog.*, and only attended by two or three of his suite. A dark, quiet spot was arranged for his carriage to draw up at the corner of Craig-street, where Mr. Rose was waiting to escort the party round the main streets of the city. This Haroun-al-Raschid plan, which, though likely to be devoid of incident, was certain to be productive of much amusement, and which the Prince looked forward to with a

keen anticipation of fun, unfortunately fell to the ground. General Williams was with His Royal Highness in the carriage, and, in order to preserve his *incog.* to the fullest, he wore a Staff cap with gold band, and of course was known at once. When he was seen the Prince was soon discovered, in spite of his slouched hat drawn close over his face. The crowd set up tremendous cheers; there was no stopping at Craigstreet, and His Royal Highness had to drive through the town as fast as he could, followed by shouting hundreds.

Sunday, to the great relief of all, was a day of rest; but with the Monday the rush of fêtes, shows, displays and rejoicings commenced afresh, and as usual the rain commenced afresh too. The first thing done on this day was to witness some Indian games by the Cawknawaagas. After the specimens of "Indians" which had been seen at Lorette, there was a rather general suspicion among the suite that these games would turn out to be chess, draughts, or at most cricket. It was not so bad as this, however. The Indians were mostly those who had figured in the procession on the Saturday previous, whose general appearance has already been described. The first exhibition they indulged in was a very popular game called La Crosse, a species of hurley, except that to the end of the stick is attached a small purse net, in which the ball may be caught, and so carried through the goal. In this game the Cawknawaagas showed a surprising amount of activity, and completely outrun and outleapt the party of young Canadians who had been pitted against them. The next exhibition was not so interesting. It was a war dance, but one so ridiculously absurd, that even the squaws could not keep from shouts of laughter as the "braves" grimaced and rolled their eyes, and

counterfeited lunacy in the most absurd manner. No one was sorry that the drenching rain brought this stupid mummary to a sudden close, though not so sudden but that the ladies and gentlemen present were wet through before it was half over. Then followed a levee, which was immensely crowded, and at which, as at Quebec, a great number of the Roman Catholic bishops and curés attended to pay their respects, and were of course presented. This concluded the state labours of the day, for the *crème de la crème* of the festivities, the grand ball of Montreal, was to take place that night, and for this magnificent fête all held themselves and their gaiety in reserve. So exceptional was this entertainment to all others in its splendour and good taste, that it demands notice at greater length than any others which followed or preceded it. Long as His Royal Highness may live, and many as are the fêtes of the kind he is likely to honour with his presence, he will not witness many more brilliant, better arranged, and better carried out than that which was given to him by the citizens of the capital of Canada. When it was understood that the Prince preferred balls to any other kind of entertainment that could be offered to him, the citizens of Montreal met in conclave and determined to give him one on a scale which not only could not be equalled in Canada, but which should leave even New York itself no chance of successful competition. The latter was the great object of their ambition, and they succeeded, for their fête was one of which any capital in Europe might be proud, and which none could give without bestowing the same care, money, and attention to the whole affair which all Montreal did from first to last. The Hon. John Young was appointed president of the Ball Committee, and he, with his colleagues, at once determined that

not only a ball-room, but extensive surroundings in the way of pleasure-grounds, fountains, groves, and bowers, all lighted up like a second Vauxhall, should be specially constructed for the occasion. Costly and almost extravagant as such an idea may now appear to many for the sake of a single night's entertainment, it was welcomed with acclamations by the citizens, who, instead of any economical curtailments, leant entirely in the other direction, and even enlarged upon the cost and proposed decorations of the first plan. The spot chosen for the intended edifice—for edifice, in the most permanent sense of the word, it may be fairly called—was on the north side of Montreal, almost at the foot of Mont Royale, and in the centre of a large extent of meadows. Only five weeks before the date fixed for the ball the cattle were grazing over the ground which on Monday night, the 27th August, looked like a fairy land. Less than five weeks previously, as I was told, the woodwork of the building was in the form of huge pine logs! The design for the whole construction was intrusted to Mr. Toft, who hit upon the happy idea of forming the interior of the ball-room in one immense circle, with an orchestra in the centre, beneath the lofty-peaked roof, which gradually sloped down towards the outer walls so as to resemble in the design a circular pavilion tent—though, of course, of colossal dimensions, as the diameter of the ball-room was nearly 100 yards from side to side. In the midst the double orchestra was placed, reaching from the ground to the roof of the building. The design of this centre ornament, if it may be so called, was light and exceedingly beautiful, and its trellis of open columns was almost entirely concealed under garlands of flowers. Three circles of columns, similarly decorated, supported the roof in the space between the

orchestra and outer wall. The latter was about twenty-five feet high, and on this, raised some twelve feet from the ground, was a deep balcony, or rather gallery, of sloping seats, extending round the whole circumference of the building, and in which those who preferred the brilliant scene beneath to dancing or flirting might survey it at their ease. Beneath this balcony, on one side, was a raised dais and Royal alcove for the Prince. Round all the rest of the circle, except at the doors of the entrance, the supper was to be served by unseen waiters, for whose hands there was just sufficient room left between the tiers of refreshments to enable them to minister perfectly to the wants of the guests without entering the ball-room.

Every part of the room was decorated with such consummate taste and knowledge of effect that no portion could be selected for particular admiration. The prevailing tone of the whole was pink, but of such a soft tint, that it was only when one saw it in immediate contact with the white and gold that its actual colour could easily be distinguished. Even the floor of the ball-room was stained of the same light, rosy hue. The roof of the pavilion was painted, not alone for mere night effect, but with a care and minute attention that is rarely seen in such ball-room adornments, especially when only wanted for one evening. So also with the front of the raised gallery and the walls beneath it. Every column was wreathed with garlands and three immense circles of lamps—one on the outer diameter, one over the centre, and one round the orchestra—nearly two thousand in all, lighted up every part of the circle beneath with the most perfect brilliancy. The interior, of course, was made the feature in the design, and when such a perfect success had been achieved, and only a night's entertainment was intended, the

exterior might very reasonably have been passed over with small care. This, however, was not so. The committee determined to do the whole thing thoroughly from beginning to end, and set to work to make the outside almost as good in its way as the grand ball-room itself. Four handsome entrances were accordingly made into the building, flanked with battlemented towers with low walls and turrets connecting them, while the apex of the pavilion was surrounded by a cupola and open lantern, not only to finish the effect, but to secure to the utmost a perfect ventilation. I do not know how many acres of ground round the building were set apart for the bowers, promenades, &c., but there must have been very many—apparently not less in all than fifty or sixty at the least. Every path over the whole of this extent was planted with small trees, and every branch was decorated with coloured lanterns. Near the building a little lake was actually formed, with a bridge across it hung with coloured lamps, for by this His Royal Highness was to enter the building. The whole surface of the lake, too, was covered with imitation water-lilies, which were lighted up in the night, and shone over the smooth surface like little stars in the water.

The Ball, in fact, was the grand feature of the reception. All Montreal looked forward to it; all who had heard of its intended splendours were to a certain extent prepared for something good in a colonial way, though quite convinced in their own minds that it would be nothing after all at which travellers would need be excessively astonished. Those connected with the fête maintained a decorous reserve; those not connected with it were incredulous; and those indifferent or opposed to it (of which latter there were certainly some) rather hinted at the prospect of a

crush, hot rooms, dust, drunken waiters, and general failure.

For the garden portion of the fête—one of the chief attractions—there were no hopes, even among the committee; for the weather, which had caused His Royal Highness to be called “the reigning Prince,” set in again, as has been told, on Monday with all the inclemency of an English summer. It was not so much downright heavy rain, which, within certain limits, a man can excuse—for heavy showers always seem as if they had something to do and did it. It was thick, “muggy,” wretched weather, damp and slippery in the streets, close and depressing within doors, with a slow, stupid, idle sort of rain, that neither came down nor stayed up, but dropped with a sullen, weak saunter through the air. This put an end to all hopes for the gardens round the hall, and all the chances of moonlit walks and small flirtations which might have been based thereon.

With the ball itself, however, nothing in the way of rain could interfere, so that, on the whole, it perhaps only deepened the interest in that great centre of attraction. His Royal Highness always arrived at ten o'clock, and, as it was not etiquette to come later, some 4000 or 5000 people seemed suddenly smitten with a desire to be on the spot at half-past nine precisely. This desire (which sufferers believed was fostered and goaded to the utmost by the carriage owners) of course had only one result—that of raising the hire of vehicles to prices little short of the legitimate value of the entire teams. For once carriages were really not to be got at almost any price, and the Montreal hotel busses, (having very much the appearance, with three times the length, of an ordinary English hearse,) were at last called into requisition to transport whole crowds

of city belles to their great scene of action. Dank, dismal, and uncomfortable as the evening was, it could not rob the gardens round the ball-room of all their bright effect, and the little lake, with its illuminated bridge and shining water-lilies, the rows of trees covered with variegated lamps in all directions, seemed the more festive in comparison with the weather, and, like forbidden fruit, became most tempting in appearance when most out of reach. Perhaps, if one could have walked among the trees and bowers of this extemporised Eden, much of its illusions would have disappeared; but as it was, it was all *couleur de rose* from a distance, and the lake, under the dim wood-covered eminence of Mont Royale, looked like a lake, and the little trees threw their arms abroad with all the dignity of nature, and made believe as if they grew there and the lamps were their natural fruit.

The inside of the building presented an exquisitely brilliant sight. Its soft pink tone, its brightness, its rows of lights, the fresh green leaves and flowers twining up the columns, its crowds of officers of every service intermingled with ladies in all the glories of Parisian toilettes, long ordered, long arranged, and at last displayed, made one rich sudden picture of luxuriant gaiety, which, though few who saw it can forget, none who saw it can describe. It left a vague impression of music, flowers, rich uniforms, and splendid dresses; quiet, and yet festivity; a sort of reserved enthusiasm of display which, seen under the spacious dome of that pavilion, made it one of the most impressive, yet one of the least describable scenes which I ever witnessed. The eye could rest on nothing of itself remarkable beyond the general effect. Everything harmonised so well, from the bright yet soft tones of the ceiling over the pillars of flowers, and round the spacious gallery

where laced uniforms and rustling silks seemed natural accompaniments, down to the quiet pink floor, promenaded by hundreds and hundreds of the great of Canada, all as natural too as if they had lived there all their lives. In fact, this ball stands alone of its kind, and marks an era in the history and general management of such entertainments, which those who wish to thrive in similar affairs must copy entirely or fail to equal. New Yorkers—men especially deputed to invite the Prince to similar displays—were there in plenty, and owned at once with frank dismay that the Empire City could do nothing to welcome His Royal Highness in a way that would at all bear comparison with the fête of Montreal.

His Royal Highness arrived at ten o'clock, and was welcomed with the most profound salutation as he passed the dais, and in a few minutes afterwards the ball was opened, with some thirty or forty sets of quadrilles, for all of which there was room and to spare in the spacious pavilion. This first set was of course ushered in by an air which may be regarded as almost the national song of Canada, as the maple leaf is its emblem. Its real name is "*à la Claire Fontaine*," though it is only known in Canada by the burden of its refrain, "*Jamais je ne t'oublierai*." It is a sweet, sparkling, little melody, which appropriately enough was always played in honour of the Prince.

Apparently the keen, endless scrutiny to which His Highness was exposed from the throng made but small impression on him, for he danced and laughed away the time with perfect enjoyment and unconcern. That he enjoyed the ball may be judged from the fact that he danced every dance in the programme, except the last of all. Before the rather lively hilarity of "*Sir Roger de Coverley*" he retired, but as it was nearly five o'clock

ere he quitted the saloon, it could not be said that he made any considerable sacrifice on the score of leaving too soon.

On Tuesday, the 28th, His Royal Highness was up again early, though he could scarcely have had more than two hours' sleep, and prepared to start for his trip down the Rapids of the St. Lawrence.

These great Rapids, which are formed by a series of declivities in the bed of the river between Lake Ontario and Montreal, and down which the stream rushes with a velocity varying from seventeen to nearly twenty-four miles an hour, are among the things which tourists who visit Canada never fail "to do." Until within the last few years they were considered as too dangerous for any vessel, and it was not without great misgivings that a steamer at last attempted to run them, the immediate and inevitable destruction of ship and all on board being, of course, foretold by everybody as a certainty. Contrary to this general expectation, and not a little, perhaps, to the actual disappointment of those who relied upon the invincibility of the far-famed Rapids, and felt it as a positive indignity that they could be traversed in any vessel with safety, the steamer arrived at Montreal, all well. Since that date they have run regularly down the stream every day, returning back to the head of Lake Ontario by means of a magnificent canal with almost innumerable lock-gates to prevent that becoming a rapid as well as the rest. Every one who goes to Niagara comes down the Rapids to Montreal, and there are not a few who make a great noise about it afterwards, as if the feat was something very perilous and wonderful. One might as well attempt to stem the Rapids themselves as assure the majority of tourists through Canada that there is really nothing very tremendous in them after all. You are sure to be

met on every side with the questions, "Suppose the steamer broke down, sprang a dangerous leak, or struck full upon a rock, where would the passengers be then?"—queries which, if they have any weight at all, apply with equal force to a trip across the Atlantic, which now, at least, is not thought such a wonderful achievement as it used to be. The fact is that the terror of these Rapids exists far more in appearance than in reality, for the channel they have worn is so deep that the steamer could not get out of it if it tried. To be sure, if the vessel went full tilt against a rock, turned over, and threw all the passengers into the torrent, few, if any, would be saved; but, even taking this extreme view of the case, there would not be much difference in result between an upset on the St. Lawrence and on any other of the large, wild, and rapid streams of North America. How many are saved when a Mississippi boat gets "snagged" in the night and goes down in the centre of that yellow, turbid, desolate stream? So, all who go down the Rapids are told they have accomplished a tremendous feat, and as none are like to be incredulous of their own heroism the delusion is passed on from tourist to tourist, and the ravening ferocity of the waters of the St. Lawrence maintained in as much dignity as if crowds of rafts, barges, and steamers did not come down them every day, without trouble or danger. I am quite aware that if any one fell into the Rapids it would be a thousand chances to one against his being saved, but it is equally sure that there would be nearly the same chance of meeting the same fate in every other of the broad rapid rivers of America I have seen.

This language is dreadful guide-book heresy of course, but the worst is yet to come. Canadians tell you that if there is anything better worth seeing than

the Rapids it is the Thousand Islands which dot the surface of the St. Lawrence just where Lake Ontario ends and the river commences. Here, you are told, the rich grandeur of the Hudson, the luxuriance of the Bosphorus, the wild stern magnificence of the Saguenay, and, for aught you hear to the contrary, the flowery beauty of the Euphrates in spring, may all be met with.

It is a trying thing to have to contend against such notions, but, if an individual opinion is worth anything, I must unhesitatingly give mine that these Thousand Islands are in their way a delusion and a snare, and will as much bear comparison with the Hudson or the Saguenay, or the Bosphorus, as the Thames below Blackwall. Take slips of the Isle of Dogs of all sizes, from an island as large as a footstool up to ten or twelve acres, plant the large ones with stunted firs, strew the little ones over with broken stones as if they were about to be macadamized, put them near the surface of the water in a mechanical disarray, giving confusion without picturesqueness and number without variety,—imagine these choking the highway of a broad, noble river, and you can fancy yourself on the St. Lawrence and in the middle of the far-famed Thousand Islands.

The Prince went by rail to a place called Dickenson's Landing, where he had an opportunity of seeing some, though only a few, of these unpicturesque obstructions,—obstructions which, even seen at their best, look like cast-away boulders. The disappointment of running through the Thousand Islands was reserved for the 4th of September. At Dickenson's Landing a steamer was in waiting for the Royal party to take them down the Rapids, which are four in number—the Long Sault, Cascades, Cedars, and Lachine. Long Sault,

the first of all, is certainly the best. The current runs there at some eighteen or twenty miles an hour, and, as the water is very deep and the river makes a sharp bend, the first glance of these tumbling waves as they fill the river with a foam-like snow is really very fine. The sight is finer still as you near them, and you see the whole river ploughed up by a series of wild dangerous breakers, which plunge and start up in a broken sea nearly twenty feet into the air. These waves are all quite fierce and dangerous enough to destroy any small boat in a minute, and even give the steamer some heavy blows, which cover her decks with foam and spray. But the current is so strong that, before you can well appreciate their turbulence, the Rapid is passed, for the Long Sault is scarcely more than a quarter of a mile in length. The Cascades and Cedars are both fine Rapids, and certainly worth seeing, especially the latter, which foams and rushes down with tremendous velocity for some four or five miles. I am told that in three miles of its course the river here falls fifty feet, and can well believe it, for the boat flies past the banks like an express train. But of danger, as I have said before, there is actually very little. At the last of all, Lachine, where some dangerous rocks obstruct a very narrow passage, some five or six miles above Victoria Bridge, there very likely may have been great danger to the boats at first; but the pilots are now so thoroughly used to the channel that they smile at the idea of risk, and run their craft through with apparent indifference.

Through this fierce torrent the "Kingston," with His Royal Highness and suite on board, quickly ran, so as to bring them to Montreal a little before dusk. The Montreal Oratorio Society performed that evening before the Prince a grand cantata specially composed

by Mr. Sabatier in commemoration of the Royal visit. This fête was almost as grand as the ball. Every one was prepared to judge leniently of music composed for the occasion, and hardly expected in the efforts of a till then almost unknown composer the exquisite melodies and choruses with which the whole piece abounds. So all were delighted and impressed with the sweetness and originality of the music, and none more so apparently than the Prince, who asked for Mr. Sabatier's score to read, and was loud and frequent in his expressions of applause.

At an early hour the following morning there was a long and brilliant review, after which all the party went again above Lachine to an island in the centre of the St. Lawrence, the residence of Sir George Simpson, the then Governor-General of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the head-quarters of that great trading corporation. From this island, at the commencement of every spring, large bodies of trained voyageurs set out in canoes with goods and packages for the various posts in the wilderness. On the waters here, above the Lachine Rapids, a number of large and splendid canoes were provided, manned by boatmen in the employ of the company, all dressed in scarlet uniforms, and many wearing the medal given for Arctic services. In these canoes His Royal Highness and the members of his suite skimmed up and down the rapid current, the boatmen sending their light birch-bark skiffs over the water with the speed of arrows. It was thought at one time in Montreal that the Prince had ventured down Lachine itself in one of these quick, dancing little craft, in which you require to sit with as much care and quietness as in the caïques of the Bosphorus. If the Hudson's Bay boatmen, who in their voyages through the various wilds of North America shoot

Rapids almost more dangerous than Lachine, saw that they could have taken the Prince down safely, they would have done it; but the river was much swollen after the heavy rains of late, and the aspect of Lachine some two miles below, with its deluge of waters pouring down with irresistible velocity and force, was not inviting, and very prudently, therefore, no attempt to run them was made by any of the party. So the Prince and his suite had lunch, and amused themselves on the water, and had for once a pleasant and a strictly private day. Its recollections, however, were saddened two days afterwards by the arrival of news at Ottawa that Sir George Simpson, the kind and genial host of His Royal Highness on this occasion, had been stricken with apoplexy and was dead.

On the evening following this day's quiet enjoyment, there was a firemen's procession in Montreal, each man carrying torches and Roman candles, and ringing bells, so that a very lively night was the result. It must be added, however, that I saw less symptoms of general inebriety at Montreal than in any of the towns the Prince had yet visited. This could hardly be due to the presence of a large French population, as there are at least as many, if not more, French at Quebec than in Montreal. Yet, on the whole, Quebec managed to maintain as high an average of festive intoxication as any place of its size, always saving and excepting Charlotte Town, the capital of Prince Edward Island. Sailors, as a class, possess a secret of intoxication peculiar to themselves, and somehow manage to get drunk when no one else can get any liquor; so that it has been said if you locked up twenty of them in an empty room, and visited them an hour or so after, you would find them all intoxicated. The Prince Edward Islanders appear also to enjoy this attribute of mys-

terious inebriety, for though nearly all their hotels are conducted on temperance principles, and sell neither wines nor spirits, yet somehow during the Prince's visit intoxication seemed to be the normal condition of half the lower class inhabitants.

On Thursday, the 30th, the Prince had to make a long excursion to St. Hyacinth and Sherbrook, the former a purely French, the latter an almost entirely English township. Both towns were exquisitely decorated, and both, of course, presented long addresses. At the latter town, to the great delight of the inhabitants, His Royal Highness restored Lieutenant Felton to his command in the royal navy, from which he had been arbitrarily dismissed by a sentence of court nearly twenty years before.

On the night of his return from this trip, the Prince, with all his suite, went to "the people's ball." This entertainment was given in the grand ball-room. The tickets were only a dollar each, and it was announced everywhere that there were "no restrictions as to dress." Up to that time, in all the state ceremonies, the Prince had seen very little of the masses of the French Canadians, except in so far as he saw them thronging the streets on his arrival. Nothing, therefore, could possibly have had a better effect than this spontaneous visit to "the people's ball," though very few, when the intention was first rumoured about, could bring themselves to believe that it was not a *ruse* of the committee, or that His Highness would condescend to be present at all. Almost for the first time during his visit, the night was mild and splendid; with a full clear moon, and soft, warm air. It was also the night chosen for the grand display of fireworks at the foot of the Mount. These pyrotechnics, like everything else that had been undertaken, were splendid, and thousands

of persons of all classes assembled to witness them. The Prince of Wales's plumes in coloured rockets, and the royal arms and motto in fires of every hue, were, of course, among the greatest attractions of such a night; and, though the illuminations of the arches were continued, as they had been ever since the Prince entered the city, they on that evening, for the first time, "failed to draw." Every one went to the fireworks, and, once there, waited for another and another, and then "only one more," before they went to the ball; so that as the time drew nigh when His Royal Highness was expected, there were only some 2,000 present—a mere handful in a building of such size and space of floor. It was built to accommodate 8,000 people dancing, and 2,000, therefore, made but a scanty morsel on its wide expanse. Of those present, too, such a considerable majority had collected round the royal dais, and near the entrance where the Prince would enter, that at the first glance it seemed as if the room was almost empty. By-and-by, however, they began to drop in faster, and before ten o'clock some 3,000 or 3,500 were assembled. The announcement of "no restrictions as to dress" was taken advantage of on the most liberal scale, and the few who ventured into the arena in real evening dress became as much objects of curiosity and interest as they would have been at an ordinary assembly in a suit of chain mail. White ties became unpleasantly conspicuous objects, and were, on the whole, rather tolerated than otherwise. The "no restrictions as to dress" was popularly interpreted to mean corduroys, brown or gray shooting-jacket, yellow vest, and scarlet necktie, without gloves, or with thick leather ones, as the case might be; and those who attended in evening costume were regarded with disfavour, and as having taken advan-

tage of the committee's leniency in point of toilet to a rather unwarrantable extent. The toilets of the ladies, of course, are never alluded to except in terms of praise, but it may be said that I could praise them more if there had not been rather a sameness in the matter of bonnets and shawls. There were "no restrictions as to dress," certainly, but the dollar ticket necessitated a very stern restriction as to the supply of refreshments, and this might account for the fact that every one seemed at first bent on eating sandwiches before the Prince arrived, while one or two appeared to have "refreshed" themselves to an extent that appeared likely to last them throughout the evening. In truth, however, it must be stated that of these latter there were only one or two, and that, with few exceptions, there was nothing in the actual demeanour of those present which would have enabled any chance spectator to distinguish between them and the aristocratic assembly of the previous Monday night.

Before the Prince came, Mayor Rhodier, still robed in gorgeous municipal splendours, made an attempt to open the ball with a quadrille. It was not successful, however, as no one followed the example save four young men, who danced, with a strange independence of time or tune, among themselves, and whose eccentric movements unfortunately rivetted the attention of the band to such an extent, that when they stopped the music stopped, and the Mayor's party—a little oasis of festivity in the great desert of floor—were left unsupported in the midst of their figure, and slunk back again with a disconcerted air, though trying to "make believe" that it was quite *en règle*, and that they rather liked the band stopping suddenly than otherwise. Things in general were getting very flat, when, fortunately, the Prince came with his suite, in evening

dress, and entered a box in the gallery overlooking the circle. He was welcomed, of course, with tremendous cheering, but was not tempted thereby to descend and join the dancers. He remained little more than an hour, though he would, most probably, have stayed longer had not people preferred standing round him in a dense crowd to dancing. This was, of course, dull work, and hastened his departure. As he left, the news that he had really come (which up to the last moment was disbelieved as too good to be true) was spreading abroad, and numbers began to flock in. It was too late, however, for the Prince had gone, and the festivities had all to be maintained among the "people," who resumed dancing with tremendous energy.

The visit, however, had a very good effect, and a more generally-appreciated compliment could not have been paid to the "People's Ball." It made him personally popular among a class which till then had only seen him at a distance, *en route* to State ceremonies from which they were excluded.

On the following morning His Royal Highness and suite, and all the rank and fashion of Canada who had come to or resided in the capital, took their departure in a rush, that lasted all through the day, for Ottawa.

Notwithstanding the earliness of the hour there would have been a grand demonstration, but it rained. It was taken quite as a matter of course that the rain was to attend at nearly all the ceremonies incident to the arrival, departure, and entertainment of His Royal Highness. Processions under umbrellas, and Court suits and uniforms swathed in mackintoshes, had been the normal state of things throughout. So the manifestation of popular feeling was rather damped out on the morning of the departure from Montreal, for with whatever drizzle the weather might content itself

while the Prince remained at a town, it made no mistake at all about the matter when it heralded his arrival or departure. On those occasions it was always to be relied upon for such raw, violent intensity, as the "oldest inhabitant" repeatedly declared, in the colonial papers, he had never seen before.

CHAPTER VII.

OTTAWA.

St. Anne's River—Arrival at Ottawa—Procession of Lumberers—Aspect of Ottawa—Its want of fitness for a Capital—Laying Foundation Stone of Parliament Buildings—The Lumber Arch—Down a Timber Shoot—Commencement of the Orange Difficulties.

THE route the Prince took to this wild, picturesque, most modern, and most muddy capital of Canada, was a sort of compound progress by rail and boat, alternately and specially arranged to afford him the best view of the country through which he passed. After once leaving Montreal, with its quaint, tall, handsome streets, and massive limestone houses, there is very little to see before St. Anne's, and over this part of the journey he accordingly went by special train. The outlying country around Montreal is not at all impressive. The land has all been cleared, and has a close, well-shaven aspect, the dull green uniformity of which is only broken at rare intervals by rough timber hedges or log huts, both of which seem about equally well calculated for purposes of shelter. Now and then a larger farmhouse than the rest was announced by the hoarse screaming of the whistle, to drive the cows off the line, or else a station was passed which might with propriety have been used as a cowhouse, if by any process known to

carpenters it could only have been made moderately weather-tight. But beyond such poor stimulants to curiosity there was nothing worth seeing, or at all calculated to interrupt the dreary monotony of railway travelling whether in Canada or the States.

At St. Anne's the royal party alighted to proceed on board the steamer for Carillon, and at this point there was a prospect worthy of attention, even for those who had seen Halifax and St. John's, the Saguenay and the St. Lawrence. The St. Anne's river is one of the most picturesque (at least at this point) of all the noble tributaries of the great Canadian father of waters. The stream is wide, dark, and rapid, hedged in by steep, lofty, richly-wooded banks, and forcing a swift and devious way through little aits and islands, all clothed with trees and verdure down to the water's edge. A railway bridge of singular beauty spans the stream, where two steep headlands confine it to its narrowest limits, and from this point the finest prospect can be gained. You look down far beneath you on the quick black sheet of water, closed in by hills and cliffs, and studded over all its surface with beautiful little islands, while higher up as on a slope is the summit of the stream, marked by a dim, rough, tumbling line of foam, where the rapids of St. Anne's, which Moore has so immortalised in his Canadian boat-song, begin their rush and whirl. As compared with the rapids of the St. Lawrence, the great breakers of the Long Sault, or the mighty rush of the cascades, those of St. Anne's, of course, are nothing. But there is something wild, yet quiet in its rich scenery, something in the equal solemn flow of the rapids, which befits the plaintive music in which Moore has sung them, and which makes the whole scene seem not strange, but a beautiful prospect, with

which you were long familiar and had long been parted from.

From this quiet little gem of Canadian scenery, His Royal Highness went by steamer to Carillon. Here he again took the railway across a wild, woody country, where, amid the great forests of pine, the leaves of the maple, already assuming their scarlet livery, told of the Indian summer being near at hand, and of the woods arraying themselves in all the gorgeous colours of American scenery in the fall. It was very early in the season then to see among the forests that rich confusion of bright colours of every hue with which the almost Arctic winter of Canada heralds its formidable approach. But the cold rains had hastened matters a few weeks, and the deep green of the forests was fast breaking into groups of reds and yellows, and the flaunting fire weeds, wild geraniums, and wood lilies were nearly all withered and gone.

After a run of 14 miles by rail the party again embarked on board the "Phoenix," and steamed away to Ottawa. The whole day had been a sort of exaggeration of April weather, with wind, hot sun, and showers of heavy rain. But as the steamer neared the new and very upstart township, now called the capital of Canada, of course the sky became black and overcast, and the rain came down with the drenching vehemence familiar to all royal landings on the tour.

Just as this set in, the procession of lumberers in their canoes, paddling down the Ottawa to meet the steamer, came in sight. A more striking or more characteristic procession the Prince had not seen. At first it seemed like a dim crowd of red colour on the water, but as it drew nearer and nearer the quick regular chants of the Canadian boatmen could be

heard, and the long, sharp outlines of the canoes were seen, with their quaint ornamented prows, just turning up above the surface of the water, over which they came gliding like arrows, without noise or ripple. All these little skiffs were of light birch bark, beautifully painted, and each carried from six to fifteen men, in the scarlet tunics which on state occasions is the lumberer's grandest uniform. Their song had nothing in it of the long melodious air which in England is popularly supposed to be peculiar to these Canadian voyageurs. The half-caste Canadians only sing in their canoes when beating the light, thin, rickety cradles in which they journey for thousands of miles up against a stream, or coming full speed down it through rocks and over rapids which would make a man giddy to look at. Their song, therefore, is only meant to accompany the quick beat of their paddles—a strange rhyme, which the man in the bows gives out, and to which the rest of the crew respond with one or two short words of hoarse chorus, as they strike their paddles straight down over the sides into the current. But all music sounds well on the water, and the quick, rough strains of this song, came modulated by the distance into perfect melody, and the effect of the whole—the mass of scarlet canoes dancing lightly down the river, the bold, picturesque headlands on which Ottawa is intended to be built, the grand heavy falls of the river in the background boiling up into a cloud of smoky spray as if the river was on fire, all made together one of the strangest, wildest, and most beautiful scenes that it is possible to imagine.

Lumberers care little for rain, or frost, or snow, or, indeed, any other form in which nature may show her inclemency, so the downpour of the night made no manner of difference to them as they paddled down to

the Prince's steamer, shouting and waving their paddles with half-frantic gestures. They seemed delighted, not only at the honour of being chosen to receive the Prince's steamer, but at the opportunity it gave them of showing their strength and skill as they whirled round their canoes in the water, and, breaking out again into their wild quick song, kept pace with the "Phoenix" with as much ease as if she had been a sand barge. It would be difficult in any country to have seen a finer, more athletic, and, I may add, a browner body of young men than these same 1200 lumberers. Their boats seemed to shoot along without an effort. Among some 120 a collision seemed inevitable, but just as one heavy canoe, impelled by 14 powerful brawny fellows, seemed on the point of running down another, a quick turn of a long paddle in the stern altered its course in an instant, and, without stopping their hurried song, they all kept gliding on together, so light, so quick, so easy in their movements, that it more resembled flying in its gentle rapidity than any other motion. Why do none of our London rowing clubs try a canoe on the Thames, the water of which above bridge is better suited to such light craft than many rivers in Canada, where they are much used? To see a man carry down a canoe weighing some 50lb. to the water's edge, launch it, let half-a-dozen people into it, and then force it over the water at the rate of 10 knots an hour, would be a "caution" to some of our outrigger amateurs. In large canoes, capable of containing 25, or even 30 men, the Indians think nothing of venturing on lake Huron in a gale, though the sea there is sometimes as broken and almost more dangerous in its way than in the Atlantic.

The lumberers, who in Ottawa welcomed the Prince in their procession of canoes, are a race of men pecu-

liar to Canada, and who make this intended capital, the centre of the lumber trade, their head-quarters. As their name implies, they are the working men for carrying on the great timber trade in which nearly half of all Canada and the provinces are engaged. In the depth of the winter their work in the backwoods begins. Then they start forth to fell the huge white and red pines, which are drawn out of the snow by oxen, and piled near the frozen rivers till the return of spring gives them an opportunity of floating them down in immense rafts and masses, which fill all the surface of the streams, in May, for miles and miles. Of course, in these expeditions, which last for months together, the men lead a hardy, backwoods sort of life, which so nearly approaches that of the Indian that, except in the drunkenness and physical infirmity of the latter, there is but little difference as to the mode of life between the two. Their adventures up in the mountains with bears and wolves, or, worse still, in struggling with hunger and with cold, would fill whole volumes; but in spite of its labour the life has a charm of recklessness about it which seems to be perfectly fascinating, and which leads the spirited young labourers of Canada to join it, as, with us, all the scapegraces and dare-devils of a poor family are sure to go into the navy. By hurling the pine logs over cliffs and dragging them down ravines, the lumberers, before the thaw sets in, manage to collect along the banks of the various tributaries of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence some millions of cubic feet of timber, and when the ice-bound streams are free once more, their more arduous and dangerous labour recommences. Loosely joined together in huge, rough, uncouth rafts, the logs are set adrift, and, with a few poles and misshapen oars to

guide them, the lumberer goes in charge down currents and rapids of deep rivers, swollen and flowing fiercely with the waters from the melting snow. It is all very well as long as these rafts hold together, but hurried and tumbled over rapids they often break up, and woe betide the unhappy lumberers who are on them when the great logs come rolling in fierce confusion one over the other, and go smashing down the rapids from rock to rock till they are all cast adrift in splinters. When such accidents occur, as they do frequently, it sometimes happens that the logs get so wedged and bound together on the brow of some stony rapid that they remain immoveable, and all the miles of rafts which are following behind are stopped at once. It then becomes necessary to cut the obstructing logs away with axes. Only the bravest, coolest, and most experienced of the lumberers can attempt this most dangerous of all their tasks, for when once the logs which bar the passage are half cut through, the weight of the press behind breaks them like straws, and some 10,000 trunks of trees come plunging down with a rush and confusion that but too often renders all the activity of the lumberers who are trying to escape the avalanche of no avail. In such wild expeditions and dangerous feats these lumberers pass their early lives, gaining sufficient, if they are prudent or saving, after a few years' labour, to commence trading on their own account from Ottawa—the great centre of the lumber trade of Canada.

Not many of the lumberers are English. Three-fourths are French Canadians, or what are styled as such, though having a certain proportion of half-caste Indians among them, whose flat features, coarse hair, and white skins at once betray their hybrid origin. It is singular that the half-caste Indian girls are often

remarkable for their beauty, while with the men the mixture of the white blood seems only to result in additional and more inveterate ugliness.

The Prince landed at Ottawa a little before dusk. There was a royal salute, and there would have been a procession but for the rain, which, as has been told, was heavy enough to have almost cleaned the streets of the so-called city, than which task it would be difficult to imagine harder work for water, no matter how profusely applied. His Royal Highness and suite were lodged at the Victoria Hotel, which and the Roman Catholic Cathedral at present form the only two buildings worthy of the name in Ottawa. All other and less distinguished visitors shifted as well as they could, which was ill enough. Most of the hotels of Ottawa had a strong reformatory element running through them, which manifested itself by rules to have doors bolted and lights out by 11 P.M., which required every one to be up by half-past seven o'clock, or go without his breakfast, and which otherwise suggested the rigours of prison discipline with all the discomforts of a bad hotel. Matters in these respects were not much mended by the arrival, late in the evening, of an immense train from Montreal laden solely with colonial dignitaries and others of sufficient influence and station to be expected to follow the Prince, and all of whom were disembarked in the mud, and fell easy victims to swamps and morasses in their search after carriages and lodgings. There was a general *débauche* among the luggage that night, and only those who, quite irrespective of ownership, were wise enough to take whatever trunks came first to hand got anything at all. People were sanguine enough to believe that at some remote period (probably when Ottawa is built) the trunks which had been lost in

the tour would turn up somewhere. I tried that kind of consolation on several of my own friends, who were thus bereaved by the railways, and left to face a three months' journey with only an odd pair of gloves and a pocket-handkerchief. As a rule, however, such sympathy had become very common, and had lost the little charm it possessed in the earlier stages of the progress.

Only a few days before arriving at Ottawa, I heard that a gentleman prepared with a sumptuous wardrobe for following the Prince throughout, received a notice that some of his trunks had been sent per mail to England — a rather annoying intimation, though softened down by a courteous assurance that they would be returned at the first opportunity. The fact was, that the American system of checking baggage through to destinations, did not answer for the unusual emergencies of a royal progress. Only a certain number of brass checks seemed to be allowed to each station, and when the proper ones were exhausted the luggage was checked wildly all over the States and Canada, and at last didn't get checked at all; when, of course, it was left behind, or taken too far, or something or other done with it in the long interval which elapsed before one saw it again, if ever you did so at all. By the merest accident I discovered, when coming up from Quebec, that one of my trunks was "checked" through to Chicago and another for Portland, both being intended for Montreal.

The morning of Saturday, the 1st of September, was really bright and beautiful, a fact which is worth recording, considering that the day was fixed for ceremonial and rejoicing in honour of the Prince. With colonial promptitude the people got up in what Brummel would call the middle of the night, and at

8 A.M. the one or two good thoroughfares of Ottawa were as thronged as they could well be, considering that the "capital" only boasted some 12,000 inhabitants—very little if at all more than now belongs to Sydenham or Norwood.

Ottawa, as the capital of Canada, seems such a monstrous absurdity, that, like all who have penetrated to it, I can never treat its metropolitan future as anything more than a bad practical joke, in which no one ever saw any meaning, but which, now that the Prince has solemnly laid the foundation stone of "intended" Parliament buildings, is considered as having gone rather too far, and is awakening a feeling of almost indignation throughout Canada. The site which has been chosen for the capital is one of the most picturesque I ever saw for any city in my life, save that on which Constantinople has been founded. But a merely picturesque situation is no reason for building a capital when all other requisites are deficient, or, if so, the Chaudière Falls or those of Montmorenci would certainly have been preferable. Ottawa must always be the centre of the lumber trade; with a few thousand pounds' outlay it may be made an impregnable fortress; but a great city, much less a capital, it is not likely to become. The geographical features of the country are against it. It is surrounded by wide shallow rapids, over which great bluffs of cliff and headlands lean in beautiful disarray. The river itself, for commercial purposes, is entirely useless. It is too shallow for any but such steamers as ply on the Thames between Mortlake and Richmond, while all the means of access to the stream above the city are cut off by the steep Falls of the Ottawa, which pour over the cliffs of limestone just above the timber-shoots. If Ottawa were a fortified town like Quebec;

if it were not close on the frontier of the United States ; if it were solely inhabited by English settlers, or were now, or ever had in future times a fair chance of becoming, a great city, there might possibly have been some reason for the extreme step of changing the seat of government from Montreal. But in all and every of these points of view, either commercially, strategically, or legislatively, the choice of Ottawa seems to have been a grand mistake ; and, if persevered in, will, at no distant date, give rise to ill feeling in Canada. Throughout the whole province there is dissatisfaction with the choice, and the expression of this each day grows stronger and more strong. As well might Ventnor or Malvern be selected as the seat of the government of England ; and the change from the city of Montreal to the township of Ottawa, it must be remembered, was the act of the English Government, and almost thrust upon the Canadians. Judging from the state of feeling among all classes of Canadians, it would seem almost impossible to carry out the plan. The mere fact of Parliament buildings having been begun there, is really of no weight at all in the consideration of this question. Parliament buildings have in a manner been scattered broadcast throughout the province. Those building at Ottawa will be admirably suited for lunatic asylums, whenever the town is sufficiently prosperous to require them for that purpose. Until then as some £400,000 is required to complete them, the works need only be continued with that slow dignity which pertains exclusively to Parliament buildings both in England and Canada.

For the rest the appearance of Ottawa as it is at present, is very like the harbour of Sevastopol, and if the reader has seen that stronghold and can fancy its

heights clad down to the water's edge with thick pine-trees, and a huge cascade pouring over a high reef of rocks at the head of the harbour, then he sees Ottawa. Thus much for this intended city.

On Saturday the Prince proceeded to lay the corner-stone of the Parliament buildings, which, if their plan is carried out according to the present design, will prove the finest Gothic buildings in all America. They err, perhaps, like all the earlier Gothic structures, on the side of heaviness; but, this fault excepted, they will be grand, regal, and ancient-looking enough.

The ceremony of laying a foundation stone is, of course, like opening a bridge (which has been traversed for months), or inaugurating waterworks, or any other meagre and unsatisfactory State ceremonial which Royalty is occasionally compelled to endure in deference to public feeling. At this the splendid silver trowel was, of course, an object of interest second only to the Prince himself, and people who couldn't see either one or the other concentrated their attention on the stone—a great block of white marble, with an inscription to the effect that “This stone of the buildings intended to receive the Parliament of Canada was laid,” &c. The delightful ambiguity about the word “intended” was a source of unalloyed satisfaction to everybody present. The scaffolding over the stone was in the form of a handsome Gothic arch. The seats were ranged in tiers around it. There was a dais near the stone, with three seats and a full-length portrait of the Queen in the centre of the enclosure, and which, in order that the spectators might judge of the artist's work from a disinterested point of view, was placed on its head. When these facts are remarked, and it is further stated that the day was hot

and clear, all that is required to be said about the preparations for laying the foundation stone of the "intended" Parliament buildings has been told. One feature, however, connected with the fête, which, though not prepared, was especially prominent, deserves conspicuous mention, and that was the mud. Mud was apparently the only thing which had been completed and brought to perfection in the city of Ottawa, and there, indeed, on this occasion, it lay about the streets in quagmires which Saurians might revel in.

The Prince came out on the dais at eleven o'clock, and in five minutes after the stone was declared by him to be "well and truly laid," and the ceremony was over. Before this the portrait of Her Majesty had been restored to the position originally intended by the painter, and was placed at the back of the Prince's chair. This, as the ceremony concluded, was slipped aside, disclosing a private way out, and while those in the outskirts of the crowd were wondering when the stone was to be laid, the Prince was quietly walking back to his hotel. So everybody gradually made a move towards the dais, and half Ottawa waited and took turns to sit down in the chair of State, in which the Prince had never sat at all.

After the Parliament buildings came a levée, which was soon over, when the Prince drove round the town. The few conveyances that were in Ottawa let at once at five dollars an hour, and at this rather heavy figure were taken up eagerly, so that before the Prince had gone 100 yards he was followed by a long train of vehicles of every kind, all splashing through the mud in wild confusion. The little town was soon traversed almost from end to end, and almost every street

elicited from the Royal party new expressions of approbation at the singular architectural beauty and grace of its triumphal arches. Whatever else it seemed to want, Ottawa was not deficient in genuine good taste, for both in form and decoration, though not in number, its arches were far finer than those of any town the Prince had visited. They were, indeed, so good, and so purely Gothic, as to excite a very general suspicion that some one or other connected with the "intended" Parliamentary buildings had designed them. After this drive there was a *déjeuner* in rather a more costly style than usual, from which His Royal Highness retired early, for he had still to visit the Falls of the Ottawa, the Lumber-arch, and the timber-shoots. This he did at five o'clock in the afternoon, all Ottawa and as many inhabitants as could be spared from the surrounding wilderness being on the road to cheer him, and follow him in all he did, and to all he saw.

He drove from the Victoria Hotel to the suspension bridge over the Falls of the Ottawa, where the whole mass of the river comes tumbling down a series of huge cliffs of a laminated kind of limestone, much like the Natural Steps of Montmorenci, with a cataract coming over them. These Falls are wonderfully picturesque, more so for their decayed masses of rock than for their rush of water. They somehow look as if they were out of repair and falling to decay—as if a river had been turned over the ruins of some gigantic building, and left to fret and fume itself away amid its shattered walls, great porticoes, and broken columns. Such a ruined aspect as nature here puts on is seen at no other cataract in America; and beneath the mass of dark brown water the eye can trace out such a regularity of disarray, such chambers,

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such nooks, such passages and pillars as scarcely seem the freak of nature, but more resemble the stately vestiges of the old rock-hewn temples of Egypt. At one corner of the Falls, and removed from the turbulent mass of foam and mist in the centre, is a stream called the "Lost River," where a part of the Ottawa drops down over the columns of rocks and disappears in a deep, unfathomable hole, at the base. The Prince and his suite stayed for a long time inspecting these ruins of cataracts, and then returned under the Lumber-arch.

This arch was the most extraordinary the Prince had seen, or is likely to see again. It was erected by the lumber-men. In form a broad and lofty structure, like the Marble Arch of Hyde Park, but built entirely of planks of raw deal laid transversely one over the other, without a nail or fastening of any kind from first to last. Light as it seemed, there were nearly 200,000 lineal feet of plank used in its construction. The Prince, as, indeed, every one who saw it, was astonished, for its effect, though not easy to describe, was really wonderful to look at. It was *the* arch of all the arches the Prince had had erected to his honour; and it was almost a pity that a monument so strong, so beautiful, and so characteristic of the country should be removed.

From this arch the Prince went down the banks of the river to the head of one of the longest timber shoots, where a raft had been prepared for him to run down these artificial but most rapid of all rapids in this part of America. A few words will suffice to explain to the reader what a timber shoot is. When the great mass of lumber is brought down to the Falls of the Ottawa, a special contrivance is of course necessary to get it below them, as the result of letting

it over the Falls themselves would be simply to destroy the logs. For this purpose, then, a certain portion of the river is dammed off, and turned into a broad wide channel of timber, which is taken at a sharp incline cut into the bank of the river, and down which, of course, the waters of the Ottawa rush at terrific speed. The head of this shoot is placed some 300 or 400 yards above the Falls, and terminates, after a run of about three quarters of a mile, in the still waters of the river below their base. But a raft on such a steep incline, and hurried along by such a rush of water, would attain a speed which would destroy itself and all upon it; the fall of the shoot is broken at intervals by straight runs, along which it glides at a comparatively reduced speed, till it again drops over the next incline, and commences another headlong rush. Some of these runs also terminate with a perpendicular drop of three or four feet, over which the raft goes smash, and wallows in the boiling water beneath, till the current again gets the mastery, and forces it on faster and more furiously than before. More than 20,000,000 cubic feet of timber come down the shoots of the Ottawa in this manner each year. The rafts are generally made of from fifteen to twenty trees, with two transverse ones to secure them at each end, and a kind of raised bridge for the lumberers to stand on, who without such aid would be almost washed off it, as the mass drops from shoot to shoot down the Rapids and seems to disappear some few feet under water with each plunge. The same risk attends these shoots as attends the rafts on natural rapids. If not carefully secured the mass of timber may break up, when all on it would have but a poor chance of escape; or else it may get "stubbled"—that is, twist and jam itself so as

to come to a dead stop, when the men are hurled headlong off it, as if thrown from an express train. With well-made rafts and careful raftsmen, however, these accidents are unknown, and for all practical purposes running a timber-shoot on a raft is safe enough, or with only just sufficient apprehension of danger to give zest to the feat.

Of course every possible precaution was taken to insure strength and careful guides for the raft on which the Prince was to rush down the shoot. Only the immediate members of the suite and a few gentlemen, in all about twenty, were allowed to be on it. When these were fairly settled down, the Prince sitting on a raised plank, between the Duke of Newcastle and the Governor-General, the rope which held the mass of timber against the current was cut, and instantly the raft began to move. At first it went with a slow, stately motion, but gradually as it entered the narrower parts of the shoot, where the incline began, the speed quickened, and every one held fast as the first jump and steep descent drew nearer. Before you could well say it was coming the mass tipped up, and slid over the edge with an uneasy kind of gliding leap, like a huge porpoise tumbling, and went rushing down faster and faster till there was another jump, and then a straight run which plunged the beams under water, wetting some of the royal party to the knees. Quicker and quicker the banks flew by, all thronged with people cheering and waving handkerchiefs, and faster and faster the raft plunged down, groaning and creaking, now half hidden by the boiling water, into which it dashed at the end of each shoot, gliding rapidly along the logs of the straight runs with jerks and thumps, as if it was being forced over rocks, till it came to another jump and another steep incline,

taking each one faster than the others in one grand headlong sort of flying whirl which gave a notion of irresistible force, and made each passenger seem, as it were, a component part of raft and rapids both. To go down the rapids of the St. Lawrence is nothing. But to go down the rapids of a timber shoot, to keep pace with the flying waters, and see them hissing and rushing up over the raft beneath your feet, is the most exhilarating adventure in all the *répertoire* of American travel. It is something which partakes of flying and swimming; the immense speed of the whole mass—the rush of the water, the succession of “shoots” stretching out far down beneath you like sloping steps of stairs, the delight of flying over these with the easy skim of a bird—the rough, long straights in which the raft seems to dive and founder, letting the water up beneath and over it behind till it is again urged forward, and there comes another incline of water which you whirl madly down as if you were in a swing. To steady yourself on the narrow plank amidships, and hold on with might and main as the timber snaps and works like a bundle of reeds, getting a momentary rest with each quick incline, and again thumping over the straights with sharp, uneasy struggles, is to experience such a heap of new sensations as neither balloons nor diving bells afford, such a whirl as only three-quarters of a mile down the great timber shoots of the Ottawa can ever give. All on the raft with the Prince, to whom the sensation was as novel as it seemed beautiful and terrible, were delighted, and the only regret which His Royal Highness expressed when the raft at last did condescend to stop in the centre of the river, below the Falls, was that the shoot was not at least a mile longer.

From off this raft His Royal Highness went in a

canoe to witness canoe races, which were exciting, and closely contested, and in which everybody, if they did not win, at least said and thought they did, which was much the same. Six Indians of the Allejonquin tribe, however, distanced the best crews and canoes of the lumbermen beyond all chance of doubt.

These sports were still at their highest when His Royal Highness left, as the sun was setting over the picturesque headlands of Ottawa in such a flood of purple grandeur as impressed into admiration of the scene even the rough natures of the lumbermen. On that night there was a banquet at the Victoria House, and the township of Ottawa lit all its candles and stuck them in the windows in honour of the occasion. There were fireworks too, and an attempt at a torch-light procession, the only very bad one which the Prince saw.

• Before leaving Montreal the rumours of the disunion caused in several of the towns of Upper Canada by the avowed intentions of the Orangemen to receive the Prince with Orange processions, had reached the ears of the Canadian Ministry, Sir Edmund Head, and the Duke of Newcastle. It is not necessary in this portion of the narrative to enter into the causes which led certain members of the Canadian opposition to foster and encourage this unfortunate outbreak of party feeling. It is sufficient to say, that the Orangemen of Kingston, Toronto, Belleville, Cobourg, and other places which His Royal Highness was to visit in his tour through Upper Canada, had already nearly completed their Orange arches, and arranged the programme of the Orange processions with which the Prince was to be received. In all these towns the Roman Catholics were in a considerable minority; but they at once called public meetings, and

passed resolutions protesting against Orange processions being allowed to receive the Prince, and calling upon their co-religionists throughout the province to abstain from joining in any processions if the Orangemen were thus officially encouraged on the occasion. A very few days sufficed to fan all the slumbering animosities of the two parties into a regular flame, which might possibly have resulted in furious outbreaks in Upper and Lower Canada if the movement was not checked instantly. The Duke of Newcastle was aware that these disputes were commencing when at Montreal, but before the resolutions or memorials of either Orangemen or Roman Catholics reached him, he at once wrote to Sir Edmund Head, the Governor-General, hoping that by a timely expression of the course he should advise His Royal Highness to pursue in case Orange demonstrations were persisted in, the whole affair might be stopped at the outset. His Grace's letter was as follows :—

“ My dear Sir Edmund,—I am informed that it is the intention of the Orangemen of Toronto to erect an arch on the line of route which it is desired by the citizens that the Prince of Wales shall take on Friday next, and to decorate it with the insignia of their association. I am also told that they mean to appear in the procession similarly decorated with party badges.

“ It is obvious that a display of this nature on such an occasion is likely to lead to religious feud and breach of the peace, and it is my duty to prevent, as far as I am able, the exposure of the Prince to supposed participation in a scene so much to be deprecated, and so alien to the spirit in which he visits Canada.

“ I trust you may be able to persuade those who are concerned in these preparations to abandon their intentions ; but that there may be no mistake, I hope you will inform them that, in the event of any such arch being erected, I shall advise the Prince to refuse to pass under it, and enter the town by

another street; and further, if any Orange demonstration, or any other demonstration of a party character is persisted in, I shall advise the Prince to abandon his visit to the town altogether.

"I have heard, but with less certainty, that a similar demonstration is contemplated at Kingston. I need not say that my remarks apply equally to that or any other town.

"I am, &c.,

"NEWCASTLE.

"To the Right Hon. Sir E. Head."

A copy of this explicit statement was at once forwarded by Sir Edmund to the Mayor of Toronto, with one equally plain and decisive of his own, which is well worth perusal:—

"OTTAWA, Aug. 31.

"Sir,—I have the honour to enclose a copy of a letter addressed to me by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, now in attendance on His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

"In explanation of this letter, I desire to call your attention to the fact, that according to an advertisement which has appeared in a Toronto paper, it is the intention of the Orange body in that city to display, in the procession which is to take place on the reception of His Royal Highness, and in the streets through which he is to pass, certain emblems and decorations belonging especially to their own society.

"I may state in the most explicit terms, that any such display, or any attempt to connect with His Royal Highness's reception the public and open reception of the Orangemen, or any party association, would be viewed with extreme dissatisfaction.

"You will bear in mind, sir, that His Royal Highness visits this colony on the special invitation of the whole people, as conveyed by both branches of the Legislature, without distinction of creed or party; and it would be inconsistent with the spirit and object of such an invitation, and such a visit, to thrust on him the exhibition of banners or other badges of distinction which are known to be offensive to any portion of Her Majesty's subjects.

"I feel satisfied that his Grace's reasons for expressing these views will, on consideration, be deemed satisfactory; and I have to request you, as chief magistrate of the city of Toronto, will take care that no such cause of complaint may exist, either in the procession itself or in the decoration of the streets through which His Royal Highness will pass.

"I have further to request that you will, by letter, addressed to me at Kingston, inform me explicitly as to whether any doubt exists as to a compliance with the wishes expressed by the Duke of Newcastle in this matter, as the course likely to be pursued at Toronto may materially affect the route to be taken by His Royal Highness in his future progress through the province.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"EDMUND HEAD.

"His Worship the Mayor, Toronto."

Kingston, though thus merely alluded to *en passant*, was the first place at which His Royal Highness was to land, and there, therefore, it was tacitly understood that the question whether the Prince or the Orangemen would give way was to be tried. Up to this time it was believed that the whole affair would blow over. Very few were aware that many of the Orangemen of Kingston had been so misled and exasperated by false statements, as to make them feel that an assertion of Orange and Protestant principles had become a conscientious duty on their part.

CHAPTER VIII.

KINGSTON.

Scenery of the Upper Ottawa—The Châta Portage—Through the Woods—
Brockville—Kingston—The Orange Procession—The Prince declines
to land—Belleville—Cobourg.

THE route taken by the Prince from Ottawa to Kingston was about as circuitous as could by any possibility be contrived. It was much of the same kind as would be taken by a bewildered pedestrian, who, starting from London Bridge, should try to reach Charing Cross *viâ* Peckham and Battersea. The course, however, was admirably chosen for showing the Royal party the magnificent scenery of the Upper Ottawa, and though in a mild and agreeable form, the difficulties incident to Canadian travel in the wilder parts of the country. The journey had been looked forward to by the Prince with pleasant anticipations, which were certainly realised to their fullest; for, excepting the unavoidable inconvenience of heat and dust (component and necessary parts of a rough day's travel anywhere), it was one of the most agreeable and diversified the party had in Canada. If anything, it was, perhaps, a little too long and a little too fatiguing. The whole party left Ottawa before eight in the morning of the 3rd, and some two hours after a loyal, patient, and much-enduring crowd had been

standing in the mud round his hotel to give the Prince one farewell cheer. The first stage was by carriage to Aylmer, a little village on the edge of the Upper Ottawa, and about ten miles from the town. There was no peculiarity about this drive, save that it was very rapid and very hot—for the day for once was fine, and the fierce rays of the sun even at that early hour gave promise of one of those scorching days which at that time of the year occasionally glare down on Canada with all the heat of a West Indian summer. If there had been no arches over the road, which wound along the lovely shores of the Ottawa, the fact would be worthy of especial mention; but as it was I can only say, what has been so often said before, that arches seemed to spring up everywhere the Prince would, could, or might pass. At little hamlets where only three or four log cabins were in view, and where the whole population—to the number of some thirty-five or thirty-six—turned out *en masse* in a group which might be covered with a tablecloth, there was sure to be an arch of some shape or other. It might only be, as it very often was, a mere bent screen of spruce firs, decked here and there with huge bouquets of wild flowers, or twisted round with garlands of water-lilies and wild geraniums. But, whatever the effect, it was a kind, spontaneous effort to do honour to the Prince; and the little knot of settlers who reared it were always close beneath, bareheaded and dressed in their best, and each with something like a flag in his hands, content and happy if His Royal Highness only for one brief second drove under an arch which it had taxed their slender means and taken them hours of labour to erect. On lakes and rivers in wild and unknown spots, the evidences of strong and almost devotional loyalty with which the Prince

was welcomed were really touching. Even in byway clearings in the forest, when the Royal train shot past at full speed, glimpses might be caught amid the trees of rough log shanties all covered over with fir branches and flowers, and with a family of settlers gathered round the charred stumps in front, having waited, perhaps, all day merely to shout and cheer as it flew by. The journey from Ottawa to Brockville was one long-continued repetition of such incidents, except when at Brockville itself, where the people gave him a reception which, for enthusiasm and general beauty of effect, was better than any he had had in Canada, Lower or Upper.

At Aylmer, a pretty little village above Ottawa, the whole place was checkered with arches of every sort. What they wanted in high art effect was more than compensated by their number, and, speaking at random, there must have been an arch erected or garland hung across the road for every ten people in the place. Here the party embarked on board a steamer which was to convey them higher up the Ottawa to Les Châts Portage, where the canoes were waiting. The scenery during the journey up was of exquisite beauty. The weather was that hot, dead, sultry calm when lake scenery, as that part of the river might be called, is always seen to the best advantage—when the water seems to languish under the sun in a lazy calm, as if oppressed by heat, and the mountains have a dim cool blue about them, with all the rich, soft, glowing indistinctness of one of Turner's landscapes. It is such a lake as this the Prince went up, with a great, fertile, but utterly wild country stretching round—a huge extent of rich uncultivated land, supporting a wolf or a bear to such a number of square miles as, under happier auspices, would give food and labour for all the

population of Lancashire. It is a painful, even a shameful truth—but I am sure it is a truth—that more is known in England of the Terai, or the mouth of the Peiho, than of the whole of Canada or the Provinces put together—ay, and even among public men and great colonial oracles. Twenty years ago Macaulay told how well-educated Englishmen were not ashamed to confess their utter ignorance of the history of Hindostan—how they could not even tell the difference between a Hindoo and a Mussulman, nor name the country over which Holkar once ruled. How many well-educated Englishmen are there at this day who, if told that Nova Scotia was an island, and, like Labrador, half rock, half glacier, would disbelieve it? What are the popular notions of New Brunswick—the Liverpool of our North American Provinces—the finest and most flourishing of all our small American colonies? I am sorry to think that the ignorance on all connected with these colonies can arise only from the most utter indifference either to where they are or what they are. But, to return to the Prince on the Upper Ottawa (less known by far than Lake Ngami), the boat continued steaming quickly on its way for some miles. The captain of the vessel and one or two others connected with the canoe expedition could tell the best deer runs of the shores around, and how from ten to twelve might easily be killed in a day; but beyond this they knew nothing, for nothing whatever is known. Once a lumber-boat came out to salute with muskets, and once or twice a shrill halloo of welcome came from a few who on the cliffs had been watching for the Prince's boat since daybreak, but beyond these two incidents there was nothing to tell of human beings, or that these great wilds had ever been trodden by the foot of man. When will the government send out some Livingstone to

explore and explain the resources of Upper Canada? There are maps of it, as there are maps of Japan, but of both countries any single State in the Union knows more than nearly all England put together. A sudden bend in the wide lake-like river brought the Royal steamer in front of the Châts Portage, one of the finest pieces of rock and river scenery on the Ottawa, if not on any river in North America. It is a huge semicircle of rocks, nearly three miles wide, and over which the river pours in no less than twenty-four distinct huge waterfalls, some of them about fifty or sixty feet high, but all with a broad impetuous rush of water which gives to the whole portage a wild, rough, animated grandeur, the effect of which from the river below is striking beyond all description. Seen, as the Prince saw it, with the hot sun lighting up each cataract with rainbows, the gay little canoes dancing about among the Rapids below them: the intense, deep stillness of the pine forests sleeping in the sun: the air of still, solemn, wild repose which reigned over everything, mountain and rock, lake and wood, with only the great drowsy roar of the cataracts to fill the ear with a dim, sleepy hum!—these made altogether one of those scenes of soft impressive grandeur which can never be forgotten. The fussy little steamer which bore the Prince seemed an intrusion on this great scene of nature's repose, and when the pace was slowed as the cataracts were neared, it seemed as if the very boat felt the influence of the scene, and was moving quietly lest it should break the solemn stillness.

Slowly as the boat approached the portage the canoes, manned by lumbermen, Indians, and squaws, tossed their paddles into the air and gave one long cheering whoop, which went echoing away among the hills with a soft and gentle noise as the sound died out. In

another minute the canoes were alongside the steamer. The Royal party had been reduced to its smallest limits; only the Duke of Newcastle, the two equerries, Commodore Seymour, Mr. Engleheart, Mr. Rose, Dr. Acland, M. Cartier, the Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. Elliott, and the Marquis and Marchioness of Chandos, who were then travelling for amusement, with the Governor-General and his Aide-de-camp, Captain Rettallach, were present. The Prince, with the Duke and the Governor-General, went in one very large canoe; for the rest one canoe was placed at the disposal of every two members of the party. Before definitively arranging themselves, however, the canoes were carried over the rocky portage, and launched at the other side in the comparatively smooth water above the Falls; and here the whole party embarked and started away over the water to the half-mile portage, another rocky rapid some four miles up the river, where the canoes were again to be landed and carried through the woods to the smooth water as before. The Prince's canoe was manned by twelve strapping Scotch lumberers, who sent it along like an arrow, so that it soon became a race among the rest, all paddling and splashing through the water as if rowing for their lives, and all the crews occasionally refreshing themselves with a long shrill whoop that was deafening to hear. M. Cartier gave out the old Canadian song, "*Il y a longtemps que je t'aime, jamais je ne t'oublierai*," which was caught up in an instant by the boatmen, and its sweet quick melody rather agreeably replaced the discordant whoops and yells with which they had excited and goaded each other into exerting their utmost speed. Faster and faster they went on, fouling each other as they passed, splashing everybody, laughing, cheering, and singing; the men labouring at their paddles as if they

would break them, and straining every nerve under a sun which, on the still water, was almost tropical in its heat. But fast as the canoes paddled there was one which kept its place with ease, and this was an Indian canoe, of which half the crew were squaws, clad after the festive and highly decorated custom of their nation, but mounting English hats and feathers as a delicate compliment, doubtless, to the Royal visitor. In the centre of this canoe was a young squaw, with her little papoose swaddled down upon a flat strip of board, which she held aloft something after the fashion of a sail, and seemed so desirous to attract the Prince's attention with it, that I began to think she would end by offering it to him as a present at the next landing.

There were some quick rapids at the foot of the portage which it required no ordinary exertions on the part of the lumberers to overcome, but at last they passed them, and ran the canoes under shelter of the land into a picturesque little nook among the rocks and trees, where everybody scrambled out as they best could. In another minute the lumberers and Indians had dragged their light bark skiffs from the water, had them upon their shoulders, and were trudging away through the woods to the next point of embarkation. This was said to be half a mile distant, but seemed to everybody the longest half mile they ever walked in their lives,—not that it was an uninteresting one, far from it. It was impossible not to be amused at the helter-skelter ramble of the whole party through the thick forest, with the rude procession of canoes and flags intermixed among them. After this quick, hot scramble of some half hour, the path through the forest emerged at last upon an immense sheet of water, like a large inland lake, though only the uppermost continuation of the Ottawa, and on this the party again

embarked in the canoes and stood across the water some six miles to Arnprior. At this beautiful little village there had been some handsome arches erected, and here of course in the middle of a great crowd an address of welcome was read. This ceremony over, His Royal Highness proceeded to the picturesque house of Mr. M'Loughlin, where the party partook of a luncheon which would have done credit to the Trois Frères for its style and elegance. From this point carriages were provided for a long drive through the forest road to a place called Almonte, a distance of twenty miles. The track was partly through the forest, over what was called a corduroy road, a colonial synonym for no road at all; a kind of track where the natural inequalities of the ground are aggravated to their utmost by a profuse intermixture of pine logs. The route at this part lay across a perfectly wild country. Only a log cabin broke the monotony of the forest here and there, with a group of ragged brown girls and boys clustered on pine logs to cheer the Prince. The despotism of fashion, however, had penetrated into the remotest recesses of these back woods; for, however ragged might be the female members of a settler's family, I never saw any who did not wear the most monstrous wooden hoops under their petticoats. After a few miles of such a track the road turned out on a better country, where the travelling was good, but so dusty that nearly all the suite were suffocated, and their dress and features became alike of one dim tawny hue.

At the village of Pakenham a great many arches had been built up; but no pause was made there, as there were still some seventy miles to go by road and rail, and the day was waning fast. The pretty little village of Almonte (of course for the moment concealed under

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the usual amount of evergreens) was reached a little before six o'clock, and by that time, with the exception of the Prince, not one single member of the party was distinguishable under their hideous masks of dust. In all my travels I have never seen any small party of gentlemen so utterly begrimed and filthy. Fortunately there was plenty of sherry and Seltzer water in the royal car, and I have not the least doubt but that many members of the suite were driven to ablutions in the latter beverage. Though miserably uncomfortable it was nevertheless not a little funny to look at the black masks of dust which all wore; and for a long time the laughter in the royal car, as each one looked at the other, was continuous. After a brief pause to allow the multitude time to see and cheer the Prince, and then all haste was made for Brockville. Half way, however, His Royal Highness had again to alight and show himself to the people at Smith's Falls. They had been waiting outside the station in thousands all day round a small raised square platform covered with scarlet cloth, and otherwise very much resembling the old pictures of the scaffold on Tower Hill. On this the Prince mounted and showed himself to the people, in company with the Duke of Newcastle and suite, and the Mayor of the place. The latter functionary, not being aware of the precise costume in which it was befitting that the Mayor of Smith's Falls should appear before royalty, had attired himself in a gorgeous green and gold jerkin, with tight nether hose of the same material, and looked altogether a very beau ideal of the fancy portraits of Robin Hood.

It was quite dark when Brockville was reached, and some 25,000 people had been waiting there also since three o'clock in the afternoon. The Prince alighted under a rich pavilion, amid the tremendous cheers of

the loyal settlers who had come in from all parts of the country. Some said an address was read, and some one else informed me that the Prince replied to it, but all I know of my own knowledge is that there was an immense crowd, and a very severe crush; that carriages were provided for all the suite, into which, after long struggling, they scrambled somehow, and the procession through Brockville to the steamer "Kingston" commenced. The firemen, to the number of some 1200, formed a double line on each side of the carriages, each having a Roman candle in his hand, which shot out their brilliant sparks of light from both sides of the street, meeting in the centre above the carriages in a perfect arcade of coloured fire nearly a quarter of a mile long. The little town was in a blaze of light. Every house from the roof to the basement was illuminated inside and out, and all the long groves of trees along the roads were covered with variegated lamps on every branch. From the windows of the houses the people held Roman candles; from the roofs they were letting off flights of rockets and bomb-shells and coloured fire; every bell in the place was ringing madly, and the whole was such a confused brilliant whirl of lamps, fireworks, and illumination, of people shouting, tossing their caps into the air, and almost embracing the very horses of the royal carriage, that the scene is scarcely describable. Even when His Royal Highness was on board the steamer "Kingston" it did not end. There were fireworks on the water, bonfires on the Thousand Islands, flights of rockets from all parts of the town, serenades from all sorts of bands; everything, in fact, which the most intense enthusiasm and loyalty could devise was done, and done admirably well.

As a matter of course, there was very little sleep to

be got in Brockville that night, and the rumours of what was going on at Kingston made me anxious to reach it at once. So I left Brockville still in a blaze of light and festivity, and went on by train. As the road is only fifty miles, and as the train was a special express, it only took three hours to traverse the distance, and I found myself at last in the wide, straggling, and uncomfortable streets of Kingston at about three o'clock in the morning of the 4th. I had been writing and travelling nearly fifty hours without sleep or change of clothes, and was not fastidious about accommodation, and was delighted to be received at one of the dirty lodging-houses which in Kingston are called hotels. Here my narrative of enthusiastic receptions and displays receives a sudden check, for Kingston, which with a few other towns of Upper Canada boasts of having exclusive possession of the feeling of loyal devotion to the throne, set such an indisputable example of disregard of their duty to their royal guest's wishes as prevented the Prince from landing at all.

Much of the angry feeling which the Orange display of Kingston and its consequences at one time caused has now happily passed away, and the few desperate politicians of the opposition who raised the cry among the people with a view of embarrassing and eventually overthrowing the Canadian Ministry, have, by this act, lost their last faint hold on the public mind of Canada.

In Lower Canada, that is in the country immediately round Montreal, and from Montreal the entire province down to New Brunswick, more than nine-tenths of the whole population are either French or Irish Roman Catholics. In a few towns of Upper Canada the Protestants and Roman Catholics are pretty equal in number, while in very many of the chief towns, such as

Toronto, Hamilton, Kingston, Coburg, Whitby, Port Hope, and Belleville, they are only as one to ten, or even less of the number of Protestants. Generally speaking Lower Canada is supposed to be Roman Catholic and Upper Canada to be Protestant, though in the latter province there is such an admixture of Roman Catholics as gives on the whole a large majority of the whole population of Canada, Upper and Lower, to the Romanists. Many of the new towns of Upper Canada have within a comparatively recent period become great centres of Orange organisation, which as a matter of course have given rise to feuds of the most bitter and intemperate kind between the Orangemen and the Roman Catholics. Temperate and sensible gentlemen who had at one time been Orangemen told me, that they had soon become painfully aware that peace and good-will fled the towns in which amid a population following different religions Orange organisations had been established, and Orange celebrations and processions attempted to be carried out. Some of the most serious riots and disturbances which have taken place in Canada and the Provinces have been owing to Orange processions, and celebrations of the 12th of July, when the Romanists have suddenly preached tolerance for all creeds, and enforced their arguments by a free fight with the Orangemen. There had been a lull in these most wretched quarrels for a considerable time, when it unfortunately occurred to the parliamentary leaders of the Canadian opposition, that an immense fund of political capital for the coming session might be gained by embroiling the Orange party of Upper Canada with the Prince, in such a manner as would seriously compromise the present Cartier Macdonald administration with the Upper Canadians. In regarding the causes, therefore, which

led to these ill-timed attempts, no greater mistake can be committed than to view them as at all connected except by name with religious differences. All Orange organisations are more or less political. In Upper Canada they are entirely so, and an Orangeman there is only another name for an ultra-Tory. There is just a sufficient taint of religious or rather sectarian animus to give zest and earnestness to the subordinates on both sides, whose fanatical zeal is worked upon by abler heads, who simply adopt Orangeism as a stepping stone to political power.

Accordingly those leaders who secretly pulled the strings, fostered to the utmost, among the Orangemen, the belief that a grand Orange demonstration was necessary, to counteract the baleful influence which would otherwise be exercised by the example of the Prince's Romanist backslidings in Canada. That these backslidings could not have been of a very encouraging character to the Roman Catholics, is sufficiently shown by the simple fact, that the whole of the Roman Catholic hierarchy at Quebec felt deeply offended at what they called His Royal Highness's Protestant antipathies in not styling them by their title of My Lords, in his reply to their address. But the tide of animosity must be at very low ebb indeed, when it is impossible to find or make an excuse to justify a foregone conclusion. The political leaders first determined on an Orange demonstration, and then proceeded to make reasons for it. So, reports and statements were industriously circulated among the Orangemen of Kingston and Toronto, that the Host had been carried in procession before the Prince at Quebec, that in many public ceremonies he had been attended by 100 or more Romish priests in their vestments, that he had constantly visited all the Roman Catholic

cathedrals and churches, neglecting those of his own religion, and that partly in deference to the Popish leanings of the Duke of Newcastle, the Romish bishops had been allowed precedence over all in the procession which received His Royal Highness at Quebec.

It is scarcely necessary to tell the reader, that for all these monstrous charges there was not an atom of foundation. In the chapter on Newfoundland I have already stated that in that colony the Protestants and Roman Catholic clergy live in most creditable harmony with each other, and that with the consent of both parties, His Royal Highness gave to their separate addresses a joint reply. After it he drove privately to visit the Protestant cathedral, and afterwards to see the interior of that of the Roman Catholics. This was the only Roman Catholic church the Prince ever entered during the whole tour from first to last. With regard to the question of precedence at Quebec, that matter has been sufficiently explained already, in the narrative of the proceedings at that city. These fabrications, however, were believed by the Orangemen of Kingston at least, if not by those of Toronto. The Kingston men at once determined that the civic processions which had been arranged to meet the Prince, should be further adorned and increased by the procession of the Orange lodges, with all their banners and insignia. The mayor of the town, Mr. Strange, it was known was in feeling entirely with the Orangemen, and his brother, one of the masters of a lodge, was most active in supporting the notion of a procession. With him was a Mr. Flannigan, a butcher of Kingston, and a Tom Robinson, whom I was told was a plumber and painter in a small way of business.

Such were the men who proposed to dictate to a whole province, and such were the men whom the angry

zeal of party politics for a time elevated to a position which enabled them to insult their Prince and guest with impunity, and almost mar the effect of one of the grandest and most enthusiastic progresses which royalty was ever welcomed with. The Orange question at Toronto for a moment fell into the background, and the whole interest of the movement centered in the little town of Kingston. A copy of the letters sent by the Duke of Newcastle from Montreal, and Sir Edmund Head from Ottawa, were duly transmitted to Mr. Strange, the Mayor of Kingston, and by him communicated to the Town Council. On this there was a momentary appearance of hesitation. Each party, for and against the movement, wrote little articles to the daily papers; third parties interfered in other journals, and fourth parties enunciated opinions in peculiar organs, to compromise matters, and of course made them worse than ever. The hesitation, however, was only momentary, and the resolution of the Orangemen was soon come to. As they never for one moment believed that the Duke would continue firm, they determined that Orange arches should be erected, and the Prince should be received with an Orange procession in attendance on the Corporation, and with none other. This resolution, I was assured, was privately encouraged to the very utmost by telegrams from the chief Orange leaders of Toronto, exhorting Kingston to stand firm and insist on an Orange demonstration, and that 15,000 Orangemen would do the same at Toronto. Yet these very leaders were afterwards, it was said, the first to back out of the whole affair, when they found that the public feeling of Canada was against them, and one, the most conspicuous of all, was foremost in congratulating the Duke on the firm stand he had made against the dicta-

tion of the lodges. Thus stimulated by Toronto, and further urged forward by Mr. Flannigan, and the Mayor's brother, the thing of course went forward at Kingston, accompanied, as is usual in such cases, by the strongest protestations of loyalty and respect, and the constant assertion, that what was being done was entirely for the Prince's own good. Two Orange arches were accordingly erected in the chief thoroughfares of Kingston, through which the Prince would pass. Except as sources of keen ill-feeling, these would have been totally unworthy of note, so poor and paltry were they both in design and execution. The first one, and the best, was merely papered with orange paper and with rather a handsome model of the Ark of the Covenant at the top. The sides were filled in with the Orange societies' insignia, with portraits of Garibaldi and the Prince, the latter with the motto of "The faith of my forefathers and mine," a portrait of "William III., of glorious, pious, and immortal memory;" little banners containing the names of Baker, Walker, and Murray, of Londonderry fame, with scrolls of "No Surrender," and other mottoes equally inappropriate to the occasion. Whether public attention was so much engrossed in the erection of this trophy, which after the Prince's wishes on the subject could only be regarded as insulting, or whether they wished to render it more conspicuous by not erecting others, I cannot say; but it is certain that scarcely any other attempts were made at decorating the town, and that the few arches that were put up were worse than any he had seen on his way through the woods from Arnprior to Almonte. Of course the Royal suite soon heard of this wanton discourtesy, and a private intimation was conveyed to Kingston that the Orange procession must be given up, or the Prince would not

land. The Mayor accordingly issued an order that there would be no municipal procession whatever, upon which some of the Orangemen met, and, encouraged by Mr. Flannigan and Toronto telegrams, decided with a good deal of hot-headed talk about giving His Royal Highness a lesson, that they would receive him with an Orange procession, and with such a display only, and that if the Prince did not like it he might leave it and not land at all.

The "Kingston" steamer, with the Royal party, was expected to arrive about noon; but with a view of allowing the people of Kingston time to change their minds, the arrival of the boat was much delayed. This delay was made entirely in the hope that the Orangemen would have better taste and more loyalty than to insist on insulting their young Prince and guest, but it was made in vain, for by ten o'clock in the day the obnoxious procession began to muster in all sorts of tawdry finery, marching along to the tunes of the "Boyne Water," and "Croppies lie down." When they really had formed up in a long line to the number of some 800 or 1,000, it seemed difficult to believe that a set so worthless, and apparently so little entitled to the least consideration, could really force their procession on the town and begin a movement of dictation to the Prince which, for aught is known, may yet lead to unpleasant consequences in Upper Canada. They, of course, were all Irish, and all belonging to the working classes. None were without orange ribands and cockades, many had the crimson cloaks of the Royal Scarlet Society, as it is termed, and all these faded symptoms of display were more or less stained with the unmistakeable traces of tavern wassail, which, in Kingston at least, forms a most important feature in Orange organisation. Every third man carried

a banner with "No Surrender" mottoes, or painted likenesses of King William, and a large minority had drawn swords, with which they flourished and vapoured and marshalled the others, as if about to lead them into action direct. There were plenty of men who acted as chaplains to the lodges, and who were dressed as much like clergymen as their dirty surplices could make them, with orange bows and orange ribands over all. Their chief leader, Mr. Robinson, in a medley costume, like a broken down circus rider, went about with others on horseback, haranguing each Lodge, exhorting them to stand by their colours, and die by their colours rather than give way. In making such arrangements the morning passed. The weak remonstrances and lukewarm entreaties of the authorities of the town were of course of no avail; the Orangemen replied that either the Prince or the Orangemen must give way, and it should not be the Orangemen if they stood there for a month.

The spot chosen for the landing of the Prince was near the battery, a small work commanding the approach to the town from Lake Ontario, and surrounded by high stone walls, which prevented its being seen into from the adjoining street. Here the chief authorities of the town were in waiting, and here Captain Flannigan brought down his troop of Volunteer Cavalry, all wearing the Orange riband and insignia on their uniforms, the gallant Captain himself being so covered with such tawdry decorations as to look at a distance like a General officer. This innovation in uniform was at once noticed, and Captain Flannigan was requested by the Commandant to take them off himself and desire his men to do the same. This, in my presence, he at once promised to do, and removed his decorations, but when the Commandant turned his

back he again put them on, and went out and told his men he had promised to take off his decorations, and had done so, but as he had said nothing about when they were to be put on again, he had chosen to put them on immediately. The men cheered at this evasion, which somehow appeared to excite general admiration and applause. At last the "Kingston" steamer came in sight, was received with a Royal salute, and great was the excitement as she came alongside the wharf, for everyone made sure that the Prince was about to land forthwith, and the Orangemen cheered, not so much in welcome to the Prince, but almost solely and entirely for what they rather prematurely considered was their own undoubted victory over their young guest. But an hour passed, and yet another, and still he did not land. At first it was said he was putting on his uniform, next that he was receiving addresses, then that he would land privately. At last the truth came out in the form of an official verbal intimation from the Mayor to the Orangemen that His Royal Highness would not land to join any partisan procession of the kind; that His Royal Highness would remain till nine o'clock the next morning to allow them time to think over it, and if the demonstration were then persisted in he would leave Kingston altogether. The chiefs of the movement, upon this, held another short council, at which it was determined *nem. con.* that His Royal Highness might quit Kingston if he chose, but that land he should not without the Orange procession to accompany him. With this resolution the procession at last broke up at five in the afternoon, and horsemen went flying through the town all night, warning the members of the Lodges that the Prince might try and land privately at eight A.M. next morning, and that, therefore, it behoved them to be out and stirring with their pro-

cession early. There was a masquerading procession through the town that night, and the houses refused to illuminate, and there was an unusual amount of drunkenness among the common people, and a great deal of vapouring stupid talk about their resistance to the Prince's wishes being supported by their Orange brothers across the water; that the Orangemen in Ireland could shake him on his throne, &c., with other nonsense of the same kind, which angry ignorant men will talk, but which one hardly expected to hear from those who claimed to be the only loyal subjects in Canada.

At eight o'clock on the morning following, the Orangemen were again at their posts in procession round the battery, and so hour after hour passed till mid-day, and the thing began to wear a ridiculous and undignified aspect. There were the Prince and his party quietly in the steamer off the battery, and there were Orangemen outside standing obstinately in the road, as they had done all the previous day, showing, however, unmistakeable signs of their having kept it up rather late the night before, and from the effect of which debauch a rather large number appeared to have not entirely recovered. At last Lord Lyons came ashore to inform the authorities that the Prince would leave in an hour, and to convey to an American company of volunteers His Royal Highness's regrets that he would not be able to have the pleasure of seeing them at Kingston. With this intimation came an invitation from the Duke of Newcastle to the Moderator and Synod of the Presbyterian Church, and to the Mayor and Corporation of the town of Kingston, to present their addresses to the Prince on board the steamer before he left. This the members of the Presbyterian Church at once did. The Mayor and

Corporation refused to present theirs unless the Prince landed, and thus the authorities became in a manner accessories after the fact to the insult offered by the Orangemen. By their apologists their refusal was excused on the ground that they feared molestation from the Orangemen, if they had consented to such a step. This, however, was not so, and their refusal arose from no other cause than that of strong sympathy with the Orange processionists. Before leaving the Duke addressed the following letter to the Mayor of Kingston :—

“ Off Kingston, Sept. 5.

“ Sir,—It is with the utmost regret that I now find myself compelled to take the extreme course contemplated as possible in my letter to Sir Edmund Head of the 30th of August, which was immediately communicated to you by His Excellency, and to advise the Prince of Wales to proceed on his way without landing in the city of Kingston.

“ When we arrived yesterday we found an arch covered with Orange decorations, and an organised body of many hundreds wearing all the insignia of their order, with numerous flags, a band, and every accompaniment which characterises such processions. I could hardly bring myself to believe that after seeing you and the other gentlemen who accompanied you on board the steamboat, and fully explaining to you the motives which actuated my advice to the Prince, the objections I took to these party displays on such an occasion, and the necessary consequences which must ensue, the Orangemen would be so misguided in their own conduct, and act so offensively to the whole of their fellow-citizens—Protestant and Roman Catholic—as to persevere in their intention of preventing the Prince from accepting the hospitality of your city.

“ I have been disappointed. The Prince has consented to wait twenty-four hours to give the Orangemen time to reconsider their resolve. They adhere to it, and it is my duty, therefore, to advise the Prince to pursue his journey.

“ What is the sacrifice I asked the Orangemen to make?

Merely to abstain from displaying in the presence of a young Prince of nineteen years of age, the heir to a sceptre which rules over millions of every form of Christianity, symbols of religious and political organisation which are notoriously offensive to the members of another creed, and which in one portion of the empire have repeatedly produced, not only discord and heartburning, but riot and bloodshed.

“I never doubted the loyalty of the persons composing the Orange body. I based my appeal to them on the ground of that loyalty and of their good feeling. I did not ask them to sacrifice a principle, but to furl a flag and abstain from an article of dress. I wished the Prince to see *them*, but not to give countenance to a society which has been disapproved in the mother country by the Sovereign and Legislature of Great Britain. I am told that they represent this act of mine as a slight to the Protestant religion. Until they can prove that the great mass of Englishmen who are not Orangemen are also not Protestants, it is quite unnecessary for me to repudiate so unfounded and absurd a charge.

“I am well aware that such party processions are not illegal in this country as they are in Ireland. This is a conclusive answer, if I asked you, as Mayor, to exercise your authority ; but it is no answer to my remonstrance. I made it, not as Secretary for the Colonies, called upon to enforce a law, but as a Minister of the Queen attending the Prince of Wales, by command of Her Majesty, in an official visit to this colony at the invitation of its Legislature ; and I ask you in what position would the Prince be placed by my sanction if he were now to pass through such a scene as was prepared for him (which happens not to be forbidden by the Colonial Legislature), and next year visit the north of Ireland, where he could not be a party to such an exhibition without violating the laws of his country ?

“His Royal Highness will continue the route which had been prepared for him, but in any place where similar demonstrations are adhered to, a similar course to that pursued at Kingston will be taken.

“I cannot conclude this letter without an expression of regret that the corporation did not accept the offer which I

made them, through you, to present their address on board the steamer—an offer readily accepted by the Moderator and Synod of the Presbyterian Church in connexion with the Church of Scotland.

“It is impossible to believe that the members of the Corporation were influenced by sympathy with the conduct of the Orangemen, but I fear such a construction is too likely to be put upon their decision.

“I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

“The Worshipful the Mayor of Kingston.” “NEWCASTLE.

The announcement that the Prince was about to leave was only considered by the Orangemen as a weak *ruse* to get them out of the way, so they closed up their (by this time) rather disorderly ranks firmer than ever. At last the Royal steamer moved away from the battery, and the Orangemen called out that he was going to land privately some two miles below the town. If such a step had been likely it would, one would have thought, have been a sufficient humiliation for the Prince to satisfy even the hot-headed zealots of Kingston. But this was not so, and off they started at a run to get their procession to the landing before him. They had only the exercise, however, for their pains, for the steamer stood westward up the lake, and in a few minutes was out of sight.

When he was really gone the people were, of course, bitterly angry, though they affected to consider the whole thing a victory and decided triumph for the Orange party. A mass meeting was instantly held, at which some very violent language was used against both the Prince and the Duke, and it was decided privately that all the Orangemen of Kingston that could follow to the places where the Prince was likely to land should at once do so, and meet him at the various landing-towns with their flags and banners, and try everywhere to

compel him to accept their procession, or not land at all. This was done accordingly, and a large party started at once for Belleville, the next town at which the Prince was to disembark. To Tom Robinson was given the charge of this detachment, and of course under the management of that ranting demagogue the party succeeded in offering another inhospitable insult to their invited guest. They travelled over-night with their banners, band, and other insignia, and arrived in time to form something like a procession at Belleville.

If anything was wanted to show the animus of the miserable persecution it was this step. The Orange-men of Kingston had, according to their notions, a right to do what they liked in their own town, and, of course, having that place completely under their control, could dictate whatever offensive ceremonies they pleased, as to the manner in which their guest was to be received. But when they had insisted on their own petty affront, and carried it to an extent that drove the Prince away, they might surely have remained content with their most inhospitable and disloyal victory, and left other towns to decide for themselves whether they would allow their royal guest to land, or keep him wandering in a steamboat rejected from the very cities to which he had been invited. But there was an avariciousness of insult about the Kingston demagogues that was not to be satiated with merely expelling the Prince from that township. It was not every day that men like Mr. Flannigan or Mr. Robinson had opportunities of compelling royalty to bow before their opposition, and turn back from their own town to avoid their insults. As it was not likely that they would soon again have an opportunity of insulting another Prince of Wales, they made the most of the chance they had.

With regard to Belleville it is only doing the people of that pretty town mere justice to say that they had abandoned all idea of forcing an Orange procession on the Prince, and the Orange arches which had been erected had been denuded of their partisan symbols. The chief authorities implored the Orangemen not to assemble as Orangemen; and the ladies signed a petition to the County and Grand Masters of the Lodges to the same effect, praying that the Prince might be allowed to land. The Belleville Orangemen did relent, and no procession would have been formed but for the arrival of the men from Kingston. The importation of these firebrands soon decided the matter, and their vulgar declamation about giving the Prince a lesson was, unfortunately, listened to by many of the Belleville deputy masters. The result was that an Orange procession was improvised on the very spot where the Prince was to land, though I was assured that more than nine-tenths of it was entirely composed of Kingston men and supplied with Kingston banners. The Prince's steamer came; His Royal Highness saw the old "No Surrender" and other Orange flags, and, without making any stay at all, the vessel turned round at once and went away to Cobourg. For all any at Belleville knew, the royal party might have been short of provisions on board, and, in fact, this *would* actually have been the case but for the care of Mr. Rose, who privately sent a quantity on board before the vessel quitted Kingston. I, however, quite believe that the party might have been half-starved ere Messrs. Flannigan and Robinson would have furled a single banner or abated one item of their persevering annoyance.

At the little town of Cobourg, which was the next in the route from Belleville, no procession was attempted, though it was not the fault of the Kingston men that

one was not insisted on. Mr. Flannigan, and Mr. Strange, the Mayor of Kingston's brother, having entrusted the Belleville insult to Robinson, took charge of Cobourg themselves, and with a number of Orange flags and banners hurried up by train from Kingston. Their coming and their purpose was at once telegraphed to the authorities, and by a curious coincidence it happened that the train stopped so long at various stations, that it soon got half-an-hour, then an hour, then an hour and a half, and then two hours behind time, to the boundless annoyance and wrath of Messrs. Flannigan and Co. The result of this *unexpected* delay was, that the Prince had been received at Cobourg before the train arrived, and the chance of a further affront to the royal guest was lost. In fact, a reaction of feeling was beginning. The Orange Lodges of Cobourg said they preferred deciding for themselves, without the aid or coercion of the Kingston men; and decide they did at once, in favour of the Prince's wishes, and gracefully and willingly. No Orange procession was thought of. The town gave the Prince a brilliant reception, and a very well-arranged ball, at which His Royal Highness danced till near daylight on the 7th.

From this fête he of course came out completely victorious. Gentlemen were there from Peterborough and Whitby, and even Toronto. Whatever Orange schemes they might have entertained while His Royal Highness was at a distance disappeared for ever from their minds that night, and the idea of forcing anything on a young guest, whose good-humoured courtesy won all hearts, became out of the question. With such favourable impressions, too, was mingled a vague but strong idea that he had been in the right after all, and had maintained the dignity of his own high posi-

tion with firmness and with moderation. Before the Prince was ready to start next morning, telegrams of entreaty that he would visit them, and promises that no Orange display of any kind or sort would be permitted, came in from Peterborough, Port Hope, Whitby, and even from the head-quarters of Orangeism—the splendid capital of Upper Canada—Toronto itself.

CHAPTER IX.

TORONTO.

Reaction in Orange feeling—Peterborough—Port Hope—Whitby—Orange arch at Toronto—Duplicity of the Mayor—Correspondence—The Mayor's Apology—Reception at Osgoode Hall—Fatiguing Character of the Progress—Excursion to Collingwood—"Indian Summer"—Addresses from Kingston and Belleville—The Prince's Reply—Leaves Toronto.

ON the morning following the reception at Cobourg, it was evident that the Orange difficulty was fast coming to an end. Even the fiercest partisans no longer spoke of anything but submission—sullenly and with reluctance at first, it is true; but still it was submission, and one at which three-fourths of the lodge members rejoiced exceedingly. The quiet determination of the Duke of Newcastle at the commencement of the movement at Kingston, the certainty that the same firmness would be shown throughout, the feeling of indignation that was aroused through the province at the idea of its royal guest being affronted and excluded from the places to which he had come on invitation; and, above all, the violent language, and still more unjustifiable conduct, of the Kingston Lodges, gradually brought about a reaction, which put a decided check on the whole affair.

The whole ebullition had, as I have said, been entirely due to political causes. Properly managed,

an amount of political capital might have been made out of it sufficient to have driven the present Cartier and Macdonald ministry from power. But the Kingston men who were chosen to fight the battle, and whose reputation for fanatical obstinacy justly stood so high in the province, that it was thought if any men could do it they could, fell into a very common mistake in such matters, and overdid their parts. The result was, that they alienated and disgusted many of their best lodges; by their own violence they, at the very outset, checked a movement which might have given most serious cause of trouble; they did not upset the ministry, or even much shake it; and the opposition of Canada was and is still out of office. It was a grievous want of tact on the part of those who secretly pulled the strings, to entrust the execution of a scheme so delicate and so fraught with danger to hot-headed men of the Flannigan and Robinson stamp. If the Kingston people had been content with showing their own most mistaken and inhospitable feeling of independence, I believe that it was more than probable one or two other towns would have been silly enough to follow their example. But when Messrs. Flannigan and Co. went beyond this, and determined, as at Belleville, to follow the Prince through to other places, and, by the exhibition of their banners, oppose his landing, it wore a very different aspect. The mass of the Protestants, who, of course, were not Orangemen, were indignant at the determined annoyance with which their Prince was threatened, while the gentlemen connected with the Orange societies found their standing and position in the order overborne by the outcry of a handful of vulgar subordinates. The grief and indignation of the people of Belleville, who had decorated their town with exquisite care, and who saw the Prince turned

away from it by the Kingston fanatics, also had its effect. Above all, every woman in the province, no matter of what rank or age, of course, took the part of the Prince with such determined energy, that popular feeling underwent a reaction; all the stronger for its being so sudden. It began to be told how Kingston, that had made no preparation or decoration beyond its offensive Orange arch, could well afford to keep the Prince from seeing the nakedness of the little place. But all the other towns, from Peterborough to Sarnia, had determined to give him a brilliant royal welcome, and almost choked at the idea that their trouble and expense might be rendered of no avail by the act of a few demagogues from another town, who, having achieved the disgrace of expelling the Prince, and feeling rather doubtful of the triumph, could only hope to mitigate their humiliation by getting others to share it by following their disloyal example. The idea, too, of a few zealots, like Flannigan, or a bar-room orator of the Tom Robinson sort, suddenly determining to give laws to the whole province, and exclude the Prince from his mother's own dominions, became rather too much for the other societies; so Kingston was voted to have committed a stupid insult, and the Flannigan clique little better than a public nuisance.

So the Prince went to Peterborough by rail, crossing en route the little inland sheet of water called Lake Rice, on the shores of which he was met by a party of Indians, who fired a royal salute from muskets, and who, with a small band of native musicians, welcomed him with "God save the Queen," played with extreme slowness and careful pauses, as if the orchestra was rather doubtful of its powers in quick movements. At Peterborough there were some beautiful decorations, and long addresses and replies, and, above all, there

were tremendous cheers of welcome, compared to which, in the eyes of the Kingston emissaries, gall and wormwood would have been luxuries. From Peterborough the royal party returned by rail to Port Hope, a very pretty little town on the northern shore of Lake Ontario, and a centre of Orange organisation, reported to be not inferior in determination to any in Upper Canada. There it was very likely an Orange procession would have been formed, but for the conduct of the Kingston men, whose overbearing interference again turned all against them. Nevertheless, some among the crowd called out the Orange watchword, "No surrender!" as the Prince stepped ashore, while several shouted that for no man living save the Prince of Wales would they have given in—a statement which admitted of no doubt whatever. On the whole, however, the efforts of the turbulent few at Port Hope were entirely discouraged by the chiefs of the party, who would have enforced greater rigour but that they feared losing their influence altogether, and giving the lead to the most violent members, who were already clamouring for it. At Whitby there was a great concourse of people, who received His Royal Highness with unalloyed manifestations of delight and loyalty; and there, addresses having been duly received and acknowledged, the Prince again embarked on board the steamer "Kingston" for Toronto, only a few miles distant.

There had been at first great doubts whether the Prince would be able to land at Toronto at all; for Kingston men had been very busy, and not without success, among the lowest ranks of the Orange association. Mr. Hilyard Cameron, a solicitor of great eminence, and the grand master of the Lodges of Upper Canada, had, it was alleged by his friends, done his

utmost to prevent a demonstration, and in this he had been sincerely backed by all the respectable members of the society, and, of course, by Protestants of every class.

For a gentleman possessing such influence as Mr. Cameron was known to possess among the Orangemen, his interference seemed, for some unaccountable reason or other, to be of very little avail. There was a rooted belief among the Orangemen, that what little he did publicly to check them was merely to keep up appearances, and that in his heart he wished the matter to go forward to the utmost. Certain it is, that the Orangemen at Kingston openly related that they were encouraged to hold out by telegrams from Mr. Cameron; and though I did not see any of these alleged messages, I was told of the fact of their arrival by gentlemen who said they had seen them, and had read their contents. Of these facts, however, I cannot speak of my own knowledge, and merely repeat them as they were openly and publicly spoken of at the time. It was strongly wished to form an Orange procession in Toronto; but in this matter Mr. Cameron appears to have exerted himself energetically, and supported as he was by nearly all the inhabitants, who were determined to risk anything rather than that the Prince should be driven away, the Orangemen reluctantly yielded. So a sort of compromise was effected, and it was agreed that the Orange demonstration should take place at two o'clock, and be over by three; to which every one consented, as His Royal Highness was not expected to land till later in the evening.

But before this decision was arrived at, the Orangemen had built an Orange arch in the main street, under which the Prince would have to pass on his way through the town. It was not coloured orange, being intended

to represent the gate of Londonderry; but it had several Orange insignia on it, with a transparency of King William III. crossing the Boyne, with the figures "1688" and the motto, "The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of King William III." These transparencies were placed on both sides of the arch, while the top was surmounted with the usual Orange emblem of a Bible and Crown, and its accompanying motto, "These we maintain."

Except for the unfortunate misunderstandings and ill-feeling to which this arch gave rise, it would scarcely be worth mentioning; for even the Orangemen admitted with a smile that, as an arch, it was the ugliest obstruction the Prince had seen.

Of course, the Governor-General and the Duke of Newcastle heard of this arch, and Mr. Wilson, the Mayor of Toronto, was at once written to and informed that the Prince would pass under no party memorials of the kind. The Mayor replied that the Orange insignia would be removed, and that the Orangemen had consented to take down the transparencies of King William with their party mottoes, substituting a portrait of the Prince of Wales. The change in the portraits was to be made accordingly on the night the Prince was at Cobourg. But the Kingston men were in Toronto when this pacific alteration was proposed, and during the night worked upon the feelings of the violent members of the Irish party to such an extent, that on the morning the Prince was to land they came to a determination that King William should remain where he was. Mr. Gamble, the city solicitor, took a letter to the duke from the Mayor stating that the intended change *had been* effected, though it *had not*; and Mr. Gamble himself made no mention of the fact that the Orange arch was as much an Orange arch

as ever, and that it was intended to represent the gate of Derry. Relying, however, upon the assurance of the Mayor, the duke at once came on.

With the single exception of this arch, all the decorations of Toronto were exquisitely beautiful. At the landing-place a pavilion had been erected, surrounded with a wide amphitheatre of seats, with a magnificent lofty arch in the centre, which cost upwards of 3000 dollars. The main street, too, was a perfect arcade of arches, having in the centre, where four streets met, a trophy which deserves especial mention. It was in shape like the old Market Cross at Salisbury, or the peculiar vaulted arch which supports the spire of Salisbury Cathedral. It was composed entirely of pine, covered with rough pine bark. Where the four ribs of the arch met in the centre, over King Street, was a magnificent crown, almost large enough to accommodate a dinner party inside it. All the ribs of the arch were covered with sheaves of ripe corn. At the corners whence the arches sprang were tall waving plants of Indian corn, with large open-work baskets filled full of melons, apples, peaches, and grapes, with other fruit and vegetable products of the colony, which just then were in full season. Altogether, the whole idea, as a kind of autumnal harvest-home welcome, was admirable, and the beautiful lines of the arch enabled the effect to be carried out to the best and most poetical advantage. Before the Prince arrived the Orange procession marched through the town in great state; and certainly, both in the appearance of the members, in richness of dress, and in banners, it differed as widely from the display made by the Kingston people as light from darkness. It was intended that this parade should not occupy more than an hour, but at four and five o'clock the men were still abroad, and people

began to fear that the Prince would not come. The precursor of royalty throughout this tour—the dull, heavy rain—which soon set in, made them easy on this score, for it seemed evident, from the way it lowered and fell in heavy drops, that the Prince was really going to land. It was strange that, throughout all the tour, only at Kingston and Belleville had the Prince had a chance of disembarking with fair weather and clear skies, and at both those places he was not allowed to put his foot ashore.

It was getting dark on the evening of the 7th as the royal steamer was seen winding round the long spit of land which stretches out before Toronto, and forms for its commerce one of the most perfect natural harbours in the world. Among those who knew that the Orange arch was intended to represent the gate of Londonderry, and that the lodges had refused to remove the transparency of King William crossing the Boyne, the announcement of the arrival created a great sensation, for it was scarcely hoped that the Prince would pass under it along the route arranged for the *cortége*. Very few were aware that in these matters the Mayor had deceived the Duke of Newcastle, and that the Royal party relied entirely on the reiterated assurance given that no party emblems had been erected. So the Prince came to the landing-place. All the amphitheatre was filled with ladies and gentlemen, the lower seats being occupied by nearly 3,000 children dressed in white. As the Prince stepped on shore all these infant voices broke out with the National Anthem, and the effect of the whole scene—the dark, gloomy sunset over Lake Ontario—the cheering of the crowd outside, just heard over the strong, solemn chorus of the children—the flags of the arches, and the dim illuminations of the city in the distance, along the streets of which the

crowds were running with a great rush by thousands, all made it one of those pictorial and poetical displays which no description, however vivid, can recall. There was a sense of relief, too, mingled with the feeling of rejoicing, which led the crowds gradually to join with the anthem, which went pealing out over the water in a grand volume of sound, enough almost to be heard on the shores of the United States beyond. An address was presented by the civic authorities, which there was considerable difficulty in reading, even with the aid of lights, for the night had now fallen and was dark and windy. At the conclusion of this the procession was formed, and, followed by hundreds of people cheering, the *cortège* wound through the principal streets to the old residence of the Governor of the Province, which, like all the other resting places of His Royal Highness, had been carefully prepared for his accommodation in the most splendid style. The Chief Commissioner of Public Works, the Hon. John Rose, had charge of all the arrangements for the Prince's tour throughout, and at every single place, whether among the wilds of the Upper Ottawa, across the woods from Arnprior to Almonte, or at the little towns like Brockville or Sherbrooke, they were perfect to a degree that elicited not admiration only, but almost the astonishment of the royal party. While on his way to the Government residence, however, the Prince passed under the Orange arch. Its character was not seen by the Duke of Newcastle, who was sitting with his back to the horses, until he had actually passed under it. There were a few "hurrahs!" from Orangemen, and cries of "No surrender," as the carriage went beneath it, but this was all.

Even at that hour, had there been time to have turned the horses and gone by another route, the duke would

have done so; but it was too late, and, ere it was fairly seen, the Prince had passed it. For the rest, all the houses were gaily illuminated, and thousands were in the streets, a great many wearing Orange ribands; but the popular feeling being strong in favour of giving the Prince a welcome, independent of partisan feeling of any kind, the St. George's Temperance Society, with one or two other associations of the same kind, joined the procession with their flags and banners, in which it was said, amid the darkness and hurry, a few of the Orange flags were mixed. But of this fact I cannot speak of my own knowledge, for it was much too dark, notwithstanding the illuminations, to distinguish anything with accuracy, and all the Orangemen seemed quite content with their victory in having got His Royal Highness to pass under their arch without just then venturing anything further. The greatest blaze of light which was shed on the procession was at the Rossin House, the principal hotel in Canada, where many of the royal suite were to stay, and which was illuminated from top to bottom as if it was on fire, and viewing the *cortège* from that point I certainly could not distinguish any Orange banners in it.

When His Royal Highness arrived at the Government House the Duke of Newcastle at once had an interview with the Mayor, and in the strongest terms complained of the deceit which had been practised on the Prince, and of the manner in which, relying upon the Mayor's promise that all party emblems had been removed, His Highness had been entrapped into passing under the Orange arch. The Duke of Newcastle also stated that, if some apology or explanation were not given for such an affront, he would feel it his duty to advise the Prince either to leave the city, or to mark his sense of the deceit practised upon him by declining

to receive the Mayor or any other members of the corporation who had been parties to it at his levée on the following day. His worship requested time to convene the Common Council, in order that a formal answer might be returned on the following morning; and to this, of course, the duke at once consented.

Saturday, the 8th of September, was fixed for a grand review of the volunteers; but the weather, as usual, was in the highest degree unfavourable; and as at Newfoundland, as at Halifax, as at Prince Edward Island, at Quebec, at Montreal, at Ottawa, at all the resting-places along the route, the rain came down in torrents. The review, of course, became out of the question. The rain would have been too heavy even for an inspection of Canadian lumberers, so it was early announced that only the levée would take place. The Duke of Newcastle waited long in the expectation of receiving some reply from the Mayor of Toronto in the matter of the Orange arch. None came, however, and accordingly his grace sent the following letter to Mr. Wilson:—

“ Government House, Toronto, Sept. 8.

“ Sir,—I deeply regret that you have not thought fit to send any explanation of the occurrence of which I made complaint to you last evening.

“ I would not willingly revert to any cause of offence after the most magnificent and warm-hearted reception which the Prince of Wales met with in this city yesterday; but there are matters which cannot be overlooked without loss of honour and position. You distinctly informed me that the transparency of William III. was removed, and one of the Prince of Wales was substituted. I relied upon your word, and the consequence was that the Prince was thereby led into doing what I had distinctly informed you he would not do. As the levee is announced to be held at this house, no alteration will be made;

but I hope you will see the propriety of not attending it so long as this matter is unexplained and no reparation offered.

"I am, sir, &c.,

"NEWCASTLE.

"P.S.—I reopen my letter to say that yours has been this moment (eleven o'clock) received. I trust the result of the meeting may be satisfactory; but I am sure you must feel that the reparation must precede any further communication.

"The Worshipful the Mayor of Toronto."

Just before this letter was despatched, a note from the Mayor was forwarded to Government House. It was to this document that the P.S. of the Duke of Newcastle referred. By this time it had become more generally known that the arch was built to represent the gate of Londonderry; but, as a matter of course, such information was not forwarded to the duke; and among strangers it was thought, on the whole, to be rather a concession on the part of the Orangemen that they had not adopted their party tinge to paint their arch, but had, on the contrary, used common stone colour. The letter of the Mayor, to which the postscript of the duke referred, was as follows:—

"Mayor's Office, Toronto, Sept. 8.

"My Lord Duke,—In consequence of the very painful interview your grace did me the honour of holding with me last evening respecting the portrait of King William III., which has been placed on the arch erected by the Orangemen of this city, and which was to have been dispensed with, and one of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales adopted for it; and respecting also the communication specifying the proposed change which I had the honour of addressing to his Excellency the Governor-General a few days since, and which was permitted to remain uncontradicted, either by the later communication to his Excellency, or by any personal statement, I have convened the council for this morning at half-past nine o'clock, when I trust to be enabled to make an explanation and apology to your

Grace and to his Excellency which I hope may be accepted as satisfactory.

"I should have held this meeting last night, but I could find neither clerks nor messengers, and I was told I should have had still greater difficulty in finding the members.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord Duke,

"Your Grace's most obedient humble servant,

"ADAM WILSON, Mayor.

"To his Grace the Duke of Newcastle."

The levée took place at the time announced in the programme. It was of the usual dull routine style of all the others which preceded it, though certainly not nearly so numerous attended as those at Quebec or Montreal. Of course, after the intimation conveyed in the duke's letter, neither the Mayor nor any members of the common council presented themselves; and it was soon noised abroad that they had attended the levée, and been refused the honour of a presentation to His Royal Highness because they were Orangemen. The mob never stopped to consider (as what mob does?), that had the rule of excluding Orangemen as Orangemen been laid down and enforced, very few would have been presented at all. So the rumour spread that an insult had been offered to the city in the person of its municipality, and all the old Orange animus was revived among the lower orders of society with greater force than ever. The Kingston emissaries, who till then had found their occupation gone, at once perceived their chance, and improved upon it. While these worthies were expatiating on the wrong done so unjustly to the city, the Mayor and common council had met, and the Mayor had written and sent his letter of apology to the duke, an apology which admitted the deceit practised—which in fact stated that it was the first

time his worship had ever been guilty of such an act, and which promised, if the offence was overlooked, that he would never be guilty of it again. It was as follows:—

“ Mayor’s Office, Toronto, Sept. 8.

“ My Lord Duke,—Adverting to the interview which your Grace did me the honour of holding with me last evening on the subject of the transparency of King William III. on the Orangemen’s arch, in this city, and the letter which I had the honour of addressing to his Excellency the Governor-General, stating that such a decoration was not to have been placed there, I am now desirous of acknowledging to your Grace that I ought most undoubtedly to have stated the change which was subsequently proposed to be made, and which was afterwards, in fact, made. And although the Roman Catholics were quite willing to acquiesce, and did acquiesce, in the alteration, it was, nevertheless, only due to your Grace and to his Excellency that such a deviation from the understood arrangement should have been promptly transmitted ; and, looking back to what I have done from the present view of matters, it may appear that it was presumptuous on my part to judge whether your Grace or his Excellency would or would not have esteemed this deviation as of that consequence which it has now assumed.

“ There has been much difficulty in arranging satisfactorily the late threatening and serious state of affairs here, and I trust I have not been wanting in my efforts to bring about this pleasing result. It is painful to me, therefore, to feel that I have even unintentionally failed in discharging my duty in this particular, but it is infinitely more painful to me to think that your Grace should think that I have omitted to communicate this information from any unworthy motive, or for the purpose of compromising His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, your Grace, or his Excellency the Governor-General ; or even for the sake of complaisance towards any portion of my fellow-citizens.

“ I can safely appeal to any one who knows me, and who I am sure will satisfy your Grace that I would not, unless I were to depart from the whole tenour of my life, act in the

manner to which your Grace alluded last evening; but I admit again that much does appear in what has occurred to have induced your Grace to form the strong opinion which your Grace gave expression to on the occasion in question.

"I have now only to implore your Grace that, whatever omission or offence I may be chargeable with, it may not be visited in any manner upon this most loyal city, for as towards your Grace and his Excellency I am alone to blame.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord Duke,

"Your Grace's most obedient, humble servant,

"ADAM WILSON, Mayor.

"His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c."

To the almost abject apology of the Mayor the Duke of Newcastle replied in the following letter, which terminated the affair:—

"Government House, Toronto, Sept. 8.

"Sir,—I am so sincerely anxious that all the painful events of the last few days should be at once and for ever buried in oblivion, and nothing remembered but the heart-stirring scene which last night proclaimed to the world the unanimous and enthusiastic loyalty of the city of Toronto, that it is a real relief to my mind to feel that I can, without any sacrifice of duty to the Prince of Wales, accept the apology which is offered by your letter just received. In this spirit I will not continue a discussion which must have been so painful to you, and has certainly been no less so to me, but I must point out to you that it was your letters which really gave an obnoxious character to the transparency of William III. Nobody can object to a representation (in itself) of one of the most illustrious of our kings, but when you informed me that the transparency was to be removed by the Orangemen as an acknowledged party symbol, it at once assumed the objectionable feature of the display which I had advised the Prince not to countenance, and its restoration made it impossible for the Prince to pass under the arch without violating the terms of my letter to the Governor-General. I can only hope that from this moment all differences may as

completely vanish from the minds of others as they will from that of

“Sir, yours very obediently,

“NEWCASTLE.

“The Worshipful the Mayor of Toronto.”

This closed the correspondence on the subject between his worship and the duke, and it was intimated to the Mayor and members of the council that, the matter being forgiven and forgotten, they would all have the honour of being presented to His Royal Highness before the visit to Toronto terminated, which they were accordingly.

On the evening of the 8th, after the banquet at the Government House, His Royal Highness held a grand reception at Osgoode Hall. This hall, which, like all the other public buildings at Toronto, is a really magnificent structure, is at once both the Middle Temple and Westminster Hall of Upper Canada. The external features of the architecture much resemble, on a smaller scale, the noble entrance to the British Museum, while the entrance hall inside is built with a double row of Gothic columns, and a corridor round it, after the plan of the hall of Bridgewater House. All the interior is of massive cut stone, with inlaid tessellated pavement of the most exquisite designs. The mode of lighting is from behind coloured glass screens in the ceiling of each chamber, and the effect of the soft rich light which is thus diffused over the whole is exceedingly chaste and beautiful. In different parts of the building the various courts of law are situated, all loftier, more commodious, and better ventilated than those of Westminster Hall. One side of the hall is entirely occupied by a splendid library, and in this, as the largest apartment, a raised dais was placed for the Prince. His Royal Highness arrived at the building at nine o'clock,

and was received by the visitors who had been invited to meet him at the hall with a great outburst of enthusiasm. Mr. Hilyard Cameron, the Treasurer of the Law Society, with all the judges and members of the Canadian bar, met His Highness in the lower hall, and presented him with a long and eloquent address, to which the Prince replied; and this and walking through the courts formed the only ceremonial part of the business, and dancing was at once commenced in the library with some eight or ten sets of quadrilles. Spacious as this apartment was, however, it was too limited to accommodate all who wished to dance; so, as there were plenty of bands, auxiliary polkas and waltzes were soon formed in all the learned nooks and corners of the building, and Courts of Common Pleas and solemn Halls of Convocation resounded with galops, music, laughter, and the little whisperings of half-concealed flirtations. The Prince, as usual, danced every dance till nearly twelve o'clock, and the duke, who never did dance, was sufficiently occupied in receiving the congratulations of the chief members of the Orange Lodges for the firm stand he had made against violent dictation. Before twelve o'clock the Prince left, and, as it was then nearly Sunday morning, every one followed his example, and soon after midnight the spacious building was silent and deserted.

On Sunday the Prince and suite attended divine service at St. James's, the beautiful cathedral church of Toronto, which was situated almost alongside of the Orange arch. By driving round another way, however, His Royal Highness avoided passing under it, and the groups of Orangemen who had collected near it were savagely angry and violent at what they were pleased to call a slight to their memorial. They soon became more exasperated, and their groans and cries of "No

surrender!" with yellings at the name of Newcastle, began almost to disturb the quiet service of the cathedral, round which the mob gathered. Amid cheers and shouts a large number of Orange banners were brought down and hung all over the arch, while some five or six, carried by the most violent of the crowd, were held near the cathedral door, so that they might be the first objects seen when the Prince issued from church. At the conclusion of the service the Prince and his party passed out through the vestry into the churchyard to avoid the crowd. In this, however, they were not quite successful, as they were seen crossing the inclosure, and there were great groans and hootings at the Duke of Newcastle. None, however, alluded to the Prince, save when he stepped into his carriage, when there was a cry raised to cut the traces and drag the carriage perforce under the Orange arch.

There were, however, too many police on the spot to make it easy to carry out such a daring affront, and, as had been remarked, the Orangemen yielded when their violence was likely to be repelled in kind. The Prince, therefore, drove away unmolested, and did not pass under the Orange arch after all, though when he was seen to turn in another direction the mob yelled and hooted at "Newcastle" with redoubled energy. As a Sabbath recreation the whole scene was certainly not calculated to impress one with the notion that, in a religious point of view, Orangemen were a bit more scrupulous or moral than other Protestants.

The Prince did not go out again that day, but the Duke of Newcastle, with Sir Edmund Head, General Bruce, and Mr. Engleheart took a short walk through the city. They were recognised in the principal street, and soon followed by a little mob hooting and yelling

at the Duke and the Governor-General. Two or three policemen, however, kept the crowd back, and threatened to make some arrests. But even without this interference his grace would have run no risk of any personal violence. Later in the afternoon, by the order of the various Grand Masters, the Orange banners were quietly taken down from the arch and returned to the lodges, and the temporary excitement soon died out.

Sunday over, and the tour was resumed again with redoubled vigour.

It has been my lot to attend a great many royal progresses, visits, and tours for *The Times* newspaper, and I therefore know from sad experience, how much is expected from the illustrious personages on those occasions; but I must admit that I have never heard of any during which the pace of incidents and celebrations was so dreadfully fast as during the Canadian progress. For instance, on the Monday following the Orange insult at Toronto, the Prince started early in the morning and flew up by the Northern Railway to Collingwood, on Lake Huron, visiting en route Newmarket, Bradford, and Barrie, receiving and replying to addresses at each place, and being cheered, arched, and be-welcomed at all. On the next day, amid the pouring rain, there was a regatta at eleven o'clock, at which His Royal Highness was of course present; at half-past eleven there was a visit to Trinity College, at twelve there was an inauguration of a park, at half-past twelve an inspection of Volunteers, at one a visit to the Toronto University, at two a reception of Kingston and Belleville deputations, an inauguration of Horticultural Societies' grounds at three, a visit of inspection to Knox's College and Normal School at four, and a grand ball in the evening at nine, at which,

as usual, the Prince danced every dance till four in the morning. The suite began to think that if the programme was to be followed out in that manner, His Royal Highness was certain to come back a sadder and a wiser man, for the mere personal fatigue involved in such continued journeys, balls, addresses, and receptions, was enough almost to affect a constitution of iron. But the inexhaustible fund of good-humour and good-nature which His Royal Highness possessed seemed enough to carry him through anything, though at this time I almost feared that arrangements would have to be made for relieving the suite, who, though of course not wanting in the amiable characteristics which distinguished His Royal Highness, did not possess that charm against all excitement and all fatigue which belongs alone to youth.

The adventures of Rasselas, as a warning to royal travellers, were nothing compared to the experience of the Prince of Wales; and when it was recollected that he had to go round through the States by way of Chicago to Portland, the question which occurred to every one was, how was he to do it all? Why wasn't there a proxy Prince of Wales to go ahead with the courier, do battle with the Orangemen, collect the addresses in hampers, and take the rough edge off city festivities, ere His Highness himself arrived? Grand landings, or state balls, might have been reserved for the real Dauphin of Great Britain, but for the perpetual opening of parks and halls, which had been opened and in use for years, the long journeys there and back again, the excursions to see places where nothing was to be seen,—these might all, with a great saving of time and inconvenience, have been turned over to a royal deputy.

As for the mere journalists, who had to go every-

where, see everything—travel all day and write all night—relays of *them* should have been ordered in advance along the route like post-horses. I must own that after that dreadful Tuesday at Toronto, I almost succumbed. Following the Prince from regatta to review, from review to universities, deputations, inaugurations, parks, pleasure-grounds, colleges, and schools; and all through such mud and such rain as there was at Toronto, was enough to fatigue even a “special correspondent,” whose *forte* is popularly supposed to be an aptitude for doing without meals or sleep, travelling and sight-seeing twenty-three hours a day, and writing a long and cheerful history of the whole during the twenty-fourth.

The excursion to Collingwood on Monday was, however, a pleasant affair; and inasmuch as the trip only necessitated a journey of 200 miles, with a state visit to three towns, it was, on the whole, rather a quiet day than otherwise. The first tract of country which stretches between Toronto city and Lake Huron is of the quiet, undulating character which distinguishes the scenery of Lower Canada, where the land has been partly cleared in some places, and where a general demolition of the forest growth is actively going on at all. There was no medium in the scenery here. Where cleared, the land was as level and monotonous as a vast meadow; and where the clearings ceased, the eternal mass of pine forests began. The late and always continuous rains had hastened the advance of autumn. Already the evenings were very chill, and a light frost rested on the ground at night, leaving a trace in glowing colours on the forests, which deepened day by day. The full rich green of Canadian woodland was altering hourly, the maple had donned its brightest scarlet, and the swamp ash seemed wreathed

with gold. Every leaf and shrub was changing, a mass of the richest colours spread out on all the hills, and the trees seemed to revel in glorious tints before the tremendous frost of the Canadian winter hid them in ice and snow for a long six months. What in England is called autumn is in Canada called the "fall," and the terms are characteristic. There is no "fall" in England, only a long decay of summer, when the sun shines with a cold sickly gleam, and the withered leaves, all brown and shrivelled, rustle down day by day, as the winter winds rise. It is, in fact, rather a period of the year which we call autumn because it is only not winter by courtesy, when the nights are long, damp, and foggy, the mornings crisp with a misty frost, and the sun only comes at long intervals to apologise for the general absence of daylight. In North America there is nothing of all this. The summer there never tries to struggle through long wintry days, perishing leaf by leaf. Like the black swan, that is said only to sing before it dies, the woods and fields are most glorious when most near decay, and ripen into such masses of scarlet and gold, such pinks and soft rich browns, streaked here and there, amid the deep green lofty pines, that the forests become pictures of unutterable beauty, and you feel as you gaze upon the scene that Providence has in its goodness, and as if in compensation, made the gradual approach of a tremendous winter more lovely than even the most glowing spring. For two or three short weeks the woods and mountains remain thus in piles of gorgeous colour like sunset clouds. During this, the "Indian summer" as it is called, the air is mild, calm, and still, with a solemnity of quiet as if Nature knew the impending change, and the very woods listen in every leaf for the coming of their great foe. At last it comes, in one keen, angry

night of freezing cold, stopping great rivers and fierce rapids as though it struck them dead, and covering the hills and valleys with that ghastly shroud of snow under which all North America lies torpid for half the year. Then comes "the fall." In four-and-twenty hours after the leaves of thousands of miles of forest are on the ground in patches of reds and yellows, which the snow makes haste to cover in massive drifts, as if it rejoiced in its long-disputed victory, and tyrannised over the woods it had at last subdued. The "fall" had not then come, but it was fast approaching, and one could see at a glance by the aspect of the woods which lay between Toronto and Lake Huron that the first assaults of winter were visible in the rich glowing colours of the trees and leaves.

At all the stations His Royal Highness passed on the line some attempt at decoration had been made; some little muster of the backwoods' population was sure to be in waiting to see the train rush by, and cheer and wave their hats and hands in a general way to everybody in it. At most of the little villages there were arches; at Aurora there were three erected right across the line. One was simple and pretty; another was Masonic and unintelligible; the third was Orange. There was no mistake about the character of this last. It was pure Orange, with all its insignia—the portrait of the "glorious, pious, and immortal Monarch," and the letters and number of the lodge by which it was stuck up. It was right across the line, too, so there was no help for it or time to help it, and the royal train with the Prince, per force, passed under the Orange arch. No one in it could forbear a smile at the obstinate pertinacity displayed by the Orangemen, and the ingenious manner in which they had compelled His Royal Highness to pass under their party emblem, all

bedizened as it was with the most obnoxious of their banners. The whole thing was, of course, a trap laid by the lodge, and showed such a determination to overcome their royal guest which would have done credit even to the Kingston men. At the little town of Aurora the Prince stopped for a minute while an address was read, to which he briefly replied. From this the train passed on through Newmarket, Bradford, and Barrie to Collingwood, at all of which places there were crowds and arches, but no Orange symbol or flag of any kind. At Barrie there was a very beautiful agricultural arch covered in with sheaves of corn, with gourds and pumpkins, grapes, and melons.

Barrie is very picturesquely situated on Kempenfelt Bay, a long inland branch of Lake Simcoe, with a small population three-fourths of which were originally composed of retired naval officers, and where the inhabitants are consequently both poor and proud, much given to ancestry, and an avoidance of labour. From Barrie the train went at once to Collingwood, a little town situated on a low sandy shore at the head of Georgian Bay, on Lake Huron. Travellers who have not seen these great lakes of North America are apt to imagine that they must be wonderfully beautiful, and because Windermere and Killarney are little gems, therefore larger lakes must be proportionately finer. Let any of my readers who want to see Lake Huron, go down to the little sandy hills of Pakefield, near Lowestoft, and standing up to the ankles in the sand look out upon the German Ocean, and there he will see all he sees on the shores of Lake Huron. Collingwood is a small straggling town, tolerable, and only worth seeing from the fact that last autumn it only attained its fifth year. Six years ago not a stick was cut in the wilderness on which Collingwood now stands, and it promises

to extend itself in a few years more to the dignity of a city of Upper Canada. At this place, after the usual ovation, the royal party embarked on board a small steamer, and made a short excursion on to the lake and to Nottawasaga Island, not remarkable for anything but its being an island, which was somehow or other in this case turned into a claim of surpassing interest. From Collingwood His Royal Highness returned over the same road to Toronto, where he was received by an immense crowd with a hearty and loyal welcome; and, contrary to the expectation of the alarmists, no rudeness was offered to the Prince; even the duke escaped scatheless, and instead of being groaned at, was loudly cheered.

I have already alluded to Tuesday the 11th as being a day which was set apart for a most inordinate number of festivities. Several of these had been fixed for other days, but the incessant rain had necessitated their postponement to this Tuesday, and lo, on this day it rained harder than ever! and nothing but bedraggled and bemired processions, all dank and dripping, were to be seen about the streets in all directions.

The first festive effort was a regatta, at which, as usual, without the slightest preconcerted signal, a crowd of little yachts stood out into Lake Ontario and disappeared in the rain; and this interesting ceremony over, the crowd left them to their own devices, and all roofed in by umbrellas went splashing and squattering through the mud to another grand celebration—the inspection of the Volunteers. On this latter event, however, I must be allowed to drop the veil. An “inspection” is not an exhilarating ceremony; and when to its natural drawbacks must be added the facts that the “troops” on the ground were short of a strong regimental company—that the spectators under *para-*

pluies looked as muddy and damp as a group of fungi—that the ground was little better than a dilapidated watercourse, and every one was in a hurry to get home and change his clothes, I think I have told enough. Waving handkerchiefs to the Prince that had occasionally to be wrung dry, had not a cheering effect; and the aspect of crowds of country people, come in for a great holiday, standing up to their ankles in slush, cheerless, dripping, and weary, had, on the whole, rather a depressing influence than otherwise. So with the opening of the park (which it would have been an act of humanity to shut on such a day). The rain was heavy and incessant, driving in eccentric rushes under umbrellas, and bouncing off the ground with such violence that it seemed to be coming up as well as down. Here His Royal Highness laid the foundation-stone of a statue of the Queen, the ceremony connected with which was of the usual meagre character. The stone having been duly lowered and plumbed, the inevitable address was read, and a magnificent silver trowel, with which the Prince tapped the mortar, was duly presented to him, and the “Queen’s Park” declared to be formally opened.

After this the deputations from Belleville and Kingston were received at Government House. The address from the people at Belleville and Kingston deplored in the most earnest manner the unfortunate occurrences which had prevented His Royal Highness from landing, and besought him to believe that the great mass of the people of the town entirely disclaimed any share in the party processions, which were as offensive to them as to the Prince. It concluded with a warm request that His Royal Highness might even then honour them with a visit, thus restoring them to the right to feel that they were in the opinion of the world, but more especially

in the sight of the Queen and His Royal Highness, lovers of peace and order, and loyal British subjects.

To this kindly and apologetic address His Royal Highness made the following reply :

“Gentlemen,—It gives me the most sincere pleasure to receive this numerous and influential deputation from Belleville, and to hear from your lips the assurances and explanations contained in your address.

“All painful feelings occasioned by the proceedings in your town on a recent occasion, which I knew were heartily disapproved by the great majority of the inhabitants, are now entirely removed ; and the only regret that I experience is that I am unable to comply with the strongly-expressed wish of your citizens, and those of Kingston, that I would go back and pay them that visit which was so unhappily prevented last week. My engagements to other places will not admit of such a change as a return so far eastward would necessarily entail, and I cannot break faith with those who have so kindly made preparations to receive me. It causes me real sorrow to leave Kingston and Belleville behind me unvisited ; but I will not fail to inform the Queen of your protestations of loyalty and devotion, nor to add my own conviction of their entire sincerity.”

The deputation at an end, and a hurried lunch over, the Prince had to start again to visit the University, which, like the other public buildings in Toronto, is a spacious and handsome structure, and one which would do honour to either of the Universities in England. Here he was received by the heads of the University and the various professors, and conducted through the fine building, signing his name in the students' book, and, as he had not then graduated, receiving an *ad eundem statum* instead of an *ad eundem gradum*.

From the University the Prince drove to inaugurate the Horticultural Societies' grounds. It was not a day

for inaugurating anything but ponds, fountains, aqueducts, and waterworks, but the Prince went to this, nevertheless. There was a magnificent display of fruit and flowers under the tents, and a wonderful collection of garden-stuff in the way of mangolds and swedes, cucumbers, carrots, squashes, and pumpkins, with other vegetable eccentricities of grotesque forms, looking like lobsters grown upon vines. These the Prince inspected with his suite, and then proceeded to inaugurate the grounds by planting a meek-looking vegetable called a young maple-tree. This was done in the usual stone-laying style, His Royal Highness distributing the earth, then very like mortar, with a silver spade, which, of course, was presented to him when he had finished the state gardening. Everybody seemed to wonder when these gold medals, silver trowels and spades, would come to an end. His Royal Highness had still to open the Agricultural Exhibition of Upper Canada, at Hamilton; and it was almost thought that this would result in a silver plough with ebony handles, or a steam threshing-machine with a Calliope attached to play "God save the Queen," or an oat-bruiser beautifully embroidered with the royal arms, like the chair of state which Miss Wilder had sent on the previous day to Government House, being presented to him. From the Horticultural inauguration the Prince went to Knox's College, thence to the Normal Schools, and thence, after a state dinner, to the grand ball given by the citizens of Toronto. This was a very beautiful fête—better than that at Quebec, but of course far inferior to that of Montreal. It was given in the Crystal Palace Exhibition building of Toronto (Exhibition buildings are as common in Canada as Government or Parliament houses), and this was as admirably adapted to the purpose as any ball-room not specially

built for the occasion ever could be. It was sufficiently crowded to show the anxiety of the people to be present, and sufficiently spacious to accommodate all without inconvenience. The Prince of course danced till four in the morning. Within six hours after the conclusion of this entertainment the whole party were again en route for their next halting-place at London.

CHAPTER X.

LONDON.

Welcome at London—Close of Orange Correspondence—Duke of Newcastle's Reply—Parallel between London in England and London in Canada West—Indians of Sarnia—Distribution of Medals—Proceeds to Niagara.

HAD His Royal Highness been really making his first state visit into the colonial metropolis after which this town of Canada West is named, he could not have received a more hearty or a more kindly welcome. In no part of Upper Canada had I seen a greater concourse than was assembled to meet him at the station, and in very few cities had His Royal Highness seen streets better or more tastefully decorated than those of London. Not content with shouting till the people were almost black in the face, the whole dense mass surged after the royal *cortége* to the hotel where the party were to stay. In front of this they remained the whole day, cheering with such unyielding vigour that the Prince had to come to the windows again and again to bow his acknowledgments of a reception that was really astonishing from its intense fervour. When His Royal Highness had done this so often that even the crowd felt they could not in courtesy ask him to appear again, there arose an equally loud demand for the Duke of Newcastle, which, as the good citizens of

London are many of them Orangemen and all strict Protestants, evidenced pretty clearly that his grace's conduct during the party disputes at Kingston and Toronto had gained for him the admiration and goodwill of all sensible classes of the community, and of a large majority of the Orangemen themselves. The duke was for a long time reluctant to notice the demand made by the people, but after some time, finding that nothing else would content them, he too had to make his appearance in the balcony, when he was greeted with such demonstrations of applause as were scarcely, if at all, inferior to those bestowed on the Prince himself. After this it is almost unnecessary to add that there were no symptoms of Orangeism at London, and in fact it was shown most conclusively that the Orangemen as a body were foremost in condemning the outrageous conduct of those at Kingston, and the few who had attempted to follow their example at Toronto. While on the subject I may inform the reader that the Orange correspondence was closed in this city by the receipt of an inordinately long letter addressed by the Mayor of Kingston to his grace, in which the reasons for the demonstration at that town were coolly attempted to be justified, and the blame on the whole rather thrown on the duke than otherwise. The style of this document, which again renewed the falsehood that the Prince had always been attended by Romish priests and bishops at Quebec, in their robes and insignia, may be judged from the fact that, when published, one sentence wound through *forty-four* lines of closely printed type.

To this long epistle the duke at once despatched the following brief reply:—

“LONDON, CANADA WEST, *Sept. 13.*

“Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the letter of the

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11th inst., which reached me this afternoon. It would be easy to refute the arguments, and contradict the statements advanced by you on behalf of the Council of the city of Kingston, but I have neither time nor inclination for the task. I have only, therefore, to express my hope that it is your intention to publish your letter without delay. If you do not, I shall feel it my duty to do so, in order that it may receive an answer from the good sense of the Canadian people.

“ I am, Sir, &c.,

“ NEWCASTLE.”

With this quiet rejoinder the Orange correspondence ended for the rest of the tour.

The city of London, in the county of Middlesex in Canada West, is as a matter of course very firmly believed in by all the inhabitants, who hold it as an article of faith that the only difference between their young town and the metropolis of Britain is one of a purely geographical nature, allowing for which and the natural superiority of climate enjoyed by the Canadian London, both cities are much on a par. The Marseillais have a saying that Paris only wants a Rue Cannebière to be a little Marseilles, and I think the Londoners of Canada have a notion that the British Middlesex only requires to be half covered with wild pine wood to bring it up to the standard of its namesake in Canada West. In order still further to carry out this illusion of the strong resemblance, there is one rough wide street, with a few trees and a few houses and a wooden footway, which is called Oxford-street, and another wilder and more remote, with a carriage traffic about equal to that of Burlington-arcade, which is known as Cheapside. There is a Bond-street, which has only one side partly finished, the other abutting immediately upon the fields; and there is a Regent-street very like Bond-

street, but without the one side. There is a little river which one might almost jump across called the Thames, as unlike it in size as in the purity of its clear wholesome water. Across this there is a temporary wooden structure, which tourists are requested to recognise as Westminster Bridge, and which certainly the traveller finds no manner of difficulty in believing is as unsafe and obstructive as its English namesake, till that great adorer of the Thames, Mr. Page, took it down. There is a St. Paul's and a Cheapside, which, like the

“row most modestly called Paradise,
Which Eve might quit without much sacrifice,”

have about as much resemblance to the places they are called after, as Wellington-street has to the Iron Duke. There is a park and a Pall Mall, too, and a Covent Garden Market, a fine, well-built place, smaller, certainly, but one almost as well supplied with fruits, flowers, and vegetables as our own in England. But, as I have told the reader, in this colonial backwoods parody of the great metropolis the inhabitants have an unshaken faith, for they have carried their English feelings and English recollections with them into the far west, and look round on the little London of their own making with a feeling of pride and affection which, naturally enough, if not greater is at least as great as that they feel so evidently towards the mother country. In that town a real Londoner may safely intimate that the city does not much remind him of that which he has left behind, though woe betide any Lower Canadian or American who should do the same, or draw any comparisons disparaging to the London of Canada West. For the rest, the streets are very wide, and scrupulously

clean, the houses lofty and substantial stone structures, the few public buildings are large and handsome, and infinitely above the average of what would be found in towns of the same size in England; and the Londoners themselves are, like all the townspeople of Upper Canada, known well and widely for their progressive spirit and warm and kindly hospitality. Great, however, as may be the resources of this miniature metropolis in other respects, it did not afford a private residence large enough to accommodate His Royal Highness. The Prince, therefore, with all his suite, was lodged in the chief hotel of the town—a huge building like a barrack, called the “Tecumseh House,” after a fierce and celebrated Indian warrior; though why an hotel should be called after a savage Chippewa any more than a maternity charity or a foundling hospital it is hard to imagine.

Nothing in the way of State, beyond the interminable addresses, was done at London on the day of the Prince's arrival, so the people had to content themselves with standing all day in crowds to look at the exterior of the Tecumseh House, which they did accordingly with a perseverance that was astonishing. In the evening the town illuminated, of course, and though the display in this matter was not very great, it was greater than could have been anticipated from the means at the disposal of the city, and, on the whole, made a pretty show. Early in the morning of the 13th the Prince started by the Great Western Railway for Sarnia, the extreme western terminus of the Grand Trunk, where its long line of 1100 miles of rail ends at last upon the wilds of Lake Huron. Sarnia is a quiet, pretty little town, of the Collingwood class, though infinitely more picturesque in its surroundings, while the country which stretches between it and

London is about the best cultivated and most fertile of all the lands of Upper Canada. At Sarnia there was a deputation of some 150 Indians from the tribe of the Chippewas in waiting to receive His Royal Highness. Unlike those at Lorette, these were real Indians, both in their dress, which was wild and picturesque, abounding, as usual, in unpleasant paint and motley feathers, and in their bearing, which was reserved and dignified. They indulged in no efforts to counterfeit lunacy in the shape of war dances, nor made any display of school-boy agility and strength in attempts to perform the so-called "Indian games," such as were made in the presence of His Royal Highness at Montreal. They had a wild, keen, and really savage look, which, however, retained all the sullen *hauteur* and studied apathy said to be peculiar to the North American Indians in the days when their voice was law to the early settlers, and they ruled the hunting-grounds from New York Island to beyond Lake Michigan. Their chief advanced as the Prince drew near, followed by the tall, lithe, swarthy forms of his braves in a kind of semicircle round him. When within a few steps of His Royal Highness the band stopped, and the chief, in a deep, harsh, guttural voice, which he accompanied now and then with a quick expressive movement of his hand, addressed the Prince in the Indian language. What the actual words of the speech were, of course, I cannot say, but it was a kind of general welcome from the tribe of the Chippewas, mixed with protestations of devoted loyalty to the Prince and his Royal mother. His Royal Highness replied in English, stating the satisfaction which it gave him to see them, and thanking them on the part of the Sovereign and himself for their expressions of loyalty and good will. This speech was translated by an interpreter, and at the end of each

sentence a deep "ugh" of satisfaction went round among the red skins, who gave a shrill wild whoop at the termination of the address. His Royal Highness gave each of the chiefs a magnificent silver medal to commemorate his visit, and smaller ones of the same kind to the subordinate members of the tribe. These they received with unmistakeable symptoms of satisfaction, though so carefully concealed under a studied reserve that it was only by the quick flashing eye and proud curl of their hard, cruel-looking lips that the spectators could detect it. The medals given on this occasion were unusually large and handsome: nearly four inches in diameter and very massive. I was told that they had been struck at the close of the last century for distribution among the chiefs of the tribes who had most distinguished themselves in the war against the Americans. From some cause or another they were never given, but remained "in store" till the arrival of His Royal Highness, when the matter was recollected by some one or other, and they were once more brought out, furbished up, and re-chased with the coronet of the Prince of Wales. Thus the medals intended by George III. as rewards for bloody service rendered against the then revolted Americans, were more than fifty years afterwards distributed by his great grandson, while en route to visit the President and Washington's tomb, to the last surviving remains of a totally different tribe. As a rule the Indians prize their medals beyond anything, and I saw several who cherished as priceless heir-looms the medals their forefathers had earned in the War of Independence. No money will induce the Indians to part with these, but the tourist had better be careful how he trades in the matter of tomahawks, of which he is sure to see plenty which the whole tribe will swear and affirm are

the old originals used in many a bloody fray with the French and Americans. I was shown an old Indian who invariably refused at first to take twenty-five dollars for such a weapon, but who was always glad after a little bargaining to take ten or fifteen. I use the word *always* in its fullest sense, as "The cunning little Beaver" or "The Hawk terrible in War," for the chief rejoiced in private life in some such astonishing title, had sold "ever so many" of those veritable tomahawks to eager travellers, and the instant one was gone he made another precisely like it. On the return of the royal party to London a levee was held, attended as usual by all the town disguised for the nonce in boisterous stocks which they could scarcely see over, and other raw colonial produce intended to personify evening dress.

In the evening there was a very grand ball in a long wooden ball-room, specially built and most extensively decorated for the occasion. At this, of course, the Prince danced all night, and, as elsewhere, speedily became the very idol of the assembly from the cordial good humour and courtesy with which he not only enjoyed it himself but made every one else enjoy it also.

Early on the following morning (14th September) travelling was again resumed, and the party started for Woodstock to receive addresses and return replies. From thence His Royal Highness went by train to Paris, another backwoods town having as strong a resemblance to the French capital as the London of Canada bears to the English metropolis. From Paris, through a country of the most surpassing richness and beauty it is possible to conceive, the Prince went on to Brentford, where more addresses were presented by a family of nine Indians, and where the Royal party stopped to lunch.

There was but short time for this meal, however, as a long route still lay before them ; so all haste was made from Brentford to Fort Erie by rail, thence by steamer to Chippewa, and thence again by rail to the Falls of Niagara.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Temporary Quiet—Aspect of the Falls—How to see Niagara—The Falls Illuminated—Performances of Blondin—Visit to the Whirlpool—Fatal accidents.

HERE for a few short days—too few by far—there was a temporary lull in the whirlwind of addresses, reviews, processions, state balls, and noisy Orangemen. The Prince lived privately at the pretty cottage of the late Mr. Zimmerman, and several of the suite were accommodated in the rows of little cottages which fill the beautiful gardens of the Clifton House Hotel. The Prince for once in Canada was in private. State and pomp were scattered to the winds, and he rode out and walked out without a mob at his heels, and could sit and watch unobserved for hours the tremendous majesty of the scenes around him. It was on the whole quite as well that royalty was *incog.* before Niagara. The shout of a mob, or the tinsel of a procession, would have showed poorly by the side of that great Altar of Nature, where a misty incense is always rising to heaven, and the eternity of water speaks only of One. Amid that scene princes, powers, and denominations are all forgotten, as you stand before the Falls of Niagara, which pour down with such a majesty of power that you can only

gaze with solemn awe upon the grandest and most terrible of all God's works in nature. It is a scene which poets and authors have tried for years, but always failed to tell. Artists have studied there, poets have drawn their inspirations from its huge green billows, and some of the ablest writers of the Old World have told us less what they saw, perhaps, than what they thought of these mighty cataracts. But Niagara is still and must always be unpainted and unsung. You miss in all the best attempts its might, its ever-changing play of colour, its hideous rush, its restlessness, its roar. Words, in fact, are powerless before the stupendous force and terror of this cataract, and all the wealth of language would be exhausted before one could tell how the great hill of waters which drops from the monstrous cliff so smooth, so green, so deep, changes ere one can mark its fall into millions of columns of spray which, darting out like white fireworks, shoot down and down till lost in the clouds of mist which always wrap the base of the Falls in dim and grand obscurity.

Along a path where many so immeasurably abler than myself have striven, but striven in vain, to pass, I will not attempt to follow. Like the men here who, clad in waterproof, venture behind the cliff of waters with visitors, I must content myself with the humbler office of guide, and try and explain how it is that so many people affect to be disappointed with their first view of Niagara. Every one expects so much from these cataracts, and is so eager to see them, that, fired with the notion of a second deluge, they strain their eyes in all directions as they advance and catch stray glimpses of the Falls here and there, now hidden by trees, now lost in spray, till, when they do really stand before them, they are apt at last to

experience a feeling which, if not disappointment, is at least one of less surprise. Let the visitor fortify himself against indulging in these hurried glances. If anything can possibly lessen one's appreciation, or rather awe, of these tremendous cataracts, it is this. If he comes to the Canadian side, as most visitors do, he must pass over the beautiful suspension-bridge, which, like a web of iron, thin and delicate as a net, spans a tremendous ravine between the cliffs, which on either side hem the rapids in some two miles below the Falls. Let him from this look *down* the stream. There is quite enough to occupy attention as the mass of deep blue water rushes madly through the gorge far down below him, checked here and there for a moment by a sunken rock, over which they storm and rave and seem to turn upon their hidden enemies in a circle of dreadful whirlpools, the ring of angry froth in which shows the vortex where beams, and trees, and logs of timber are dragged beneath and hurried down for miles and miles till they emerge at last in the quiet, solemn-looking waters of Lake Ontario. Who that has ever gazed down here from this bridge can wonder at the belief of the Indians that an evil spirit resided beneath these dreadful waters? for ever and anon out of its least angry spots a huge green wave will suddenly upheave and seem to choke and struggle with the rest. For an instant it spreads dark and terrible from cliff to cliff, as though it strove for room; then, with a fierce roar, tumbling headlong forward in a cloud of spray is carried off with a rush like the sweep of destiny. To watch these rapids as, stayed for a moment by rocks too solid even for their dash, they go pouring down wave on wave for ever will occupy the traveller sufficiently till his carriage crosses the bridge. Then

let him by a winding road drive far above the Falls on the American side, and beyond where the swiftest and most awful of all rapids, those which are pouring towards the cataract, begin to show their force. Before him he will see a noble river, more than three times the width of the Thames at London, without a ripple on its deep blue surface, and flowing quickly on, though still so smooth, so treacherously quiet in its might, that one might almost think of swimming in it but that the branches of trees and little bits of timber which hurry down so fast give such a warning of the power beneath the water as even a fish would not care to disregard. A mile or so lower down, and the river begins to throw off all disguise, and hurries swiftly on, keeping the roots and plants that fringe its edge flickering and waving tremulously out, or pouring against the points of rocks and islands with a force that makes it recoil back in a feather of spray, as from the bows of a steamboat, till you can almost fancy that the very islands have got adrift and are struggling fiercely up against the stream. By-and-by foam appears on the water, then whirlpools, which spin till your head reels to look at them, then more foam, then lines of deep sunken gullies, where the blue water drops heavily down and seems to choke and rave till it become a livid, frothy white, freeing its waves at last in sullen heaves and throes, and rushing on again, torn, jagged, and roaring, wilder and more dangerous than ever. As you gaze upon the rush you feel a horrid yearning in your heart to plunge in and join the mad whirl and see the mystery out. Yet even with this thought at its strongest you shrink instinctively from the dreadful brink, where the very waters themselves seem hurrying to destruction. Faster and faster, and wilder and wilder, it

pours with every minute throbbing over the rocks and stones in mounds of spray, like loosely driven snow, bent into crooked channels between the islands, but always rushing on as if the river was mad. Trees, tumbled over and over, toss their wet branches out of water as if they strove for help against their enemy, and cling for one brief instant to the banks to be whirled down the next more rapidly than ever. Gradually Goat Island comes in sight, its massive piles of rocks and dense quiet foliage contrasting so strongly against the wild terrible uproar and rush of waters, writhing and dashing madly past its base. You are nearing the cataracts, and soon a dreadful line of foaming breakers begin to show white in their restless anger, and looking from their massive deep slow plunges like a sea of half-thawed snow as they rave and hiss and cast their flakes high into the air. Every minute the race increases till the bubble and rush from the seething waters fill your ear and prepare the mind for that great scene below, where their majesty of terrors culminates. Yet there seem no rocks among these breakers, and you notice with surprise that all their heaving struggles are back against the stream, as if the very waves themselves were conscious of the tremendous abyss into which they were being hurried, and strove against their fate. But all in vain do the surges rise; each second adds perceptibly to their might and dash, till round Goat Island, where the great rapids commence, and where the waves

—“headlong plunge and writhe in agony”

—a perfect hell of waters—the Charybdis of the western world. None can stand on the frail bridge which spans the Rapids here without a feeling of almost alarm as he looks beneath and sees those surges,

terribly beautiful, within fifty yards of their great leap, smashing over everything with a force that makes the very banks quiver with the vibration, plunging and whirling down from rock to rock with a headlong delirious fury that is at once dreadful and sublime. One minute and they overwhelm the rocks in a crowd of waves, then receding with a great convulsive leap and roar, leave the stones bare, smooth, and polished for a single instant, till drowned and hidden by another surge that, thundering and rushing on, bounds from stone to stone,

“Crashing on cliffs which, downward worn and rent
With its fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a dreadful vent.”

It is here that the resistless might of the great Falls can be best appreciated as you note the tumbling waters gathering strength for that great avalanche of waves where, racing and struggling over the cliff, they fall at last, and a mighty river is dashed into beads of foam. Let the visitor not turn aside from the route I have attempted to describe to look at the American Falls. Elsewhere, perhaps, they would be grand and beautiful. Here, close to the great Horseshoe Cataract, on the Canadian side of Goat Island, they seem almost nothing—a mere picturesque accident of the situation. The traveller should pass at once across Goat Island, and at its furthest extremity is a frail wooden bridge, which, stretching from rock to rock on the very verge of the great Fall, leads to Terrapin Tower. And here my humble duty as guide ends, for,—

“Lo ! where it comes, like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread ”

—Niagara. The idol of all the worshippers of nature

—the goal and object of western travel—the cataract of all the cataracts in the world is before you, and you pause with devotional sadness as “deep calleth unto deep” with thundering roar, and the great amphitheatre of green waters pouring down in silent majesty is lost for ever in the clouds of spray which rise so dense beneath them. Here words are powerless, guides are useless, and he who wishes to see and feel Niagara must watch it for himself. He must study it, he must live near it, he must hear its solemn roar, and fill his mind with its every hue and aspect. He must rise at dawn and see the sun break through the pine woods, till its rays fall on the cataract, and wake its colours into life and play, lighting it up in the distance like a gigantic glacier. He must watch it hour by hour as the deep green mass always keeps nearing the edge, and no longer struggling now in waves yields to its fate, and flowing smooth as oil nearer and nearer, come slowly and solemnly over the cliff like a green curtain, and with one stately massive plunge pours down and down, till the eye loses its rush, and the bright emerald hill of water shades into dazzling white, as broken at last in its long fall it parts into spray and disappears in the mist. He must watch its feathery edges darting over like cascades of snow upon the rocks beneath, rushing into the great basin at the foot of the cataracts, where the waters hiss and seethe in foam, yet lie all motionless now, as if stunned and crushed by their deep overthrow. Niagara has flowed from all time as it thunders now, yet even those who have lived there longest see in its mighty rush fresh beauties every hour, though its eternity of waters never alter in their bulk for summer sun or melting of the great Canadian snows. Sometimes a sudden gust of wind will rise and, clearing up the mist in broken masses like a torn

cloud, show the base of the Falls, a Phlegethon of waters, where they seem to writhe, and creep, and boil in endless torture. To see this is grand; but to watch them in the evening and the night from the Canadian side is the finest and most solemn scene of all. As the sun goes behind the hills, the mist rises higher and higher, in a gauze-like cloud, which spreads from shore to shore, wrapping Goat Island in its grey sombre tinge, and making its very rocks and pine woods look watery and unsubstantial as a vision. When the silence of night settles down at last upon the scene, the roar of the cataract seems louder and more grand, and through the darkness its great outline of foam and livid water can be dimly seen, vague, terrible, and ill-defined as is the ocean in a storm, yet making its impression of eternal force and grandeur not less distinct upon the memory, never to be forgotten. As often happens to those who watch these cataracts on a summer's night you may see the lightning playing down among the angry waters, and then the scene is one of unutterable terror and lurid grandeur.

There are three notable ways of seeing the Falls, which are always shown to such visitors as have the courage to attempt them. The first is under the hollow cliff on the Canadian side, where a winding staircase in a wooden tower, leaning against the face of the rock, leads down to the level of the water. From this point out of the reach of the fall of waters, though dreadfully accessible to their massive spray, a scrambling, narrow ridge of loose stone leads down. Clad in a waterproof suit like the dress of a diver, you venture out upon this path. You need all your coolness and vigilance here, as the clouds of water keep eddying out from the cataract on your left almost dense enough to drown, and quite thick

enough to blind. One false step and all the world could not prolong your life a single instant. As you advance upon the path and dimly see the little stony track before you the stoutest heart beats quicker. High over head a cave-like mass of black limestone projects in a rough arch for more than 50 feet, and beneath this a vista opens up which might pass for the entrance to the pit of Acheron. Yet a little further and the spray meets you in a suffocating mass, till half drowned with the water and stunned with the hideous roar, you gasp for breath as the cold strikes a chill through your frame and drives you to seek a moment's shelter with your face close pressed against the wet rocks ere you dare it further. A minute or two for breath and you creep on again, shielding your eyes from the water and looking down cautiously upon the smooth slippery path, now and then turning sharp round to avoid the whirlwinds of spray which dash and eddy up in fierce clouds as though they meant to tear you from the cliff. At the end of the path you pause, and during the brief intervals between the drowning showers you try to survey the scene. You are some 40 or 50 yards under the edge of the Great Horseshoe Falls, and in the thick and greenish twilight can see the huge curtain of water falling from the cliff 200 feet above you like a sheet of rough ground glass, and shooting into streams and columns, as it falls lower and lower down on the pointed rocks before you, which steam and seethe, and send the great mass hissing off as though they were red hot. It is a tremendous and an awful sight, neither beautiful nor picturesque, but without its equal in the wide world for grand and solemn majesty of force. Yet truly speaking its terrors sink away to nothing in comparison with the view disclosed as you turn and look straight ahead

beneath the Falls. Some yards before you, though only dimly seen, stands a tall solitary strip of rock—thin, sharp, and even as the edge of a knife, and round the base of which no human foot has ever passed. Let those who visit Niagara, and dare this utmost passage, press close to its edge, and wait for a chance to look beyond. Now and then with a hoarse roar, heard even above the din of waters, the clouds of spray are hurled upward like a steam explosion, and you can see dimly into the green darkness beyond, almost beneath, where the great fall comes over like a deluge, and where, for one brief instant as the misty curtain lifts, you half descry where something like a cavern yawns, blacker and gloomier than all. It is only for an instant that these glimpses may be had, and one may wait a chance for hours ere it will please Niagara to afford even such a scanty gaze into the mysteries which these dreadful waters have hidden from all eternity.

Another way of seeing them close is to go up in the little steamer the "Maid of the Mist" to the foot of the cataract itself, and the third is to master the details of the American Falls by creeping behind them to visit the Cave of the Winds. The last of these feats is the most difficult, and even the most dangerous. It should only be attempted in fine weather, as creeping right behind the Falls and coming out upon the rocks at their base necessitates rather a long immersion in cold water, and indeed, the whole feat requires courage of no ordinary kind to undertake it at all. But all the risk and all the drenching is more than repaid by the unequalled magnificence when the rocks at the foot are gained at last. The first view which the Prince got of the cataracts was on the evening of his arrival, when he saw them as no man had ever seen them before, and as they will probably never be seen again—

he saw the Falls of Niagara illuminated ! At the first idea it seems about as feasible to light up the Atlantic as those great outpourings of Lake Erie, and Mr. Blackwell, when he started the idea, was looked on as well meaning and all that, but chimerical, to use the mildest term. Mr. Blackwell, however, persevered, and had some 200 Bengal lights made of the very largest size which it was possible to manufacture. About 50 or 60 of these were placed in a row under the cliffs, beneath Clifton House, and facing the American Fall; 50 or 60 more were placed under Table Rock, and 50 or 60 behind the sheet of water itself, the entrance to which, from the Canadian side I have already described to the reader. At ten o'clock at night they were all lit, and their effect was something grand, magical, brilliant, and wonderful beyond all power of words to pourtray. In an instant the whole mass of water, glowing vivid, and as if incandescent in the intense light, seemed turned to molten silver. From behind the Fall the light shone with such dazzling brilliancy that the waters immediately before it looked like a sheet of crystal glass, a cascade of diamonds, every bead and stream in which leapt and sparkled and spread the glare over the whole scene, like a river of lighted phosphorus. The boiling rapids underneath dimly reflected back the pale livid gleam as from a mirror, lighting up the trees and rocks and all the wild torn chasm through which the rapids pour, and showing out the old grey ruins of Table Rock like the remains of a huge dilapidated tower. The smoke, too, rose in thick dense masses, spreading upwards over the cataracts in a luminous cloud that it seemed as if Niagara was in a blaze from base to summit. But all this grandeur and beauty were as nothing to the effect produced when the lights were

changed from white to red. Niagara seemed turned to blood in colour, but so bright, so lurid in its deep effulgence that a river of seething, roaring, hellish fire appeared to have taken the place in an instant of the cold, stern, eternal Falls. None could look upon this scene, the huge, fiery, blood-red mass, dark-looking and clotted in the centre, without a feeling of awe. You could not speak, so sublime were its terrors, nor move your gaze from the blazing caldron underneath the Falls, where the river seemed in its frothy red foam like boiling blood.

His Royal Highness walked quietly out on Table Rock and saw the whole of this grand scene to the best advantage, and afterwards walked round past the Clifton to his own house, quite unknown to the dense crowd.

On the following day His Royal Highness saw M. Blondin execute his most terrific feat—that of crossing the Rapids on a tight rope with a man on his back. To leave the study of these eternal cataracts to witness the feats of any rope-dancer, however skilful, is very much like shutting your prayer-book to go and witness a pantomime. Nevertheless, among the Americans Blondin is a great favourite, and many of them actually carry their admiration of his feats so far as to say that unless you see “Blondin walk” you don’t see Niagara. Without being too analytical in searching after motives, I verily believe that at least one-half of the crowds that go to see Blondin go in the firm expectation that as he must fall off and be lost some day or other, they may have the good fortune to be there when he does so miss his footing, and witness the whole catastrophe from the best point of view. One thing, however, is certain, that if you do go to see Blondin, when he once begins his feats you can never take your eyes off him

(unless you shut them from a very sickness of terror), till he is safe back again on land. The place where his rope was stretched was about a quarter of a mile below the Suspension Bridge, over the lower Rapids, and about two below the Falls. To do Blondin justice, his skill is so great that he would as soon stretch his rope along the edge of the Falls themselves as not, but at this place there is no point on either side to which he could secure it. All the waters of Niagara, however, could not make his fate more certain and inevitable than it would be if he fell from the place where his rope was then fixed.

It was stretched between two of the steepest cliffs over the Rapids, about 230 feet from where the waters boil and roar and plunge on in massive waves at the rate of some twenty miles an hour. To see him venture out on this thin cord and turn summersaults in the centre, standing on his head, or sitting down holding by his hands, revolving backwards over the rope like a Catherine wheel, is bad enough for nervous people; but on this Saturday, after keeping every one's hair on end thus for twenty minutes, he prepared to carry a man across on his back. The mere physical exertion of carrying any one nearly a distance of half a mile is no slight feat, but when that space has to be traversed on a half-tight rope higher than the Monument, from the sea of boiling rapids underneath, where one false movement, the tremour of a single nerve, a moment's gust of wind, or temporary faintness, would hurry both to an instant and dreadful death, the attempt is so full of sickening terror that not many can bring themselves to witness it, and those who do, remain cold, trembling, and silent till the dreadful venture is safely passed. Blondin took the whole matter coolly enough. His Royal Highness was urgent with him not to attempt it, but he

replied that there was far less real danger in the feat than appeared to lookers-on, that he was quite used to it and felt quite at ease, and that as he had everywhere announced his intention of performing it before relinquishing his attempts for the season, he felt bound to go on. He accordingly divested himself of his Indian chief's head-dress and bead-work coat, and put two strong straps crosswise over his broad muscular shoulders, each strap fitted with a flat wide iron hook, to rest on his hips, for in those his adventurous companion was to place his legs. Mr. Calcourt was the man to be carried, and this person, in addition to his own coolness and confidence in Blondin, had himself a sufficient knowledge of rope-walking to enable him to stand on it alone whenever Blondin himself wanted rest. The preparations were soon made. Blondin took a very long and rather heavy balance pole. Calcourt divested himself of his boots, and put on a pair of ordinary slippers, the soles of which were well chalked. Blondin then stood steadily, and Calcourt, grasping him round the neck, gently and slowly hoisted first one leg into the hook and then the other, and allowing his limbs to swing as relaxed as possible, the venture commenced. Of course, with a rope nearly half-a-mile long, no power could draw it straight across such a gulf. It therefore sloped rapidly down at both sides from the edges of the cliffs on which it was secured. This made the attempt look doubly fearful, for it seemed impossible, as Blondin went down the steep incline of cord with slow, cautious, trembling feet, with body carefully thrown back to keep his balance as he almost felt his way, that he could avoid slipping, and being dashed to fragments on the rocks far down beneath. At last, however, he passed it, though very slowly, and in about five minutes more gained

the centre of the rope and stopped, when Calcourt, gently raising his legs from the hooks, slid down and stood upon the cord while Blondin rested. Getting upon his back again was a terrible business. Twice Calcourt missed raising his legs to the hooks, and Blondin oscillated violently under the efforts made on his back. This unintentional awkwardness, which no doubt arose from nervousness, I was afterwards informed, led to a fierce altercation between the voyageurs, and Blondin swore, if Calcourt was not more careful, he would leave him on the rope to get back as he best could. Awed by this threat, Calcourt was more careful, or more fortunate in his third attempt, and the dreadful walk was resumed. Three more such stoppages for rest were made. During one, when almost in the centre of the rope, there was a violent gust of wind, which fluttered Calcourt's coat tails about as if it would blow them away, and made both men sway on the little cord till the spectators were almost sick with fear and anxiety. The whole passage occupied about a quarter of an hour.

Blondin then performed the still more dangerous task of returning along the rope *on stilts* about three feet high, and this he did quickly and with apparent ease.

His Royal Highness went afterwards to the foot of the Falls in the "Maid of the Mist." Let the reader imagine three sides of a square larger than Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, formed of rocks 170 feet high, and a body of water 100 times as great as that of the Thames at London Bridge, rushing over them each minute, and then he will have some faint idea of what these Falls are when the little steamer gets into the hollow square of water, just before she is forced back by the tremendous rush from them down the stream again.

Sunday was, of course, a day of rest, but on Monday the Prince again went driving round to the magnificent scenery in the neighbourhood of the Falls. It is, perhaps, the best proof which can be given of the attractiveness of these stupendous cataracts that very few people trouble themselves with the neighbouring scenery at all, though, if the Falls were not there, the exquisite combination of rock and woodland all around would alone suffice to draw visitors from all parts of North America. Of course the Prince, with the chief members of his suite, paid a long visit to the great whirlpool which the Rapids form some three miles below the Falls. This whirlpool, after the cataracts themselves, is the finest and most magnificent of all the grand features of Niagara scenery. As a mere whirlpool it is not much to see, the great vortex, which devours all things coming over the Falls, being far beneath the surface of the water, and only indicating its presence now and then, and at rare intervals, by allowing some beam or tree to escape its hidden grasp, and dart wildly up to the surface, where it flounders about like a huge alligator till again dragged under and kept whirling round for months and months together. It is here that the bodies of those who are lost over the centre of the great Horseshoe Fall are nearly always found; and, singularly enough, are always found uninjured, and nearly always naked. Little trace or vestige is ever found of those who are hurled over the shallow edges of the cataract at either side. The weight of the water crushes them into the crevices of the pointed rocks below, and there they remain, or only emerge in such mutilated fragments as escape recognition. An exception to this rule was in the case of a German, who committed suicide by jumping off the edge of the

Fall on the Canadian side last autumn. Two or three hours afterwards one of his legs was found in the whirlpool, but no other trace of the wretched being was ever discovered. His was almost a solitary instance of suicide committed over the Falls, and I do not wonder that so few have ever attempted it, for in no place in all creation is man so solemnly reminded of that Being who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand.

There are, on the average, from three to four fatal accidents each year at the Falls, either from incautious or foolhardy persons falling into the Rapids. One such most melancholy accident had occurred only two or three weeks before the arrival of the Prince, to the nephew of Mr. Street, the owner of the islands, on the very edge of the Horseshoe Fall. Between these islands Mr. Street has had small bridges thrown across, and on the largest and most picturesque of the group, near the very edge of the cataract, and in the centre of the fiercest of the rapids, he has erected a lofty wooden tower, from the summit of which the prospect is one of unsurpassed grandeur. While walking here with his nephew one Sunday, the young man's hat blew into the Rapids. It stayed for one second under the lee of the land, during which the unfortunate young gentleman attempted to seize it, lost his balance and fell into the water. In another instant he was whirled over the centre of the Horseshoe Fall, and no trace of him was ever after found, though the whirlpool was searched for days and days in vain.

The whirlpool is a part of the Rapids below the Falls, where the perpendicular cliffs are some 300 or 400 feet high, and where a huge circular basin is formed, from which apparently the waters have no outlet, but go whirling round and round, in vain endeavouring to

escape. It is not till you have descended apparently interminable flights of steps (a second Niagara of ladders along the face of the cliff), and, scrambling over rocks and brushwood, reach the water's edge, that you discover on the right a narrow steep rift between the cliffs through which all the waters of Niagara pour and rush with such velocity and might, that it seems at first as if cliffs and rocks, ay, and the very land itself, would yield to their irresistible rush. Standing near this outlet, and looking back on the whirlpool, you notice with astonishment that the whole of the immense body of water in the latter rises in a globular shape, at least from three to four feet higher than the level of the water at the outlet. In fact it rushes in much faster than it escapes, and it is only by the immense pressure from behind forcing the flood through with tremendous velocity, that the rising of the waters in the whirlpool is kept down at all. To sit on the rocks here and watch the terrific outpour of water occasionally leaping up in huge green waves or masses of snowy foam, is a sight only inferior in force and grandeur to the Horseshoe Fall itself. The Royal party remained there a considerable time, and a glorious sunset seemed turning the cliffs and rocks into mountains of gold before they left the whirlpool, and drove back over the Suspension Bridge into Canada.

CHAPTER XII.

HAMILTON.

Laying corner-stone of Monument to Sir I. Brock—Address, and the Prince's Reply—St. Catharine's—Contrast between Upper and Lower Canada—Situation of Hamilton—Reception of the Prince—Levéé at the Royal Hotel—Ball at the Anglo-American—A Turbulent Dutchman—Inauguration of Agricultural Exhibition and Farewell Address—Excellence of Arrangements—Departure from Hamilton.

ON the morning of the 18th His Royal Highness quitted Niagara for Hamilton and, en route, proceeded to lay the corner-stone of the monument erected to Sir Isaac Brock, "the hero of Upper Canada," as he is still affectionately called, and who, like Wolfe, fell victorious on Queenstown Heights, after totally defeating and making prisoner the American army, in the war of 1812. A fine monument was erected to this great and gallant man soon after the war, but an Irish renegade carried hatred of the mother country to such an extent, as to cross the frontier in 1840, and blow it up completely with gunpowder. A new monument, costing £2000, was erected by subscription in Canada, and inaugurated with great state and pomp in the presence of an immense assemblage in 1859. The pinnacle of it, however, was left uncompleted that His Royal Highness might have the honour of perfecting the work. Many of the old veterans of the desperate war of 1812

were assembled round this venerated spot,—men with their children and grandchildren, who, more than half a century ago, had left their homes as volunteers to meet the enemy upon the border. Not a few had been present at the celebrated battle of York,—men who had witnessed the blowing up of the powder magazine which gave the signal for the retreat that resulted in the capture of Toronto,—and nearly all had assisted at the victory of Queenstown Heights, and charged up the hill to the shout of “Revenge the General.” Among those present who fought on that day as volunteers were such names as Sir J. B. Robinson, his Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, Judge McLean, Sir E. P. Tache, Sir Allen McNab, Mr. Robert Stanton, Hon. Mr. Gordon, Mr. G. Ryerson, Hon. Mr. Merritt, Col. Kingsmill, Hon. Mr. Dickson, Col. McDougal, Col. Kirby, Col. Thornton, Mr. J. C. Ball, Mr. R. Woodruff, Col. Clarke, Col. Street, Col. Denison, Rev. Mr. Richardson, &c. The Prince came upon the ground soon after eleven, when the volunteers, headed by the venerable Chief Justice, Sir J. B. Robinson, presented an address, which deserves to be recorded here:—

“MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—

“Some of the few survivors of the militia volunteers, who assisted in defending Canada against the invading enemy during the last American war, have assembled from different parts of the provinces, in the hope that they may be graciously permitted to offer to your Royal Highness the expression of their loyal welcome, upon your arrival in this portion of Her Majesty’s dominions.

“In the long period that has elapsed very many have gone to their rest, who, having served in higher ranks than ourselves, took a more conspicuous part in that glorious contest.

“They would have delighted in the opportunity we now

enjoy, of beholding in their country a descendant of the just and pious Sovereign in whose cause they and their fellows fought, and whom they were from infancy taught to revere, for his many public and private virtues.

“We feel deeply grateful to Her Majesty, whose condescension to the wishes of her Canadian subjects has conferred upon us the honour of a visit from your Royal Highness; and we rejoice in the thought that what your Royal Highness has seen, and will see, of this prosperous and happy land will enable you to judge how valuable a possession was saved to the British crown by the successful resistance made in the trying contest in which it was our fortune to bear a part,—and your Royal Highness will then be able, also, to judge how large a debt the Empire owed to the lamented hero Brock, whose gallant and generous heart shrunk not in the darkest hour of the conflict from the most discouraging odds, and whose example inspired the few with the ability and spirit to do the work of many.

“We pray that God may bless your Royal Highness with many years of health and happiness, and may lead you by His providence to walk in the paths of our revered and beloved Queen, to whom the world looks up as an illustrious example of all the virtues that can dignify the highest rank, support worthily the responsibilities of the most anxious station, and promote the peace, security, and happiness of private life.”

To which the Prince replied,—

“Gentlemen,—I accept with mingled feelings of pride and pain the address which you have presented to me on this spot,—pride in the gallant deeds of my countrymen, but pain for the reflection that so many of the noble band that you once belonged to have passed away from the scenes of the bravery of their youth, and from the peaceful avocations of their riper years. I have willingly consented to lay the foundation stone of this monument. Every nation may without offence to its neighbours commemorate its heroic deeds—their deeds of arms—their noble deaths. This is no taunting boast of victory, no revival of long passed animosities—but an honourable tribute to a soldier's fame; the more honourable because we readily

acknowledge the bravery and chivalry of that people by whose act he fell. I trust that Canada will never want such volunteers as those who fought in the last war—nor volunteers without such leaders. But no less the more fervently I pray that your sons and your grandsons may never be called upon to add other laurels to those you have so gallantly won. In the Queen's name accept from me thanks for your expressions of devoted loyalty."

The stone on the splendid obelisk was then solemnly laid. It was a singular coincidence that the Prince at New York visited General Scott on the 13th of October, the very anniversary of the day when, forty-eight years before, he, as Lieut.-Col. Scott, had, with the entire American army, been taken prisoner at the battle of Queenstown Heights. The rather meagre ceremony over, the Prince and Royal party had time to admire the superb and unequalled panorama which was to be gained from the heights over the surrounding country. The rich gently-undulating well-cultivated hills, the soft blue expanse of Lake Ontario, and the deep black ravine down which Niagara thundered in the distance, with its roar faintly heard like a dying wind, and its course only marked by a soft ridge of haze, the aspect of quiet cultivation which reigned over all, from the broad green meadows in the horizon to the white wooden farm buildings in the foreground, with their orchards filled with clumps of peach trees, ruddy and heavy with their massive growth of fruit, all made it a landscape which, for diversity and richness, would bear comparison with any in North America. From Queenstown Heights the Royal party drove to the edge of the river, where they embarked on board the steamer and stood down the stream for the little and very pretty town of Niagara. Here were very many handsome arches, one of which bore the inscription, "Edward

abundance, there was such a calm in those wild, clean, fruitful homesteads, there were such signs of progress and of energy, even in the forests hacked aside to make room for cultivation, that one could not but gaze with lingering astonishment upon the scene of rising prosperity, and think of that vast class at home whom Bumble denominates "able-bodied paupers," going supperless to bed for want of work. Why, here are millions of acres of such fertile land as English farmers never think of getting without draining, manures, top-dressings, and all the scientific agricultural slang which marks the presence of poor land. Here are millions of acres still clad in all the savage grandeur of the wilderness, and seeming to call, in their rich matted growth of timber and luxuriant underwood, for some one to clear an overburdened soil, and let the natural fertility of the earth have scope to show its proper might and usefulness. Where the lumberers fell timber on the Upper Ottawa, they scatter handfuls of Indian corn among the rugged stumps, and lo! in some six weeks' time, a harvest for a few in number, though enough in quantity to keep an English parish. Yet men break stones in England for 8*d.* a day, and cost the country 10*d.* more while doing it, and farmers here cry out for labour, and get it for a few short months, till their servants have saved enough to better themselves and buy land. Then at once the law of Canada steps in with restrictions which drive them in hundreds and thousands yearly to the prairie of the far west of America. It is not to be supposed that the active folly which drove the States into manly insurrection and independence will ever be repeated by the Home Government; but one sees occasionally such slimy traces of red tape Barnacles over Canada, such signs of its being left to the mischiefs of shortsighted legisla-

tion, such checks upon its growth as no young colony, however naturally vigorous, withstands for long. There is a mighty future for Upper Canada if emigration to its fertile soil is only fairly encouraged and developed by the government at home; if they will only hold out such real inducements as American agents often hold out falsely, and who manage to persuade people, even when half-settled in British dominions, to make another and a final move for prairie land. In truth and honour, and as one responsible for every written word, I cannot help saying that, land for land, the prairie is much better than even the picturesque valleys of Upper Canada; but there is not at all that difference between the two which would lead a farmer to prefer 100 acres out West to 200 or even 150 in Upper Canada. Enable emigrants to buy three acres in Canada for what they would only get two in Michigan, Illinois, or Wisconsin; let a man buy ten acres or 1000 if he pleases, or as his means permit, and there would be no want of settlers in Canada. Occasionally, however, once in every eight or ten years, a dim and premature consciousness of what must in time be their prosperity overtakes the Canadians of the Upper Province, and, infected with the trading mania of their near American neighbours, they rush into land speculations more wild and more improvidently hopeless than some of the bubble schemes which the annals of Capel Court can show. Such spendthrift aberrations throw the colony back for years; for during the rage of these land fevers—fevers which no past experience of loss and almost bankruptcy of provinces seems to mitigate—a tract of forest into which almost no one has penetrated, will sometimes sell for nearly twice the present price of land in Cheapside. The value of uncleared land in Upper Canada varies from two dollars to four dollars an acre;

yet, during the prevalence of these speculative epidemics, 600*l.* sterling per acre has been offered and refused, and as much as 120*l.* per foot of frontage tendered in vain for by-streets in towns.

Towards dusk the royal train quitted the cleared farm lands, and entered upon a track which the tremendous Canadian forests hemmed in close, casting a peculiar sombre gloom, unknown to autumn evenings, over the little line of rails between. There is something in the ponderous stillness of these forests—something in their wild, torn, mossy darkness, their utter solitude and mournful silence, which impresses the traveller in a new aspect each time he sees them—which awakes ideas of melancholy admiration, which I wish I could describe, though I cannot forget. In Upper Canada the endless masses of pines give way at last, or at most stand thinly intermingled with gigantic beeches, tall hemlocks, and ash, with maples, birch, and wild sycamore, the underwood of these great leafy hills. Mile after mile and hour after hour of such a route was passed—a deep black solitude, with here and there a vista opening up, showing the massive trunks, gray as cathedral ruins, which bore the rich canopy of leaves aloft. I call it a canopy of leaves, for nothing would excuse its being called a canopy of green. The winter was closing in fast upon the sombre glory of the forests, and they stood in such glowing tints, such deep rich scarlets, as if the leaves were steeped in blood; such piles of glittering yellows, of pinks, and quiet faded mellow hues, that you gazed lost in admiration, as hill after hill opened out in sheets of burning colour, like the last grand shower of Nature's pyrotechnics before they closed in frost and snow and darkness for the winter. Cropsey and other artists may paint an American autumn, but who can describe

it? Look at the monstrous pine, that was barked last year, and which, all dead and white, seems to spread its lean shrivelled arms abroad like fleshless bones, trying to stay its fall. Over the trunk a creeper comes, which, turned to pink, to purple, gold, and scarlet by a few nights' frost, droops in festoons of colour like ragged, brilliant drapery; but so bright, so wild, and graceful in its quiet curves, that it seems at once both more and less than natural—the work of a decorator in its arrangement, in tints, such as only Nature's colours ever yield. In the foreground stands a clump of trees, clustering round in piles of gold, intermixed with wild sycamores of light quick green, red, purple, crimson, and almost black. Behind are trees of every shade of autumn glory, from faded gold to almost blue, while above towers the massive deep green pine, unchangeable in its solemn features as Canada itself, with a host of umbrageous deserters round it in wrinkled brown and faded leaves of all hues, rustling to the wind with a sharp dry crackle as the "fall" comes nearer and nearer on them. Let any reader who can from such poor description imagine miles upon miles of this forest scenery bathed in all the tints of a stormy sunset, with hill and vale, mountain and river bank deep swathed in gorgeous robes of hues like these, and he can then form a faint—though but a faint—idea of what North American scenery is during the Indian summer, that bright, quiet, treacherous forerunner of the severest winter in the world. Now and then a little clearing was passed in the twilight, with the log hut wreathed in evergreens and flowers, with the settler's family standing at the door anxiously watching that the train might pass, and the Prince see their little decoration before night closed in. Windsor, the last town in the Canadian frontier, and facing Detroit on the opposite bank of

the river St. Clair, was reached at nine o'clock. Near Windsor is the village of Chatham, notorious for its population being almost entirely composed of fugitive slaves. All plantation hands near the frontier, who can manage to escape, make at once for this village, and each year, therefore, witnesses an increase of some considerable number to its inhabitants. Describing the woes and sufferings of these fugitives would, of course, make an admirable anti-slavery chapter, quite as poignant in its griefs, and almost as unreal in its facts, as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But in this matter I am unfortunately withheld by the necessity of adhering to facts. Truth, therefore, compels me to state that the runaways to Chatham are by no means welcomed with open arms by the neighbourhood around it. Amiable and kindly English gentlemen—men who hated the very name of slavery—told me that these men were a perfect curse to the place, incorrigible idlers, whom nothing but actual hunger would induce to work, and who, when their own immediate wants were satisfied, left their wives and children to get their living by any means they could devise, fair or foul. The majority of them were, in fact, looked upon as public nuisances, and even the most strenuous and uncompromising Abolitionists round Chatham learn with very doubtful satisfaction that another idle vagrant has been added to the number already in the village. Let not the reader mistake this for any, even the faintest, apology for slavery. Its real horrors as it exists "down South" in Mississippi or Alabama can never be exaggerated—probably will never be truly known. For these "chattels," however, there is no escape but death. It is only from the States towards the North that any ever fly, and in these States there is such a strong anti-slavery feeling, that, as a general

rule, the negroes are well and kindly treated. Therefore is it that nine-tenths of those that run away are merely those who dislike work in any form whatever, and whose only notion of liberty is the right of doing as little as will keep soul and body together, and whether this little can be come at honestly or otherwise, I was told often made little difference.

Facing Windsor, divided by the river St. Clair, a fine broad channel which forms the communication between Lakes Huron and Erie, is the frontier of the United States with the city of Detroit, exactly opposite the old Canadian town. There were an immense amount of preparations and illuminations made at Windsor, though the Prince did not halt a minute, but at once went on board the little steamer which was to take him across the river to the United States. All the craft in the stream were illuminated, bells rang, guns fired, and rockets shot into the air from every point. But as the boat approached the landing-place at Detroit it became almost a question whether the Prince would be able to land at all. As there were no police the firemen had turned out with their torches to endeavour to keep open the line of route between the landing-place and the Russell-house Hotel, where the Prince was to stay. As long as there was no occasion for it this route was kept pretty well, and the dense crowd of more than 30,000 people on either side of the narrow little strip of fire remained in tolerable order. But with the arrival of the Prince's boat it became impossible to restrain their eager curiosity, and, after swaying heavily and uneasily backwards and forwards for a few minutes, the weight of the masses overbore all resistance, and the whole crowd collected in one dense, solid throng, round where the Prince intended to land. The firemen kept partly together in one spot, but

their efforts were useless, save in so far as their torches cast a red gleam over the sea of upturned faces, and showed at a glance the utter impossibility of disembarking till some way was cleared. The carriages, though not a yard from the boat, could not be reached, and even if reached, the crowd had jammed them in in such a manner that moving them was out of the question. In vain the authorities tried to force a passage, and in vain the firemen strove to collect together and keep round the carriages; a regiment of cavalry could not have forced its way through the dense unmanageable throng which, with hoarse shouts, and the attempts of some to advance and of others to extricate themselves from the intolerable crush, heaved backwards and forwards in waves of human beings. The crowd, in fact, was powerless from its own numbers and density, and the efforts of those who strove to restore order only made matters worse. At last, some more resolute or free to move than others seized the horses of one of the nearest carriages and backed them, all kicking and plunging, through the crowd, till alongside the steamer. This cleared a little passage, which the firemen improved upon so as to form a short, narrow opening, keeping the people back only by desperate efforts and thrusting their torches against those who encroached the most. Those in front, however, were as anxious to keep order as the firemen themselves; it was those far behind who pushed on to see what they thought must be the gorgeous spectacle going forward, and whose mere weight made it impossible for those in front to resist them. Taking advantage of the little opening made by backing the carriage, the Prince, with the Duke of Newcastle, the Governor-General, and Earl St. Germain at once entered the vehicle, which soon forced a passage through the

crowd—the sooner, perhaps, because not a soul knew that the Prince was in it. No one seemed for a moment to suspect that the quiet, handsome, fair, young man, dressed in the plainest of travelling suits, was really the Prince of Wales. Perhaps, as travelling in a private capacity, the crowd at Detroit did not expect to see him in his coronet and feathers, but they certainly looked forward to his being in uniform and attended by a train of gorgeous courtiers bowing to the dust before His Royal Highness, and otherwise conducting themselves in a manner popularly supposed in the Western States to be peculiar to our effete and worn-out aristocracy. After two or three carriages had departed, and it was thought that the Prince must then really be coming at last, a great rush was made by the crowd, which overwhelmed firemen and everything, and surged heavily up to the water's edge. Mr. Pennefather, the Governor-General's secretary, with one of the firemen and a sailor, were forced over the edge of the wharf into the river, and were near being drowned before, in the confusion that prevailed, they could be rescued. Mr. Pennefather had so narrow an escape from the wheels of the boat which had just started that one actually grazed his shoulder, and took the skin off. When the crowd found that the Prince had really gone, there was a pell-mell rush back to the hotel, round which thousands crowded till nearly midnight, and all the passages, doors, ante-rooms, and staircases of which were quite as crowded as the streets. People seemed to have an idea that every one who asked to see His Royal Highness would be admitted at once, and it was not until some hundreds had been informed that this was quite an erroneous impression, that they very reluctantly consented to go away, and leave him to the repose he so much needed.

On the following morning the Prince drove round the town. Detroit, though an old French settlement, is a very new American city—a city of some twenty-five years' growth, with its wide streets and huge stone and red brick houses intermingled with wooden buildings, which tell of its modern date and sudden rise. Situated on the River St. Clair, which affords splendid water communication with Lakes Huron and Erie, and even with Lakes Michigan and Superior, its position for commerce is unrivalled, and for a long time it has been the central mart and depôt for the immense corn trade coming from the prairie lands. It is not so flourishing now, however, but is apparently rather on the decline, being neither as prosperous nor as populous as it was five years ago. It is not uncommon in America to see cities suddenly spring into wealth and grandeur in the midst of the prairies, and, after a few brief years of marvellous prosperity and progress, decline as new favourites further out west absorb the tide of immigration. Such is the case with Detroit, the commercial capital of Michigan. Such, in a few years, may be Chicago, that most marvellously sudden of all the sudden cities here. The corn depôt on the wharfs of Detroit is an immense wooden building, in summer crammed up with sacks of maize and wheat, in winter sometimes full to the very roof with thousands upon thousands of carcasses of frozen hogs waiting for transport to Canada. In the centre of the depôt is a very pretty fountain, which struck me as rather an unusual feature, for "*We air* a practical people here," and seldom run to anything like poetical adornment for adornment's sake. I was told that it had been erected for the use of emigrants, who arrive here by thousands in the spring and who sleep about the depôt for days till hired as "helps," or till their

purchase of prairie land far up in the interior is completed. Most of these emigrants are Germans and Norwegians. Very few Irishmen comparatively go there now, and I wonder how any go there at all; for your true American looks down upon the Irish with immeasurable scorn, regarding them as necessary evils for rough menial work—a sort of free nigger, who at best is only tolerated on account of a certain menial usefulness. Australia, or New Brunswick, is the place for Irishmen, in America their lot is at first but that of bitter servitude—of servitude that gains neither the affection nor esteem of those who may for the time be called their masters. As a great central corn mart the railways have injured Detroit almost beyond redemption, but its situation for commerce is too favourable to allow it long to remain in its present comparative depression.

The route from Detroit to Chicago was a long and tedious affair, a dull monotonous railway journey of more than ten hours, though a mere trifle to what was encountered afterwards between St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Pittsburg. The Michigan Central Railway is considered one of the best on the whole continent, and if this is true, Heaven shield men from going on any of the bad ones, for a worse line I never travelled over. At some parts the car rolled and jerked like a boat in a rough sea; and if that was a specimen of a good line, how a really bad one could be “navigable” at all it is hard to imagine. The arrangements at the railway station were not good, and the crowd of boys and loafers who swarmed up over the royal car, pulling down the windows and thrusting in their heads, was so great that it was almost hidden by their numbers. A very little ordinary care and consideration on the part of the managers of the station might have saved His

Royal Highness this annoyance, for however good-tempered he was under such inflictions, it could not be otherwise than annoying to any gentleman to be hailed thus, like a wild beast, by a mob of dirty boys and rowdies. The road from Detroit for the first 140 miles was of much the same character as that of Upper Canada—huge peach trees, however, taking the place of orchards of apples and pears. The American plan of letting their peach trees grow wild and free like ordinary trees, instead of nailing them flat against a wall as we do, seems to answer beyond what could have been supposed possible, and even the smallest of American trees bear more fruit in this manner than the finest and largest trees in England nailed flat. At one of the villages where the train stopped to take in wood and water, there was a repetition of the same annoying curiosity on the part of men and boys, who crowded all over the royal car. This was repeated to a less extent at another small village, and after that there was no further trouble. There were crowds always, but their behaviour was quiet and decorous, and their natural eagerness to see the Prince never passed the bounds of marked respectfulness. As the train neared Michigan city the country assumed a wild, deserted aspect, huge barren sand "dounes" rising on every side, much of the same wild and desolate kind which one meets with in crossing Anglesey to Holyhead, or on the shore near Ostend. Suddenly the sand hills opened out, and along a bleak level coast, wet-looking and desolate as that at Southport, stretched Lake Michigan, in a huge deep blue expanse, like a colossal mirror. I never saw a shore more desolate and sterile-looking, the very lake itself seemed dead and cold, without a single ripple to quicken its dull, blue waters into life. From this point out to Chicago the

train passed over prairie land. The prairies are to my notion grand and impressive at all times; and above all, they are especially so on a clear night. There is something inexpressibly grand in their huge, boundless extent, their gently waving mounds and thick, long grass, which make the distant horizon wavy and indistinct as that of the ocean itself. Yet the impression is at first almost weakened as mile after mile is traversed, and still no change from the wild, tremendous uniformity of grass plains, always stretching away on every side, till the land and sky seem to meet, with not a bush or tree to break the dead level of the view. Sometimes, and only rarely, a little swampy patch comes in, half grass, half water, choked with weeds, and its margin fringed by a few stunted trees, which, weak and sickly, seem to have been poisoned by the malaria of the pools which here give off such malignant fevers and hot agues of dislocating violence. Such swamps, however, are rare, and you lose sight of them in an instant amid the long, rich, waving verdure, over which the wind sweeps with the violence of a strong sea breeze, keeping the grass undulating for miles and miles in gentle billows, as if the whole prairie was in motion. At these times, with the cold light of the moon showing the scene in gloomy indistinctness, the prairies look grand and mysterious beyond description.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHICAGO.

Arrival at Chicago—Procession of “Wide-awakes”—Growth and Prosperity of the City—Its importance as a Corn depôt—Moving a Dwelling-house—On a Shooting Excursion.

THE train arrived at Chicago soon after eight o'clock at night, crossing a long viaduct over the edge of Lake Michigan, and in the centre of the water. The town itself was all astir, and its long lines of houses, with lights in all their windows, made it at a distance look not unlike the first appearance of Venice. There was an immense concourse of people in the station, but their conduct, though enthusiastic enough, was quiet and orderly, and, in this respect, contrasted most favourably with the crowd at Detroit. His Royal Highness went at once to his hotel, the Richmond House, where every preparation had been made for his reception by the indefatigable courier and general provider for the Royal party on the American tour, Mr. Bachmeyer. The authorities placed police all round the house to prevent unnecessary crowding and intrusion, and a band of Volunteers serenaded His Royal Highness during the night. On the whole, if the reception at Chicago was to be taken as a sample of what His Royal Highness would meet with throughout

the States, the Royal party felt that it would leave nothing to be desired either on the score of its hearty welcome, or utter absence of everything like intrusion or annoyance. Both the late candidates for the Presidency—Mr. Douglas, democrat (of the pro-slavery party), and Mr. Lincoln, republican (anti-slavery), had been nominated from the state of Illinois, so that at the time of the Prince's arrival party feeling ran rather high. On that night there was a torch-light "demonstration" made in favour of Lincoln by the "Wide-awakes." These men mustered in great numbers, and with their torches assembled in front of the Tremont House Hotel, from the balcony of which they were addressed by many speakers until nearly ten o'clock. The speeches were long and temperate, and sometimes almost funny. But, whether temperate or intemperate, funny or dull, the "Wide-awakes" gave no sign of animation. They listened, or appeared to listen, with great attention, but there was no cheering, no laughter, no amusing running commentary of embarrassing remarks, such as one hears on similar occasions from an English crowd. All was orderly in the extreme, but to outward seeming at least dull and apathetic. Certainly a better conducted, or a more perfectly quiet popular assemblage I never saw in my life. But that the meeting had a sensible and practical purpose in view, but that they were earnest about it, in spite of all their quietness, and but that there were no frantic denunciations of everybody but themselves, one might almost have thought they were attending a gathering in Exeter Hall.

On the following evening there was another procession in favour of Douglas, and then, to my surprise, I found that a large number of the men who had turned out before for Lincoln, now came to swell the ranks of

his opponent. This seemed so utterly unaccountable, that I made inquiries concerning it at once. Then I learnt that each of the torch-bearers was paid for his attendance, so much per night—a piece of information which at once solved the mystery of their total indifference to the speeches. In fact they were paid to listen to the supporters of each candidate quietly, and enthusiasm for either one or the other could form no part of such a bargain. The knowledge of this little transaction, however, afterwards tended much to weaken my admiration for the steady and good order of the demonstrations. On the morning of Saturday, the 22nd of September, the Prince, with the Duke of Newcastle, and most of the suite, took a drive round Chicago, the foremost of that large class of prairie cities which promise before long, from their importance, wealth, and quiet, orderly energy of their population, to effect radical changes in the present political struggles of the United States. For sudden growth and immense prosperity, Chicago probably stands unequalled even in the history of Western enterprise and progress. San Francisco and St. Paul's in the extreme West are the only two cities which afford any parallel to its rise. In 1831 and 1832 Chicago was only an Indian trading post; in 1841 and 1842 it was a small wooden prairie town of 5000 inhabitants. It is now an immense city with rows of stately streets, noble public buildings, fine squares and avenues, the centre of an immense trade, with a rich and thriving population of 160,000 people, to which the tide of emigration alone adds many thousands every year. In fact, when one looks on its great lines of streets and warehouses, its huge depôts for grain and produce of all kinds, its banks, hotels, churches, hospitals, and public buildings, it is all but impossible

to believe that this has been the growth of less than thirty years—that hale and, comparatively speaking, young men, the owners of immense fortunes, who were among the first to settle on the present site of the city, can recollect when it was only prairie land on which the Indians hunted buffalo and deer. Yet there is something in the very aspect of the town which bears out the assertion of its modern growth. The city, in fact, is still building on every side. You can go down none of the principal streets without finding one or more gigantic blocks of warehouses, some of iron, some of massive stone, some even of white marble, being built upon the sites of little wooden shanties, from the trade carried on in which was realised the fortune that now pays for the erection of these palatial warehouses. If any reader can imagine how Manchester would look with its blocks of factories built of white stone, marble, or red brick, and highly decorated; with between each two or three blocks a little pile of wooden huts like travelling caravans taken off their wheels, hotels erected to resemble palaces scattered all among the rows of buildings, with very wide streets and wooden sidewalks, with rough stumps of pine-trees set along the roads in all directions to carry telegraphic wires—if he can imagine these things, with all the aids of glowing colours and active, commercial, bustling city life, picturing, too, the whole city on the banks of an inland sea, like Lake Michigan, with bridges, canals, and wharfs, and crowds of shipping, he can then form a fair idea of what Chicago is. And all this in little more than twenty years! It is still nevertheless the most grotesque and whimsical city that I ever saw. It is such an extraordinary *mélange* of the Broadway of New York and little shanties—of Parisian buildings mixed up in some way with backwoods life. If the best shops of

Regent Street, with the best houses and terraces of Bayswater, were profusely intermixed with wooden shanties, and occupied by some 160,000 busy people, and a whole army of bricklayers put all round such a city to try to build it in with suburbs of stately stores and streets, larger than any yet attempted, it would be like Chicago. It is like something that one has seen everywhere, yet, as a city, it is like nothing else but itself under the sun. You pass through streets of houses bigger and handsomer than the Great Western Hotel, and next door to them is a group of little mushroom wooden tenements, the dwellings of the first settlers, which one might jump over, and which are regarded as among the antiquities of Chicago, though scarcely, even for slight wooden buildings, old even now.

But as the tourist sees almost miles of warehouses building in all directions, he is apt to ask himself the question, is not Chicago, like all the precocious western cities, *overbuilding* itself? The inhabitants say not, in spite of the admitted fact, that if building at Chicago goes on for the next four or five years at the rate it has been going on for the last two or three, the city will be almost bigger than New York. It is very difficult for a visitor to find out anything as to the real state of prosperity of an American city while in the city itself. None of the inhabitants will ever admit that it is not one of the chief cities in the Union, while, on the other hand, the people of a rival town give a most gloomy picture of the future of all towns but their own. This was the case at Chicago. According to the inhabitants its riches and prosperity were boundless and inexhaustible. According to the opinions of neighbouring towns, it was merely what is poetically called, "the gilded index to far-reaching ruin,"—a bankrupt,

overbuilt town, two-thirds of which was mortgaged to its full value to the money-lenders of New York and Boston. In truth there is no real ground for any of these extreme statements. Chicago has overbuilt itself, and is suffering just now for its fault. It is a fault, however, which two or three years will rectify, when the prosperity of the place must become greater than ever. Overbuilding cannot have the same effect at Chicago which it has produced at Detroit, for the simple reason that the State of Illinois, of which Chicago is the commercial capital, is one of the new agricultural states, comprising within its boundaries a tract of prairie land of almost precisely the same size as England and Wales, and which, for fertility of the soil, is not to be equalled by any other state in the Union, save perhaps Wisconsin and Minnesota. The two latter, however, are as yet but poorly settled, though their natural advantages are said to be equal to those enjoyed by the settlers of Illinois. The State of Illinois grows cotton, tobacco, maize, and wheat of the finest kinds. The whole State, in fact, is prairie—that is, level meadow-land, covered with rich long prairie grass, with a deep, fine, soft, black loamy soil, which lies over the gravel in depths of from five to six or ten feet. All that the settler therefore has to do is, to confine his cattle till they eat down the long grass, then plough at once, and sow his corn year after year, without manuring, or often even resting the land in any way. The fable of “Jack and the Bean-stalk” is almost realised there in the gigantic crops of Indian corn, where the plant in a few weeks attains a height of more than ten feet, and where the ear of corn is as massive and heavy as a rolling-pin. I was shown some of only a few weeks’ growth, which were more like young bamboos than plants of maize. For farm-

ing and for dairy and cattle-rearing purposes, the prairie land is said to be the best in the world.

It is these resources which make it almost impossible that Chicago, which is the centre of the trade of the whole State, can ever overbuild itself to any ruinous extent. It is probably the largest corn depôt in the world, not even excepting Odessa or Alexandria. The corn lifts, as they are termed, are among the "sights" of Chicago. By these lifts, corn to the amount of millions of bushels is stored in the floors of lofty warehouses, the depositor receiving a printed acknowledgment like a cheque, that so many hundred or thousand bushels of a certain quality are in store on his account. On these corn-cheques money is advanced by the merchants of the town, and they circulate through the State like an ordinary bank-note, though of course for large sums.

While driving round the streets of Chicago the Prince saw a wooden dwelling-house being moved. To the English reader moving a house will sound like a rather alarming operation. In America and Upper Canada nothing is more common. Any one who has built a wooden house too near a stream or too far from it, or as he clears his land and wants his farm-house more in the centre of his crops, at once moves his house. The foundations to wooden houses are of course very primitive affairs; therefore it is not difficult to hoist the whole establishment by levers on to huge wooden rollers, formed of trunks of trees. It is then slowly moved, either by horse-power or levers, in whatever direction it is wished. It is not uncommon for houses to be thus moved three or four times in the course of a couple of years. After driving round Chicago, the Prince returned to his hotel at the Richmond House. Round this fine building an immense con-

course had collected, and in acknowledgment of their repeated cheers, His Royal Highness had to show himself often in the balcony. At two o'clock the Prince, with the Duke of Newcastle, General Bruce, Lord Lyons, Colonel Grey, Major Teesdale, Dr. Ackland, Viscount Hinchinbrooke, and the Hon. Mr. Elliott, started for their little shooting-boxes, near Dwight, on the Grand Prairie. The arrangements for this wild excursion, to which all the royal party looked forward with eagerness, had been entrusted to Captain Retallick, aide-de-camp to the Governor-General. As it was rather late in the season, and the prairie hens were beginning to pack, it was feared the sport would not be what was anticipated. Fortunately these dismal apprehensions were not realised, and the whole excursion proved to be one of the most successful and pleasant which was met with in the entire tour.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PRAIRIES NEAR DWIGHT.

Sketch of Dwight—Difficulties as to Houseroom—Sport on the Prairies—
Irish Visitors—View of the Grand Prairie—Danger of Straying—
Peril by Fire—A Prairie Conflagration—Value of Prairie Land—
Method of Cultivation—Wolves and Reptiles—Coal—The Prince
leaves Dwight.

DWIGHT is a prairie village, just five years old, and about ninety miles from Chicago. Five years ago and the spot where the little wooden town now stands was a huge wilderness of prairie land with not a trace of human habitation on it for miles and miles. Mr. Morgan and Mr. Dwight, who knew the inexhaustible fertility of the land, determined to form a settlement there, so a small station-house was soon built on the line of the Chicago and St. Louis Railway, which crosses the prairie, and the first wooden huts erected about four or four and a half years ago. Now several thousand acres of the prairie have been brought under cultivation ; a pretty, though very little church has been built, with a very large school-house. The town musters one small wooden hotel (still in a most uncultivated and prairie condition), with about 100 other houses and 500 inhabitants. Each year, however, the population nearly doubles, so that in 1870 Dwight will figure largely on the maps and guidebooks

as a young, though rising prairie town, with good hotels, a large corn-market, and a busy thriving population of some 15,000 or 20,000 people. Its glories, however, are still all in the future, and the visit of His Royal Highness and party very much taxed the slender accommodation of the little village to the utmost. Mr. Spencer's house was given up to the Prince, the Duke of Newcastle, General Bruce, and Dr. Acland. This was the utmost number it could be got to accommodate even with crowding. The Prince's bedroom was very little larger than an ordinary bed, and its ceiling was certainly not high enough to have accommodated with comfort either the Duke of Newcastle or General Bruce. Close by in a neat, though an uncommonly small cottage, in make and material very like those wonderful little money-boxes into which children drop their hoarded pennies through the roof, Colonel Grey and Major Teesdale were "fixed." Lord Lyons, with Captain Retallack and Mr. John Spencer, stopped at Mr. Morgan's farm, and Lord Hinchinbrooke and the Hon. Mr. Elliott slept in a railway car on a siding off the line, with Mr. Price, the manager of the railway. Mr. Spencer, Mr. Wilson, the superintendent of the telegraph, and others were, I presume, not supposed to sleep at all, for the places of their repose, if any, were shrouded in the deepest mystery. With a party so scattered, and all things in the rough, one would almost fancy that Dwight would have failed to make an agreeable impression on the royal party. Yet I am certain that long as their progress was, and varied as were its attractions everywhere, there is no visit which is so kindly and so pleasantly remembered by His Royal Highness and all the party as that which they made to Dwight and its prairies.

Everything was so novel and so attractive. The

sport on the prairies was new, and the game abundant. The boundless expanse of grass-covered land was alone a sight worth travelling to see, and, above all, the royal party were secure from prying and intrusion, and could enjoy themselves as best suited their humour, free from observation of any kind. The people of the village, who knew their wish for privacy, were so careful not to intrude upon it that they scarcely even regarded any of the royal party when they saw them, and Mr. Spencer and Mr. Morgan, with such tact, such kind, attentive, and delicate hospitality as I never saw elsewhere, were solicitous night and morning for whatever could conduce to the comfort and convenience of the august visitor to their little town. In short, the royal party for once enjoyed themselves in unrestrained comfort and privacy, starting at early dawn to shoot the prairie hens, stopping in the middle of the huge waste to eat their simple lunch, and coming back at night tired and hungry to their plain dinner at Mr. Spencer's lodge, when the game was counted and exulted over, and after quiet cigars every one retired early. Such was the life of the Prince on the prairies. The party arrived on the evening of Saturday the 22nd. His Royal Highness gave a minute or two to inspecting his plain shooting-box and immediately after was out with his gun among the lofty plants of Indian corn that surrounded the house, and which formed a little belt of culture, an oasis of civilisation in the boundless extent of undulating rich wild prairie land.

But dusk was closing in fast as the Prince went out into the towering stubble, and shooting was not to be expected that night—at least, so one of the enormous white owls of the prairie seemed to think, for he flew too near His Royal Highness, who, all dusk as it was, made a splendid long shot and brought the sage bird

down at once. This, however, was the only sport attempted on Saturday, and on Sunday, of course, nothing was done, and, after attending Divine Service in the little Presbyterian church, the party remained all quiet and alone in their country farmhouse, in the middle of the Grand Prairie. Not quite alone, however, for towards the end of the day two Irishmen, mounted on rough, barebacked mules, came riding across the prairie towards the house, and met the Prince walking in the long grass outside. The foremost instantly introduced himself by saying, "Sir, I was a subject of your mother, sure, long ago, and I hear you're the Prince of Wales. How do you do, sir?" With which brief announcement he got off his mule and shook His Royal Highness by the hand very heartily. Having acquitted himself of this neat little speech with the utmost eagerness, he bethought himself of his companion, whose general appearance and costume were a trifle more dilapidated than his own. This sunburnt individual, who remained on his mule, shifting uneasily to and fro, as if the presence of the heir of Britain rather embarrassed him than otherwise, he at once introduced in a general way by saying, "This is my friend, Sir, and, as there's no church near where we're fixed, I hope you'll excuse his dress." The Prince smiled, and said he would, and there certainly was very little to excuse, inasmuch as a ragged shirt and trousers constituted the chief portion of the dress in question. The conversation then came to a sudden pause, while the first and only spokesman seemed to be endeavouring with all his might to recollect some previously-arranged topic of interest to communicate. At last he hit it, and broke out with, "We've ridden more than a long twenty miles across the prairie to see you, Sir," and then there was another pause

while he seemed to wonder whether any more civilities were necessary or not. Apparently he came to the conclusion that on the whole a sufficient homage had been rendered, for without a word he mounted his mule again, and with a "Good bye, Sir," both rode off. When about a quarter of a mile away the speaker turned, and riding a short way back, called out hoarsely that if any of the party wanted mules they had beautiful ones to sell, where he was "fixed," some twenty miles east of Dwight, and having relieved his mind of this information, away both visitors rode, keeping their mules across the prairie straight as a crow would fly, till they were lost to view in the immense expanse.

It is comparatively easy for any of my readers to imagine a prairie—it is next to impossible to describe one. Leave Dwight behind you, and walk out to the east till all sight and sound of the little village is lost in the distance, and then look round you. There is a huge, undulating ocean of long, rich grass and flowers, which the warm, soft wind keeps in a gentle ripple. There is not a sound but the shrill chirping of millions of crickets, not a shrub or bush to break the dead level of the distant horizon—nothing to vary the wide-spread sea of verdure but its own masses of bright wild-flowers, over which gorgeous butterflies keep always skimming on noiseless wings. This is the prairie. About a mile or so a-head is a slight, but very perceptible rise in the ground, and you push on for this to get a good look about you. There is, of course, no track, and your way lies through the prairie grass, in autumn little more than breast high, but in the spring almost over your head; you stride through clumps of resin and compass weeds, through patches of blue, yellow, and purple flowers, through thyme and long rich grass with

tall, tufted, reedy plants in the midst, which attract your notice at once. It is the rattlesnake weed, always most plentiful where this deadly reptile abounds, and the root of which, with immense doses of corn whisky, is said, under certain favourable contingencies, to have averted fatal results from the bites of small reptiles of this species. Where the snake-weed is plentiful, beware and look out well for the snakes too. You can't walk far through the prairie on a hot morning without hearing the dry sharp hissing rattle of one of these deadly serpents, as with his tail so quickly vibrating that you can scarcely distinguish its end, and with the lean, hungry-looking head erect, it moves sluggishly away in search of a place where it may repose and bask undisturbed. Such dangerous occupants of the grass are very common in the prairies, and may with prairie wolves and sometimes deer be seen within a stone's throw of the houses of Dwight itself. But all this while you are plodding through the grass, turning aside for one minute to look at the little prairie crabs which burrow down their holes some fifteen feet to the level of the water below the gravel, and into which they drop at once on the slightest sound of alarm, or else you watch the coveys of prairie hens as they rise with a whirr right and left, and go skimming along like grouse a little a-head of you. At last you gain the summit of the gentle rise, and can look around you for miles on miles in all directions, yet you are almost disappointed to find that you have gained nothing by your walk—that the same tremendous extent of wild meadow land, clothed with a rich luxuriance of grass and flowers, stretches away on every side till deep green fades into brown in the distance, and a line of blackish-blue on the ocean, far, far out, marks where the horizon meets the sky. Yet the land is not all level. It has a series

of gentle undulations—of low, long sloping ridges, as if an inland sea, when slowly moving with a quiet, regular swell, had on the instant been changed to rich and fertile land. The prairie of which I write this is known as the Grand Prairie, from the extraordinary fertility of its land—for its length is only 150 miles by 60. But in a south-easterly direction from Dwight one may journey for more than 300 miles and never once quit their long, shallow ridges—never see anything but the external expanse of deep green grass, perfumed with the gum droppings of the resin weed. The southern prairies are broken here and there by water-courses, by clumps of cotton-wood and groves of locust trees. Occasionally, though at rare intervals, a little line of locust trees, looking like rocks in the great ocean of grass, mark where pools of water may be found. These varieties, however, are but few, and after a journey in the great wilderness a tree almost startles you as something out of place in the huge soft green meadow-sea, where the long coarse silky-looking grass bears nothing stronger than a resin weed among it, and where a breath of wind ripples its whole surface into breakers of verdure, which even in the calmest days gives such an aspect of life and animation to these silent and deserted lands. One might write for days and days on prairie land and prairie life, and yet give but a faint idea of either to those who have not seen them. It is the wild, the overflowing abundance of animal and vegetable life which fills these great reservoirs of nature, the knowledge that the thousands of square miles of soil over which you travel is the richest and most luxuriant in the world, and yet, in spite of this, the utter desolation and absence of the trace of any human being which surprises you, one time with gratitude that there is such land to spare, and the next moment with regret

that its great riches should be so neglected and forlorn. Travel on for miles and miles, for days and nights, pass from Illinois across the broad turbid waters of the Mississippi, into the slave State of Missouri—journey for hundreds and hundreds of leagues, as you may do then, yet not quit for a single day those monstrous grassy wastes, those perpetual land calms, in which a silence as great as that upon the sea seems always to remain unbroken.

The inexperienced person, however, must be very careful how he ventures on these luxuriant steppes alone. Let him but lose sight of his faint landmarks, and make one or two incautious turns, and he will instantly find himself engaged in a game of blindman's buff on a most extensive and unpleasant scale, and must catch what way he can back again. In vain you search for the track you have made through the long grass. A breath of wind is sufficient to conceal it from your inexperienced eyes, though a week afterwards an Indian runner could follow it up with as much ease as if it were a paved road. You push forward in what you think a straight course, but it is ten to one that you only make huge circles round the place from which you started, and it is then that the eternal solemn silence of the great plains becomes not only impressive but almost alarming, when every fresh effort to strike a track increases your weariness, and you feel yourself a helpless prisoner in these huge, bright smiling solitudes. Fortunately, none go on the prairie for the first time without being shown, in case of such mishaps, the groups of compass weed, which abound all over the plains, and the broad flat leaves of which point due north and south with an accuracy as unvarying as that of the magnetic needle itself. And thus with the aid of these useful little weeds and the sun's course,

you may make tracks across the broadest prairie with the most unerring certainty.

The great danger to which travellers on the largest prairies are exposed is fire. Scorched during one or two months of summer by an almost tropical heat, the grass shrivels up into a coarse brown-looking hay, and while in this state is constantly lit accidentally by the carelessness of travellers or hunters, or by flashes from the terrific lightning storms which are always sweeping over the plains. With a brisk night wind in the height of summer a prairie fire spreads over the whole plains with awful rapidity, and, unless well mounted, woe betide the unlucky travellers, who, roused by the smoky heat from their slumbers, see the great horizon of orange-coloured flame in the distance, like a vast semicircle of fire bearing down rapidly towards them. On the small prairies instant flight is the only chance of safety. On the great and wilder prairies flight is useless, and the only expedient that offers any hope of safety is riding madly with the wind some ten miles in advance of the fire and lighting the prairie before you at two or three points. As the wind bears the flame rapidly a-head, the travellers, after a short interval, are enabled to follow along the scorched track comparatively out of reach of the flames coming up behind, which of course stop on the margin of the burnt ground for want of fuel. But even this dangerous expedient will fail if the fires take place in June when the grass is very high. So much scorched embers then remain behind, that no horse can venture in, and no rider could live in the dense stubble smoke. In such desperate straits the only chance is to slay and disembowel the horse, and literally creep into the raw cavity till the flames have passed, and as there are instances of this resource having sometimes saved the lives of

Indians and hunters it is perhaps not too much to conclude that it has often been tried with less successful results. In fact this is the last resource, and must be prompted by the same desperate clinging to life which induces a sailor to hold on to a plank when shipwrecked in the middle of the Atlantic. What chance is there of escape for the man who survives suffocation from the passing flame and emerges alone and on foot in the middle of a vast burnt prairie? On the first Monday of the Prince's visit he was so fortunate as to see one of these tremendous prairie conflagrations. The day had been very hot and sultry, and the royal guest was still out shooting with the Duke of Newcastle, Captain Retallack, and Mr. Spencer. The rest of the suite had taken different directions widely apart, and were still absent on the prairie as night fell. With the darkness came an almost deeper gloom as huge masses of dense thunder clouds rose up into the angry sky. Before any of the parties could reach Dwight a dreadful storm raged, and the wind, after moaning and roaring about the plain like a hurricane at sea, would suddenly cease, and a portentous silent darkness reign over the whole scene—a silence so intense that the vivid flashes of lightning, noiseless as they were, seemed almost to break as the great livid streaks darted down and went flickering over the plains in all directions. While watching the dreadful solemnity of this storm in such a wild, I could not help noticing three dull red, copper-coloured banks of clouds at different parts of the horizon, and asked my kind host Mr. Morgan to explain what they meant or were. The explanation was given in five words, for the instant his quick eye caught the distant tinge, he exclaimed, "The prairie is on fire." And so indeed it proved to be. Whether it had caught from some smouldering gun wadding, or, as was thought

far more probable, had been ignited by the incessant flashes of lightning during the storm, it was hard to say. Only one thing admitted of no doubt whatever, and that was that the grass had caught in three distinct places.

At first it seemed probable that a short, quick flood of rain which fell after the storm, and which for two or three minutes was heavy enough almost to extinguish anything, would check its progress, as for a time in fact it did. But the fire had obtained too firm a hold, and as the rain ceased the wind rose, and the smouldering red patches on the verge of the horizon grew brighter and brighter, spreading along with an angry rapidity that brought each separate conflagration closer and closer every minute. The wind was away from the village of Dwight and its rich belt of corn fields, and turning the flames westward, over the mass of prairie; and as these fires, especially at that season of the year, do the land much good, the progress of the conflagration was watched with perfect indifference. Soon the sky, from reflecting a narrow strip of red, lit up with an angry glare as the mass of fire spread beneath it—the little patches of flame began to crest the undulations, and ragged columns of dense fiery smoke streamed away in lurid masses as if it would carry the flame and heat up into the clouds themselves. An hour more and the three fires had apparently joined, or, at least, were so close together that they formed one huge belt of flame that covered the earth and lit up the sky for miles and miles. The fire was at least eight or nine miles distant from Dwight, and from there it looked comparatively a small space in the immense horizon of land around, and only by the bright orange flame in the distance, and the mass of fiery sky above, could one judge adequately of the real area occupied by the burn-

ing plains. Not so, however, as after a long ride you approached them from the windward side. For a mile and more before you reached the edge of the fire you were in its bright orange light, which made everything as visible as if it were noon day, and the sun was shining fiercely through a blood-coloured haze. You could hear the sharp barking howl of the prairie wolves as they rushed away for the darkness, and see the prairie hens fluttering and fluttering from place to place, turning in their wild terror full into the smoke, when they fall and perish instantly. At last you gain a little rise and look beyond into such a scene as nothing but a prairie fire can show. It spreads out a sea of red smouldering ashes, glowing for miles in all directions, while the deep white ridge of flames a-head mount the slopes with awful rapidity, and flap their heavy tongues up into the air with a hoarse roaring noise that fills you with astonishment and almost terror. Hour after hour you may stand, fascinated with the terrible beauties of the scene, as the mass of red sultry ruins grows and grows each minute, till your eyes are pained and heated with its angry glare and you almost dread the grand, fierce sheet of fire, which has swept all trace of vegetation from the surface of the prairie. On Monday night, when near twelve o'clock, the wind changed a little and turned the flames nearly back upon the ground they had already devastated, and this at once checked their progress. On the next day, however they sprang up afresh and raged faster and faster than before, and the whole extent of prairie east of Dwight was hidden under such a dense cloud of yellow smoke as I never saw before. And on the last night the glare was tremendous—as if the world itself was burning.

The first day's sport of the Prince was far more successful than was anticipated. The prairie hens

resemble English grouse (except that they are larger—almost the size of cock pheasants), and the sport of shooting them is followed in the same manner with pointers. There was a bet as to which of the three parties would return with the heaviest bag. The Prince with the Duke went east. General Bruce, with Colonel Grey, Major Teesdale, and Mr. Wilkins, went west; and Viscount Hinchinbrooke and the Hon. Mr. Elliott steered due south. Dr. Ackland went out with a gun in his hand and a pencil in his thoughts, and, as usual, after one or two shots fell to making beautiful sketches of the prairies. In the evening when the three parties returned, there was, considering the lateness of the season and the wildness of the birds, rather a good bag. More than fifty brace of prairie hens, exclusive of such other game as plover and quail, was the result of the united day's sport. Of this number eleven and a half brace had fallen to the Prince's gun—eclipsing the Duke of Newcastle's sport by three birds. The dollar bet therefore was won by His Royal Highness, who in this as during other days' sporting showed himself to be a crack shot, and the best of the party.

On the following morning the whole party started at six o'clock to a place called Stuart's Grove, on the edge of the prairie some thirty miles from Dwight, and one of the most celebrated covers for quail in the country. Here there was a regular battue from about eight in the morning till twelve in the day, when the heat became great, so a halt was called in a shady little nook between the brushwood, and the Prince and the Duke rested themselves and had lunch, and afterwards slept for a couple of hours till nearly four o'clock. Shooting was then renewed with redoubled vigour and the united bag of the whole party amounted to ninety-

five and a half brace of game, twenty-eight of which, with some rabbits and plovers and a brace of prairie hens, were brought down by the Prince. Again therefore he had the honour of beating all the party by several birds. The skill and rapidity with which he knocked over the quail perfectly astonished the prairie sportsmen who were with him.

He was certainly most fortunate in his visit, for, for the time of the year, he had most unusual sport; he saw a prairie thunderstorm, a prairie fire of immense extent, and, above all, a prairie sunset. The latter took place in all its supernatural glory—a glory which can never be described or understood by those who have not seen it—while the party were shooting the quail the night before their departure. As the sun neared the rich green horizon, it turned the whole ocean of meadow into a sheet of gold which seemed to blend with the great firmament of reds and pinks, pale rosy orange hues, and solemn angry-looking crimson clouds above till not only the sky but all the land around was steeped in piles of colour as if the heavens were reflected from below, or as if the sinking sun shone through the very earth like mist, and turned it to a rainbow. The immensity of stillness which lay in the prairie then—a stillness as profound and vast as the green solitude itself, while not a breath stirred over the whole horizon as the great transmutation went slowly on, and the colours over the land turned from rosy to pink, from pink to orange, orange to red and crimson—darkening and darkening always as the tints ebbed out like a celestial tide leaving fragments of scarlet clouds over the heavens—the embers of the fire which had lit the prairie in a flame of glory. There was such a quiet unspeakable richness in this grand farewell of day—such a terrible

redness about the sky at last that one could almost fancy some supernatural phenomenon had occurred, that the sun had gone for ever, and left a deep and gory wound across the darkening sky. Night was a relief compared to this dread, lurid fire in heaven—a fire which the clouds seemed to close in upon, and stifle out with difficulty—a fire which, like the paintings of the sunset before the Deluge, left always an ominous anger in the heavens, even when the night was far advanced, and the prairie clothed in a blue mist that rose over it, like water. It was such a sunset as moved even the rural inhabitants of Dwight; such a sunset as even the “oldest inhabitant,” who had been there some five years, had never seen before.

On this night, after the return home to Mr. Spencer's lodge, the Prince and the Duke each selected pairs of the game shot, which were sent away to be stuffed and forwarded to England as mementoes of their prairie tour.

A few words here upon the value of prairie land in an agricultural point of view may not be altogether out of place, or without interest for the reader. The remarks made on one prairie in this respect apply almost equally to all the others in North America. There are, of course, many places where prairie land is of less value than in others, but this depreciation is solely due to such local causes as the want of railway communication and the like, for the prairies themselves have the same high average of fertility throughout. The land round the station at Dwight was bought some five years ago for 90 cents (about 3s. 6d.) per acre. The price now in the village itself is a little over 100 dollars, or 21*l*. Three miles from the village the best prairie land for farms is worth about 6 dollars, or 25*s*. an acre. Six or eight miles out a hundred acres may

still be purchased for 100 dollars. The land thus obtainable is pure prairie; that is to say, covered with long, rich,* coarse grass, the very finest food in the world for cattle, and which, when cut and left to dry, gives ample fodder for the winter. The soil is so peculiarly light, dry, and fine—more resembling snuff than anything else I can compare it to—that the blade of the ploughshare has to be formed unusually deep and wide, so as to turn the earth back to a considerable distance to form the furrow at all. In such a soil the labour of ploughing would be merely nominal but for the all-abounding weed at the root of the grass, known as the “Devil’s Shoestrings.” In spite of its formidable name, the plant itself, as it appears above ground, is as meek-looking a little vegetable as ever varied the rich monotony of long high grass. Beneath the soil, however, its roots spread far and wide, and are all, even to their minutest fibre, strong and tough as good thick catgut.

To cut these the ploughshare has to be kept almost as sharp as a razor, and its edge to be carefully filed up afresh at the completion of each furrow. Once, however, that the furrow is complete and the corn sown, the settler has no further trouble till called to gather in or sell his bounteous crops. “Tickle the land with a hoe, and it laughs with a harvest,” is true of the prairie, for though I was told that no land in the world so well repays manuring, still, no land in the world does so well without it. Thus all around Dwight on lands without manure the yield of Indian corn last year was, in some cases, as high as seventy bushels an acre, averaging fifty bushels all round. The wheat was far less successful, owing to the drought, though nowhere less than twenty-two bushels, and varying generally from twenty-six to thirty per acre, and in a few instances much higher. The settlement is still

too young to have tried the effects of manure steadily, but Mr. Morgan, who has one of the best farms in the place, stated from the small experiments he had already tried, that an average amount of manuring may be reckoned to yield at least double the ordinary produce of the soil. For what are termed root crops prairie land is considered the very finest; and melons, pumpkins, gourds, and squashes sown between the ridges of Indian corn are so enormously productive as to be of little more than nominal value at Dwight or, indeed, any town, or villages which border these magnificent expanses of rich uncultivated pasture. One curious circumstance connected with prairie farming is perhaps worth notice, and that is, that the instant the land is ploughed a weed called "Pussley" makes its appearance. It is never seen until the land is furrowed, and then it spreads over the earth in a few weeks. It is a peculiar looking vegetable, something like a house-leek, with long round succulent branches about as thick as a man's finger, and which lie flat along the ground. This, when boiled, is a most delicious and wholesome vegetable, the leaves being like spinach, and the branches in taste resembling sea-kale. In prairie settlements Pussley is always a standing dish, though it grows in such profuse abundance that it could never be kept down if its consumption was confined to the settlers alone. Fortunately, therefore, it is equally wholesome for cattle in its raw state, and they have such an especial fondness for it as to go through any fences to get at it. So when the Pussley weed becomes too abundant over the new turned land, the settler has only to let in the sheep and cows, who browse away whole acres of it in a few days and fatten upon it immensely. There is another curious plant which grows wild in the prairies, called the

"Tumble weed." It is a very thin light furzy looking plant, which dries up into a large ball in autumn, when the least breath of wind uproots it and at once it goes tumbling along over the prairie grass for miles and miles. On a breezy day hundreds and thousands of these large rolling weeds may be seen in all directions tumbling swiftly across the huge expanse of land. Winter on the prairies is, as a rule, mild. There is very little snow, though occasionally a good deal of frost, and on these days the fresh bracing breeze that sweeps across the land is said to be very sharp and keen. On days like these the inhabitants collect for wolf hunts. The programme of these battues is generally arranged a week or so beforehand. All the settlers from the surrounding districts assemble at dawn on horseback, at different points, so as to form an immense circle about twenty miles distant from the common centre in which they all gradually emerge.

Of course, in a circle of forty miles' diameter, an immense extent of ground is enclosed, and it is not till this is gradually reduced to one or two or three miles that the animals driven in begin to take alarm. But by that time the circle of hunters, which at first was very thin, has almost joined, and the medley catch of wild animals of all kinds are forced to the centre. No attempt is made to kill any of the large number of deer that are sure to be thus driven in, but the wolves, of course, get no mercy. No fire-arms are ever allowed to be used, a precaution which the wild excitement of the chase renders necessary for the safety of all engaged. The wolves, as the circle contracts, try and break through it, when they are beaten down by the horsemen, armed with long clubs, and at once slain. Many manage somehow or other to get through their pursuers, though not without such injuries as enable

the hunters to overtake and dispatch them before they have gone a quarter of a mile. A full grown prairie wolf is quite as large as the formidable grey wolf of Canada, but, of course, not half as dangerous. Their principal prey round Dwight was poultry and young lambs, and the depredations of this kind committed on the settlers were neither few nor unimportant. On wolf hunts, also, the horsemen frequently come on nests of rattlesnakes; where a great many lie coiled together, hybernating during the winter. As a matter of course, these deadly reptiles meet with as little compassion as the wolves. The result of the most careful inquiries I could make among hunters and settlers proved to me beyond a doubt that the bite of this dreadful snake, hitherto supposed to be incurable, is not so. I heard of several well-authenticated instances where fatal effects were averted, by immediate and inordinate doses of corn whisky, and the application of the bruised root of the rattlesnake weed not only to the wound, but all round the limb. My informants, however, added that recovery was only to be expected when the bite was inflicted by small reptiles, and *through the clothes*. When bitten by large old snakes on the bare flesh, or when a small snake bit on two limbs, there was little or no hope that death would not take place within a few hours. In August, September, and October, when the rattlesnake is casting its skin, and is then quite blind, the bite of even the smallest of them is certain death. During these times also the snake is very sluggish and seldom rattles its tail, which, of course, infinitely increases the risk of their being inadvertently trodden on. Cattle seem to have an instinctive knowledge of the fatal power of this snake, and at once rush from the spot whence its dry hissing rattle is heard in the grass. During the months when it is casting its skin

and seldom rattles they frequently get bitten, when, as if conscious of their fate, they return back to the farm-yard, and in the course of a couple of hours, during which they swell immensely, fall and die apparently with great suffering. A snake called the "Copper Head" is also found in the prairie, though by no means so numerous as the rattlesnakes, which in parts abound in the rank, thick, high grass. The bite of the copper head is as certainly deadly as the wound inflicted by a cobra, a puff adder, the Morocco snake of Northern Africa, or the water viper which haunts the swamps of the Southern Mississippi. A whole gallon of corn whisky would be of no effect against its fearful wound. A reptile called the "bull snake" is also to be met with in most prairies. It is not venomous, though almost formidable from its size, strength, and fierceness. It grows from ten to twelve or fourteen feet long, is of great thickness, and vindictively angry when its solitude is incautiously intruded on.

The corn whisky, of which I have spoken so often, is a coarse powerful spirit, made at almost nominal cost from Indian corn. The price is only about thirty cents a gallon, little more than threepence a quart. It is, of course, almost pure alcohol, and in taste resembles the methylated spirits of wine used in the varnish trade in England. Very little of it is ever drunk in the prairies, where the people are all most abstemious; and it is fortunate they are so, for corn whisky, as they say themselves, will "kill at forty rods."

Coal is everywhere abundant throughout the State of Illinois—so abundant as that, even with the great demand for labour, it can be mined, brought to Chicago by canal, and sold wholesale at 9s. a ton, throughout the state, retail at from 11s. to 12s.,

according to the season. It is, perhaps, also worth mentioning as a singular geological circumstance, that it is not very uncommon to find in the prairie grass smooth round copper boulders, weighing a hundred-weight, or more; solid pieces of pure, soft virgin copper. How they come there it is impossible even to conjecture, for though stray large stone boulders are met with here and there, there is, of course, nothing like rock in the whole district, either above or below the soil. Some fourteen or fifteen feet below all the prairie, there is one vast bed of the best kind of gravel, in which, of course, there is an inexhaustible supply of the purest water. From these and other tokens, there would seem to be no doubt that these immense prairies were, at one time or other, the beds of huge inland fresh-water lakes, like Lakes Superior, Michigan, or Huron.

With such few words on the general appearance and productiveness of prairie land, I must revert to the movements of His Royal Highness and party. With his stay at Dwight it may be truly said that the Prince was more pleased than with almost any visit he made in the American continent, and it was with regret that the party quitted the grand breezy expanse of soft rich meadows, and the kind hospitable gentlemen, Mr. Spencer and Mr. Morgan, who had done so much to make their stay as happy and as agreeable as could be desired. Captain Retallack too, who had organised and arranged the whole visit, took leave of His Royal Highness on the day of his departure from Dwight, and returned to his duties with the Governor-General in Lower Canada.

CHAPTER XVI.

ST. LOUIS AND CINCINNATI.

Mr. Lincoln's House at Springfield—Alton—Banks of the Mississippi—Arrival at St. Louis—Visit to Agricultural Show—Character of the Country passed through—Reaches Cincinnati—An American Hotel—Pigs in the City—Its situation—Ball at the Opera House—Leaves Cincinnati for Pittsburg—Mistaken Politeness of the Mayor—Across the Alleghany range—The Cambria Ironworks—Mountain Scenery—Harrisburg, through Baltimore, to Washington.

THE Prince left the prairies at eight o'clock in the morning. Some ten or twelve people—quite a demonstration for the place—came on to the platform to see him start; for prairie-stations are places where nobody gets on the train, and where it would be little short of madness for anybody to get off. For a long distance the line laid all through prairie land, where the road was so straight that on a dark night with bright lights shining the train may be seen coming for more than an hour before it arrives. Springfield, where lives "honest Abe Lincoln," the then republican candidate for the Presidency, and now the President of the United States, was passed at noon. Mr. Lincoln's house was a very small and plain one—such as would be occupied by a gentleman farmer in England, with an income of about 600*l.* or 800*l.* a year. Mr. Lincoln himself began his career in life as a splitter of rails, and by his own, almost unaided, industry, ability, and per-

severance, raised himself to the great position which he now occupies, probably the highest position to which any man can be elected on the face of the earth. From Springfield, little huts and white wooden cottages made up nearly the whole of the rest of the panorama—huts which had been thrown up in a few days wherever the settler chose to stop, and which the inhabitants were quite prepared to move at an hour's notice or so, whenever the occasion demanded. At last the train slowly emerged at Alton, on the bank of a wide, foggy-looking, shallow river. The side on which it halted was gray, rough, and desolate, with slimy, muddy banks, falling into rifts and chasms and unseemly gaps, where rain and forest drainings had oozed down for years. Here and there, scattered upon the slippery soil, were miserable wooden cabins, damp, comfortless, and dilapidated, with their windows thinly mended with stained sheets of paper or clumps of dirty rags, with poor and sallow occupants, all women, busily engaged inside, while rough, stalwart, sunburnt men, with bronzed muscular throats, laid bare, with frouzy dark moustache and grimy beards of a week's growth, lounged about outside, or sat on logs and spat around with a lethargic dulness. Tangled, unsightly weeds abounded amid the stumps of forest kings, long dead and gone, and a thin, irregular growth of dwarfish cotton-wood completed the aspect which this bank wore of nature misused and falling into decay. Below a level, greasy-looking shore, spread out, half mud, half sand, with ponderous white skeletons of trees, carcasses which the stream had torn away from distant banks to leave them stranded here, half-buried in the slime, with their gaunt bones striking up in ragged points and splinters, all draped with sticky, lank, offensive weeds, the garbage and offscourings of a

mighty river. Carrion crows were busy here, and men as muddy as the banks themselves were groping listlessly about, preparing stacks of rough-hewn logs of timber for the steamers which ply up and down and move this sluggish water into muddy foam. The stream itself was not very wide (about twice as wide as the Thames above Putney Bridge), and on the opposite bank, much like the Middlesex shore of our English stream at the same place. It was rich without being picturesque, rank and overgrown with heavy timber and a thick underwood of weeds, giving off a faint and not unpleasant odour as of faded flowers, which spoke of fever in every breath of the thick, warm air. Above, the stream continued its straight course, hemmed in with the same wild, dank ruins of vegetation, and crossed from point to point with smooth, round, level bars of sand, with now and then bare, scrubby, sickly little trees upon their edges, all worn and faded in their foliage, less, as it seemed, with the coming winter than their own inherent slow decay. Below, the banks spread out in greater width, dotted here and there between with swampy aits and spits of land, with sandbanks rising everywhere, forcing the muddy water aside in devious channels, some so shallow as scarcely enough to ripple over the oozy margin, some deep, where the yellow current flowed swiftly and curled back with a kind of stagnant velocity from sharp, black-looking stumps and snags, the real monsters of the deep of this great river, which, dark and silent, seem always waiting for their prey, that surely comes at last. On every side, seen in the cold gray morning, there was a dim forlornness in the stream, a lonely, fast-decaying savageness of nature, a faded, ragged, wild, unwholesome aspect, which was almost mournful, which spoke of the sickness and long toil spent

to bring even the half civilisation around into the centre of this half-tamed wilderness. Wan sluggishness was on the trees, filled the warm air, and seemed to rest upon the crazy wooden houses, to spread abroad over the slimy shores, and dwell upon the soft, flat banks of sand. The very river, in its yellow, dull ripple, and smooth, deep current, seemed to speak of it, as, crouched between its narrow banks, it crept lazily along, shorn of its energy and might, a mere river that had outlived the character of force and bulk of which all had heard so much—for this was the Mississippi. This was that great father of waters that drains a quarter of the world, creeping slowly along between banks a world too wide—a dull, dilapidated, poor, half-shrunken, muddy stream. A few lean cows were wandering near its brink, as if they contemplated suicide; there was a dead horse in the foreground, that had perhaps already committed it. More cattle struggling and splashing in and out of the rifts and weedy hollows of the banks, with here and there in the green distance a patch of Indian corn; but beyond such traces all was wild, was desolate, unhealthy, and abandoned. Such was the great Mississippi at Alton, such was the lonely aspect this mighty river bore when the Prince first saw it. Such at all times is the Mississippi in its wild state, where hardy, poor, unknowing settlers first strive to battle with its rank vegetation, and hand to hand not only fight the wilderness but the deadly fevers which lurk around the banks, which are borne in the warm, thick air over the marshy land, and nestle close, like serpents, in little vales and nooks, that, clothed with a wild luxuriance of prairie flowers, seem so charming to the eye.

Still, wretched and pestilential as was its aspect, there was much that was suggestive in the weedy

desert banks, even in the yellow waters of the stream itself, and a moment's thought enabled one to feel that even the Mississippi at Alton was the great Mississippi still. Alton is some 1200 miles from the mouth of this tremendous river, a river which is yet navigable for great steamboats for 800 miles *above* Alton. What more need be said of a stream than that great boats can traverse its waters for a length of more than 2000 miles—that you can pass in your steamer from the levees of New Orleans through the great cities of Western America up to the falls of St. Anthony, the wildest of all the American outposts of civilisation? Let the eye in imagination follow the course of this huge artery of commerce, passing through such cities as St. Louis, Memphis, Natchez, Vicksburgh, and a host of smaller though great and opulent towns, bearing from each their harvest wealth and manufacturing products, till the weary length of stream expands at last above New Orleans, and from a group of wide and sedgy mouths pours its vast tribute of waters to the sea. Some few miles below Alton is the junction of the great stream of the Missouri with the Mississippi, where the river widens out into a grand delta, and, forcing its way through those ever-shifting banks of sand which choke its mouth, the huge volume of the Missouri comes tumbling down. So constantly are these banks shifting, and so dangerous do they render the navigation, that few pilots know them well, and those who do are in such great request, that they can earn from 8000 dollars to 10,000 dollars per annum. It is in consequence of these sandbanks, too, that the Mississippi steamers are built to float in such a trifling depth of water, that it is said they can go anywhere where there is *a heavy dew*. The railway from Alton to St. Louis wound through a wild and

rather marshy, though most fertile land, here and there overgrown with weeds and massive forests, and now and then luxuriant patches of Indian corn bending under the weight of their great golden ears, each stalk a lyric of plenty. The train stops on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, in a wild, rough station, not good enough for a goods shed in England, though doing duty here as an important passenger depôt. Like all else in America, especially in these western states, everything is constructed to meet an immediate pressing want, and this met in any way, however rough, there is no attempt to go beyond it for the time. There is a want of labour throughout the continent, and a want of time to carry out its own gigantic business, and thus everywhere you see a *minimum* of means applied to bring about a *maximum* of results, save in the case of an election for President, when this rule is exactly reversed. In all else one sees these small means expected to achieve great ends, excepting always in the matter of hotels, which are as much the admiration of travellers as the English ones are their terror.

St. Louis—at which the Prince arrived in the evening—is a fine and, for the western world, rather an odd-looking city; that is to say, there are houses, and even whole streets, which have evidently been standing for the last forty years. Viewed from the eastern bank of the Mississippi, with its long stone quay or houses, crowded at every part with those quaint summer-house-looking, frail, dangerous, high-pressure river steamboats, and its irregular rows of lofty red warehouses, it bears a strong though rather dirty likeness to Montreal from the St. Lawrence. This impression, however, is not a lasting one, for the streets are very unclean, and the inhabitants, though

well-to-do enough, seem as a body to delight in dressing themselves as shabbily as possible; and if it is true, as I certainly believe it, that the worst hats in the world are worn in America, it is equally beyond a doubt that the worst hats in America are worn in St. Louis. Dingy, wretched negroes, too, form a considerable part of the population of the city, or, I had better say, part of its live stock, for Missouri is a slave state, and though now fast becoming republican, yet is the old leaven still strong in many places. Slaves, however, are fast decreasing there, for the climate is not "favourable to the cultivation of the black." Accordingly, they are being traded off pretty fast, and hardly a steamer leaves St. Louis for the south without conveying some ten or fifteen of these helpless creatures, who have previously been publicly sold at the Court-house—sold from the very tribunal erected to mete out justice between man and man. A few years more and Missouri will scarcely have a slave left in it, while politically it must shortly be declared a free state. In the south, on the contrary, the number of slaves increases yearly; there are already over 6,000,000, and the number in the course of some ten years more will probably be upwards of 7,500,000. It is not so much the increase of slaves as the deterioration of the *whites* from the intermixture of the races that is to be dreaded in the future. Already there are thousands and thousands of quadroons with much of the ability of their white masters, and all the fire and ardent temperament of their tropical origin, yet as much slaves and chattels as the darkest Ethiopians. These are the slaves who will become dangerous men hereafter, who are certain to be able and willing instruments for future John Browns.

When the Prince landed at St. Louis there was a

mob of apparently the poorest of the population, who thrust their heads into the carriage, and hung upon it like bees, so that it was not without considerable difficulty that it could be got through the crowd to the Barnum House, one of the finest hotels now in St. Louis. In the evening there were rival serenades from really good bands of music and from some execrable performances on drums and fifes. Though very loudly called for, however, His Royal Highness declined to show himself, and lost nothing by his reserve, except the opportunity of seeing more shabby hats at one time than he is ever likely to have the chance of seeing again. With the Americans the Prince had become very popular. They seemed not to have been prepared for his being so utterly unassuming, and for the graceful kindly courtesy with which he acknowledged the least mark of attention. On the day after his arrival at St. Louis he visited the great cattle and agricultural show of the town. The interest the Prince, with the Duke of Newcastle, and the all-popular Earl of St. Germans, took in the fine display of cattle and produce pleased everybody; especially when His Highness and the Duke showed the sincerity of their admiration by each purchasing a fast-trotting horse. There were between 30,000 and 40,000 people in the grounds where this show was held, who received the Prince with the utmost enthusiasm, and whose preconceived notions of the haughty tyranny of British aristocracy were sadly upset by observing the strict kind politeness with which he took off his hat and bowed in reply to those who bowed to him. This was an amount of condescension which the majority of the Americans never thought he would be guilty of, and His Royal Highness's courtesy won the good feeling of the crowd in a few minutes. After the fair

the royal party drove round the city, visiting even the old French *quartier*, where with customary gregariousness the descendants of the early French settlers still dwell by themselves. Though the general character of the country round St. Louis is flat and tame, still a good view may be obtained from here over the city, with the broad and now deep and quick stream of the Mississippi flowing grandly past till lost in the blue distance.

St. Louis is another instance of the rapid and gigantic growth of the western cities of America. It was only settled as a trading station for the trappers of the far west in 1764, at which time the surrounding wilderness so swarmed with wild animals, such as bears, deer, buffaloes, otters, and beavers, that for fifteen years upwards of 200,000 dollars' worth of skins used to be annually collected at St. Louis. In the first five years nearly 6000 bears alone were killed. Up to 1820 the number of inhabitants did not exceed 5000, and half of these were nearly always absent as voyageurs and trappers. In fact the history of St. Louis as a town does not commence till after 1830, when emigrants just began to settle there, though still in such small numbers that even in that year there were only 6694 inhabitants. In 1840 they amounted to 16,000; in 1850 to 78,000; in 1852 the population was upwards of 100,000; and at the present day it is probably between 160,000 and 200,000. In spite, however, of the almost unexampled rise and prosperity, there was very little to see at St. Louis; so the Prince quitted it early in the morning of the 28th September, and resumed his route towards Cincinnati, the chief city of Ohio.

St. Louis was the most westerly point of the long American tour, and not a few secretly rejoiced that the course at last turned eastward. It was no use crying

till they were out of the wood, and everybody knew that the route which lay between St. Louis and Portland was checkered by many visits to many towns, and that the Scylla of Washington had to be undergone before plunging headlong into the Charybdis of New York festivities. After St. Louis, visits to factories, inspections of colleges, torchlight processions, and civic balls, intermingled with long days of dusty travel, had still to be surmounted; but, notwithstanding, from St. Louis the route was eastward, and the nadir of the long, wild land-travelling progress was passed at last. The distance from St. Louis to Cincinnati is rather over 300 miles—a twelve hours' journey, which it was arranged the Royal party should get through by starting at nine in the morning, so as to reach their destination in time for a late dinner or early supper, as they might choose. The road from St. Louis at first winds through thick underwood and the massive growth of trees that fringe the banks of the Mississippi—a wild, tangled, marshy jungle, impressive even from its silent slimy ruins of vegetation. Sometimes it crosses little brooks and muddy streams, trickling down with mournful slowness to the great Father of Waters, though scarce seeming of themselves to have life enough even to reflect the light of day, which smears over their current with a greasy brightness that is far from pleasant in its general effect. Once the line crossed a marsh on a wooden viaduct, and such a miserable looking swamp as this was never seen. The ground was dull, thick, and watery, with hardly consistency enough to support the huge trees which leaned about in massive disarray—sear, yellow, and weird looking, with ruined limbs peering starkly through thin foliage, and long, dishevelled tresses of foul weeds that had crawled there to rot and die drooping round in

rags. Here nature seemed sick, squalid, and forlorn ; there was a faded poverty on trees, on bush, on the land and slimy water which seemed to speak of the diseased and wasted forests that the swamp was slowly killing. Now and then a little knoll rose up drier than the rest, on which a few small bushes grew, and seemed to strive to keep their branches from the contaminating garbage gathering round, but these were rare, and took nothing from the general aspect of the flat, deadly monotony of this wild, rank spot. It was a comfort when this was past and the train sped on to the prairie, with its fresh, clear breeze always blowing, and its rich grass rippling gently to the wind, and seeming to laugh and play in the clear, bright sun. Upwards of a hundred miles of this prairie was crossed, and then the train came to a dead stop, for a goods train had taken advantage of the opportunity to get off the line some little distance a-head, and there was nothing for it but to wait till it could be got on again. The delay was annoying, but the Royal party took it very quietly, and, as the car in which they travelled had been amply provisioned in case of such a stop, they were, on the whole, not so badly off. It, however, made a considerable difference in the time of their arrival at Cincinnati, which happened at nearly two A.M., on the morning of the 29th, instead of at nine o'clock the previous evening.

The Burnet House, where His Royal Highness stayed, is a fine specimen of an American hotel—that is to say, a handsomer, larger, and more imposing building externally than our National Gallery, and capable of accommodating four times as many people as that obscure structure can conceal pictures. Here the Prince had a set of apartments reserved for himself and suite, and remained as private as he could under the circumstances.

It was really a comfort to be rid of the state receptions of Canada, where one was obliged to sleep nightly in loyal hotels which illuminated every pane of glass in the house, and where, as a matter of course, the bedrooms were a perfect blaze of light from 80 or 100 sconces, or variegated lamps, and you might consider yourself fortunate if there was not a huge transparency and gas star as well. Oh, those bedrooms, and the sleepless misery that one endured, looking at the rows of blinking, twinkling lights, where of course there were no curtains to the window, and one had to intrigue with caution into bed, to avoid attracting too much notice from the noisy, gaping crowd outside—where one woke each minute as the lamps or candles went slowly out, each one more offensively than the other, and where, in the intervals of fitful dozing, you were tormented with nightmares of Vauxhall, and of having been overcome and gone to sleep in some brilliant grotto of “the Royal property!” Once the woodwork of my windows actually caught light from the heat of these fervent displays. At London, Upper Canada, after a month of such brilliant annoyance, when, like a burnt child, I had begun to shudder at the very sight of a candle, I had a bed made up for me at the post-office. It was a very fine building, though never meant to do duty as a sleeping apartment, inasmuch as the bed was fixed in the corner of a hall not very much smaller than that at St. Martin’s-le-Grand, with a little hedge of screen and mailbags round it to prevent my wandering from the place in the dark and losing myself utterly. It was not in human nature, I believe,—certainly not in mine, to endure the blaze of light which the huge bedroom presented that evening, for as a Government establishment it was, of course, in a regular glow inside and out. The first glimpse of the flood of coloured lights

which it poured down the streets satisfied *me* of my chances of sleeping there, so I had nothing for it but to walk about for hours, till the conflagration had toned down sufficiently to make repose a possibility. With such experiences, it may easily be conceived how great was my relief to find that the American hotels did *not* illuminate when the Prince stayed at them, and that one could consequently luxuriate in an utter darkness of bedroom whenever so inclined. There was an immense crowd under the fine portico of the Burnet House on the following morning to see the Prince enter his carriage for a drive round the city, and in point of struggling, crushing disorder there was almost an unpleasant repetition of what had occurred at the Detroit landing. As soon, however, as the carriage cleared the crowd it went on at a pace which made following it a matter of impossibility, so that His Royal Highness and party were enabled to take their view of the city comparatively undisturbed, if rather hastily.

The visitor entering Cincinnati for the first time requires at least twenty-four hours to free his mind from the greasy images produced by the swinish element in its population which meet one at every turn, in every form, size, age, or colour in which pigs are capable of walking, rolling, or lying about the streets. Cincinnati will always be in my mind what it is in the minds of most Americans—a synonym for pigs—a synonym which makes the Queen City of the West far more generally known by the derisive nickname of Porkopolis than its lordly Roman title. Pigs are to Cincinnati, in fact, what negroes are to Mobile, Charlestown, or New Orleans. They pervade the whole place—the very gutters are congested with them, and a sort of dull monotony of pigs is visible everywhere. They

come against you wherever you turn, from huge, black, muddy, unsightly monsters, down to little sucklings not much bigger than kittens, on which you inadvertently tread and stumble, amid shrill squeakings almost enough to blow you off your legs, and quite enough to alarm the neighbourhood, if it had not long ago got used to every possible variation of noise in which swine can convey their thrilling protests of resentment or alarm. They come down in muddy droves, skipping in uncouth merriment, relieving their minds and giving vent to their gaiety in the most dismal outpourings and interchange of shriekings, as if they were the swine "possessed" of old. Even the quietest grope about with hideous gruntings, as if something weighed upon their hearts, and will only consent to seek repose for their perturbed feelings by lying full length across the footways of the arched hilly streets, which somehow irresistibly remind one of spare-ribs set on end and built upon. You don't object to these last ordinary specimens of the Cincinnati staple, though rather in the way, to be sure—it is the tusky, fat, unwieldy monsters who complicate themselves with passing carts, and get entangled amid the wheels of drays, and who, as the retribution of cartwhips overtakes them, make the very heavens echo with their shrill-sustained lamentings. With the first sound denoting swinish tribulation and mishap, whole troops of other pigs come running round the corners, adding their piercing mite to the general tocsin of alarm, till a stranger, unacquainted with the uproarious character peculiar to the Cincinnati pig, and his rapid transition from aggression to loud repentance, might imagine that the city had been taken by storm and an universal massacre was going forward. Nor are these failings, I regret to say, the only ones which render Cincinnati

pigs an objectionable institution there. Their naturally aggressive habits have been developed to the utmost by the turmoils and annoyances of a great city, and at the first start the visitor is apt to imagine that the bigger pigs are supported almost entirely on the ears of the little ones. The appalling outbreak of screams that ensues when a big pig lunches in this wise might be heard over half the town. When to these facts I add that the slaughter-houses are in the suburbs, and that some hundreds of pigs are daily killed there amid that terrific outcry with which a pig always meets his fate, I have pretty well given the elements of the state of things in Cincinnati.

Apart from these drawbacks the city itself is one of the finest, if not the very finest, which was seen in the West. It is situate on a ridge of the most picturesque hills on the banks of the Ohio. The streets are wide and very hilly, which keeps them pretty clean in spite of the pigs. The houses are nearly all of red brick, and are fine and spacious structures, though nothing approaching in size to the gigantic blocks which have been built and are still building on every side at Chicago. It is not all gold that glitters, however, and Cincinnati is infinitely richer and more thriving than the newly risen commercial capital of Illinois. There are no symptoms of this overbuilding in Cincinnati, which, on the contrary, has an air of quiet industry and solid wealth which is unmistakeable, and which, but that it is newer, infinitely handsomer, and has rather less smoke, reminds one much of such towns as Leeds, where there is great wealth and business with but small display.

The private and exclusively quiet programme of visits arranged for His Royal Highness during his one day's stay at Cincinnati would, of course, have required

rather more than a week to perform, so, as may be expected, it was not adhered to strictly. The Prince, therefore, contented himself with driving over the hills amid the suburban scenery of Cincinnati, and such scenery for rich, quiet, cultivated beauty, is not to be surpassed. The hills are all isolated, steep, rounded eminences, scattered on either bank of the Ohio in soft green knolls and undulations, so varied in their forms, yet so much alike in their rich fertile beauty, that every mile of the road, like a grand panorama, presents fresh scenes for admiration, and every turn opens upon new claimants for the silent love with which one always lingers over nature's beauties. Sometimes you saw between a rift of woodland into a little plain below, where the white buildings of a village clustered together like eggs at the bottom of a nest. At other times you seemed shut in by smooth green headlands dotted with lawns and handsome villas, with their belts of autumn-coloured trees, and clumps of flower-garden scattered over the slopes in such a rich disarray of beauty, that the eye could only wander up and down without finding time to rest on any of the brilliant features of this wonderful scene. The Prince went to the villa of Mr. Bowler, as exquisite a country residence as any on the continent of America, and remained there to lunch, and afterwards walked for more than an hour in the grounds round the mansion, getting some fresh prospect from every hill and valley. The royal party then passed along the beautiful—the exquisitely beautiful, cemetery of Cincinnati, where the hills are laid out in gardens, shrubberies, and ornamental lakes, where a living poetry of nature has been cultivated over graves and tombs—

“ Which speaks of those who cannot share,
The gladness of the scene ;

Whose part in all the joy that fills,
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is that their graves are green."

In the evening there was a ball given in honour of His Royal Highness at the opera house—a building which for height, space, and richness of decoration, equals some of the finest English theatres. In saying this, however, I have said nearly all that can be said in praise. There was a huge mob outside the theatre, while inside there was scarcely anybody. The building accommodates an audience of some 2500 people. There were not more than about 400 at the ball, including the Royal suite, officials, committee-men, and everybody, and of this number nearly 100 men in the boxes looking down into the parterre where the ball took place. As, however, the 100 or so thus placed wore their hats, and were in every variety of lounging costume, just as they had dropped in, perhaps, from neighbouring hotels, their absence from the *salon de danse* was, on the whole, taken rather in good part than otherwise. Even of those who stood up in the sets many were in morning dress, and of the whole number actually present not more than a hundred were in a costume which would admit them to the amphitheatre stalls of Covent-garden. After the brilliant and well-managed fêtes of Canada this, the first of American balls, was rather more than a failure. Beyond these Western drawbacks, however, and the unaccountable absence of the *élite* of Cincinnati, the fête passed off very well, for at a ball the Prince is invincible. He danced most of the dances till 12 o'clock, when (it then being Sunday) the Royal party retired amid unmistakeable expressions of enthusiasm from all present.

On Sunday of course there was nothing except to

attend Divine service at St. John's. None of the party quitted the hotel. They indeed required a day of rest, for on the following morning the travels again commenced—travels which began to average twelve hours a day in railway carriages, and which for fatigue, noise, hurry, dust, and confusion, were enough to knock up all the royal party excepting the Prince himself, whom nothing seemed to tire or annoy. This day's journey to Pittsburg was rather above the average, the distance being 380 miles, and requiring upwards of fifteen hours to accomplish.

It was a pity that the route was not so curtailed in the space of ground required to be covered in a given time, as would have allowed the Prince an opportunity of making such a stay at the great towns hurried through as might have afforded him some better insight into the institutions and people of the country. As it was he was all day in his railway carriage—all night in his own private rooms in the hotel; a mode of progression which even the most hurried of *voyageurs* would scarcely call travel, save in its fatigue.

The journey through from Cincinnati to Pittsburg was a long and rather an uninteresting one, for the day was dull, wet, and cold. The country gradually changed its aspect from the fertile slopes of Cincinnati on which the grapes are grown in immense quantities for the American champagne Catawba. The scenery was very much like that in North Staffordshire, and like it also in bearing under its rugged hills inexhaustible stores of coal and iron.

Pittsburg was reached late in the night. There was an immense crowd waiting to see the Prince as a matter of course, and who escorted him rather uproariously up to the handsome and comfortable hotel where he was to stay for the night, and which took its name

from the banks of the river on which Pittsburg is built, the Monongahela House. This was as much inferior to the Burnet House at Cincinnati in external appearance, as it was equal to it in real comfort, which is saying a great deal in a few words. From daybreak next morning there was an immense crowd round the hotel, which for a time prevented all vehicles coming to the door. At last, however, the Prince got into his carriage, and would have driven round the town, but for the mistaken politeness of the Mayor, who turned out some fine companies of the militia to precede the *cortège* with their bands at a slow march, an arrangement to which, as a kind of State reception, His Royal Highness was disinclined, and which as affording all Pittsburg an opportunity of keeping pace side by side with His Royal Highness, must have been in the highest degree uncomfortable and embarrassing. As with everything else, however, the Prince bore this slow, trying ordeal, with hundreds staring close into his face for more than an hour and a half with a modest, good-humoured courtesy, which won the hearts of all—certainly. I had never seen his frank, dignified kindness appear to greater advantage than it did on this occasion. In Pittsburg itself, of course, there was nothing to see beyond a populous thriving “coal and iron town,” where the air and buildings are blacker, though with far less cause, than those of Sheffield, and where the sooty mind is paramount in all the streets. At one o’clock the royal train started from Pittsburg, the band of the fine company of militia playing “Jamais je ne t’oublierai,” that beautiful Canadian air with which all the British towns in North America took leave of their royal guest.

The next day’s journey of 280 miles, was by the Pennsylvania Central Railway, not only through Penn-

sylvania, but actually up and across the Alleghany Mountains; probably the most difficult route for a railway that ever was attempted, and certainly one the scenery of which is not to be equalled from any railway in the whole world.

For a few miles the land through which the line passed was neither very rich looking, nor very picturesque, being merely fields dotted with autumn foliaged trees, and here and there a huge black smoky mound which marked the shafts of coal-pits. After passing the great Cambria Ironworks, however, it soon changed, and the track lay for miles between mountains, and up a gorge, clothed from base to summit with the densest foliage. At any time of the year, such a ravine would be grand and beautiful, but at that time, when the coming winter had roused the forest into a quick warm life of colour, and robed the mountains in celestial tints like rainbows, there was a solemn gorgeousness about the pass, that is utterly indescribable. The eye ranged over mountain and valley till the mind was saturated with their burning richness, and you turned for relief from the great sheen of tints to look upon the soft unfathomable blue of the distant ranges, or watched the stripes of fleecy mists gathering with the fall of night, draping the hills into silvery streaks, like the haze over Turner's gorgeous paintings. This was the entrance which began the ascent of the Alleghany Mountains, up which and amid such scenes the train began to wind. For long, long miles it puffed, and toiled, and struggled painfully upwards, but always shut in between the masses of coloured hills, stretching above on each side like feathery tapestry. At last, the train emerged from the gorgeous defile near Kitanning Mountain, halfway up the summit of the Alleghanies, and nearly

1800 feet above the level of the line at Pittsburg. What a view was got from here ! It was like looking down through a prism upon the landscape from the summit of the Rigi Kulm. Distance had softened off the warm, deep, bright glow of the changing trees into a rich maze of gentle colour, so varied, yet so equal in its variations, that it seemed like one grand arabesque of nature, a vast parterre, which covered the very mountains, and shone up through the soft blue mists that gathered in the valleys in gleams of colour like jewels under water. The sun had set, but its train of rainbow light was still brilliant in the west, shedding a farewell fervour over the hills, and gliding down the valleys in silent yellow beams, filling them with an atmosphere of gold. On one side in the distance all was light and life, and gorgeous rays ; while up in the east remorseless night came crowding on, stifling out the brilliant woodland with a dull gray haze, and making the mountains loom heavily through the darkness from the heavens like the clouds of a coming storm. Close and sheer above the train rose a precipice, worried and riven into such fantastic ruins as only the decay of mountains show—stained with raw blotches, where watercourses trickled on to old gray pinnacles, draped with a silent moss, and here and there long creepers dropping softly down from stone to stone in rills of vegetation, rustling and waving gently with the night wind. Above the rock like sunset clouds, the forest rose in all its glory, with festoons of brilliant weeds, like old torn banners, hanging in melancholy grandeur from their boughs, with clumps of underwood and sweet wild flowers still alive with bloom, with humble timid willows bending in low obeisance before those severe lords of the wood ; the dark, tall, sombre, never changing pine. Maples and

sumachs, swamp ash and hemlocks, oaks, sycamores, larches, chestnuts, and aspens, all crowded together in every form and hue of leaf, in every shape of branch, huddling their tinted leaves together like a huge pavilion, as if to screen in and shroud from view the deep, long, silent vistas, that wandered into darkness, between their massive stems. There was such a life of colour, such a death of sound upon the scene, that even the rush of the river below came up hushed like a fading breeze, and it seemed as if all nature, with the coming darkness, had sunk to slumber. There were no stars in the heavens, but little dots of light shone out like spangles over the plain below, making where cottages stood, with here and there a little constellation, showing where a rising village struggled loosely round in picturesque confusion.

The Prince saw the whole of this grand panorama to the very best advantage, for at the commencement of the ascent he left his comfortable carriage and proceeded to the engine, on which he rode till the whole of the Alleghanies had been crossed. The descent from the summit is twelve miles in length, always at so steep an incline that, even with the breaks on, the train slides down at almost full speed. Round Kitanning Point there is one incline with two awfully sudden curves, where in little more than a mile, the way descends ninety-six feet. This path, winding round the edge of a terrific precipice, is one of the most awful railway passages I ever saw or heard of. Some idea may be formed of the sharp nature of the curve when two trains travel for miles in the same direction, though one is going west and the other east.

At the pretty little village of Altona, where there is one of the best railway hotels in the state, the party were to have stopped for dinner. This intention,

however, was abandoned, for it was nightfall, and Harrisburg was still some 150 miles distant, so the train was pushed on through the wild mountain road called "Jack's Narrows," amidst much the same rich magnificence of scenery as on the Hudson at West Point. From this it traversed along the Juniata river, and thence by the broad, shallow, magnificent stream of Susquehanna, filled with its thousands of little marshy islands, and shut in by noble hills. At eleven the train reached Harrisburg—the Legislative Capital of Pennsylvania, and like most legislative capitals in America, small, quiet, and rather faded-looking. Only a short stoppage, merely to get a night's rest, was made by the royal party; as the next day was to see them at Washington. Before leaving Harrisburg however, the Prince drove through the city to the house of Governor Packer, who received His Highness with the kindly warmth, and sincere cordiality, that might have been expected from an old friend. But a brief stay only was made at the Governor's, and the interview over, another rush was made per rail through Baltimore to Washington.

CHAPTER XVII.

WASHINGTON.

The Prince's Reception—Meets the President—Levée—Unfinished Character of Washington City—The Capitol—Hall of Representatives—The Senate Chamber—The White House—Visit to Mount Vernon—Its neglected condition—Washington's Tomb—The Prince plants a chesnut.

THE Prince had now reached this strange peculiar city where ugly streets of ill-built houses connect the most noble public buildings, and where he had to admire the city as a city always in the future tense. Washington must in after history be one of the greatest capitals of the world ; but at present it seems to want a deal of building alteration and improvement before it will be a worthy legislative centre of the great American empire.

There were very few incidents to note connected with the Prince's reception there. That there was a great crowd at the station may of course be taken for granted, but it was well railed off, and no hustling, as with the crowds of Detroit and St. Louis, was allowed at any time. General Cass, Secretary of State, with Mr. James Buchanan, and James Buchanan Henry, nephews of the President, were on the platform, and received His Royal Highness as he alighted from the train. There was a very brief pause while General

Cass, on the part of the chief magistrate of the United States, cordially welcomed the royal visitor to Washington, and a few introductions took place, but there was no ceremony or delay of any kind, and the party at once entered the President's carriages and drove to the White House. They arrived at the executive mansion soon after four o'clock. The President, as regal and as venerable in his appearance as any king who ever wore a crown, stood just inside the portal of the White House, and as the Prince alighted stepped forward and shook him by the hand with a cordiality of welcome that was unmistakeable. It was more a meeting between private friends and gentlemen than an almost historic reception given by the chief of the greatest republic to the heir of the greatest monarchy in the world.

The President led his guest at once to the Blue Drawing-room, where he introduced Miss Lane, his niece, and Mrs. Ellis, niece of the late Vice-President King. But beyond these few facts there is nothing to say, except that all the guests at the White House stayed there without formality, and as any other party of distinguished travellers whom it might please the President to entertain. Only one exception was made to the general rule of affairs at the executive mansion, and that was that while the Prince stayed there it was no longer an open house to all, but police were stationed round it, and none except those invited were allowed to enter. Many members of the royal suite, who could not be accommodated at the President's mansion, remained with Lord Lyons. On the morning following the arrival at Washington, the President held a levée in honour of the Prince. It was held at one o'clock, and to it everybody came that wanted, and many came that were not wanted at all, if one might

judge from their extremely *négligé* costume. There were plenty of ladies there in bonnets and shawls, and some individuals who sauntered into the room with their hands in their pockets, and who otherwise conducted themselves in a way which certainly, as far as I had seen, was not usual among the American gentlemen, who chew tobacco. The President did not remain in any special place or take a prominent part in the reception at all. Like his chief guests, he was dressed in black, though not in full dress—a sort of male *demi-toilette*, which was quite sufficient for the occasion. People passed in, gazed at the Prince, shook hands, bowed to him and the President, and then passed out. In fact, it seemed less a reception than a mixed deputation, from which ladies were not excluded. It was not a good time of the year in which to hold such a levée, for Washington was almost empty then compared to what it generally is. There was a total absence of formality or restriction, either as to dress or persons of any kind, and yet as a rule there was a quiet decorum in manner which, considering that all who chose to come might do so, would have done honour to any general assemblage in any capital in Europe. Here and there could be seen something rather *outré*, and, as I have intimated, to English notions almost offensive; but these were the rare exceptions as to conduct. The dresses of very many certainly showed an utter disregard of the European usages of society on these occasions; but mere dress makes very little difference, and after all, it must be remembered that it was very early in the day. On the whole, in judging of this reception, I could not help feeling that it showed well for the American people. If Her Majesty received the President at Buckingham Palace, and allowed *every one*, male and female, that chose to

attend to be admitted, without distinction of rank, dress, or calling, I doubt if the assemblage on such an occasion would even bear comparison with that at the White House to meet the Prince.

His Royal Highness saw on the whole as much of Washington in his three days' visit as any one can ever see who stays there three weeks, three months, or even three years, with the one exception, that he took away a very favourable impression, which those who dwell there much longer seldom do.

Washington consists of a few magnificent public buildings; the town *per se* has, if I may so speak, nothing whatever to do with the place, beyond that its shabby little dilapidated houses act as a foil to the marble palaces of the government, making them seem like jewels badly set. Even in those very public buildings, however, Washington is unfinished. There is not one which is entirely completed—some scarcely well begun. In short, the only structures which are complete are the houses of the city, and those are the ones which should all be pulled down at once. When you have visited the capital and Mount Vernon, admired the Treasury, Patent, and Post Offices, called at the White House, suffered under a bad hotel, and continually mistaken the Washington Monument for a lighthouse, all of which, especially the two latter, you do easily in three days, you may quit the administrative capital of America with perfect ease of mind as to your having seen as much of the place as if you had lived there all your life. His Royal Highness went through all this, except the bad hotel business, and, no matter what else he hurried through, he at least saw Washington, and knows all that visitors can ever know about it. He made a long visit to the Capitol with the President and chief members of his suite. This is one

of the noblest buildings in America. Its site is unusually fine, its proportions are massive and noble, and its severe, grand simplicity of architecture well becomes the administrative halls of a great republic so young and primitive as America. Of course, like everything else, it is not finished, and it is likely to be very many years before it is. It is difficult to say to what particular order of architecture it belongs. Its noble columns are Corinthian. Yet there is a huge cupola at the top which is at variance with the rest, and which is too elongated for a dome, though the diameter of its base, if I am not much mistaken, in appearance, is very nearly as great as that of St. Peter's at Rome. It is Bacon who says that "in the truly beautiful there is always something strange," and the force of the remark is exemplified in the Capitol of Washington, which, though not in perfect harmony with itself, either inside or out, is, nevertheless, one of the grandest and most imposing structures in America. It is all built of pure white marble—as, indeed, all the other public buildings, and many even of the houses, of Washington are also. The main entrance to the interior is by a noble and lofty flight of steps—those daises of architecture which always add so much to the grand and imposing effect of lofty façades. At the top of the steps, at either side, are two allegorical groups of statuary; one a very fine one, representing the influence of civilisation on the savage Indians; the other a poor, clumsy, and badly-executed figure of Columbus, covered with all sorts of scientific allegories. Passing under a fine colonnade, you enter the rotunda beneath the dome, a lofty and spacious circular hall, with some good and some very badly executed pictures on the walls which form the outer circle; the inner magic ring towards the centre

being composed of wide-mouthed highly decorative iron spittoons. Nothing more forcibly repudiates the vulgar notion as to the expectorating accuracy of Americans than the appearance of the marble round these nasty receptacles. These spittoons are the first things you see on entering, and from this moment you never lose sight of them as long as you remain in the building. No matter where you wander — into the Senate Chamber, the House of Representatives, the Speaker's room, the gorgeous chamber of the President—the yawning nuisance haunts you everywhere. You tumble over them in quiet corners of rich frescoed halls; they flank the tribune and the Speaker's chair, like quaint heraldic supporters, and stand in hideous rows and semicircles round the halls — recognised institutions of the place; the little altars on which every one asserts his liberty of spitting, no matter who is present or what the occasion. A long, and for the proportions of the building, a very low and narrow corridor leads to the Hall of Representatives, a large and very "dumpy" square chamber, with the Speaker's seat and tribune facing the entrance, and a large semicircle of seats and desks (each, of course, with the never absent spittoon) ranged round the floor. The visitor who enters the Capitol for the first time with his mind still impressed with the chaste, simple grandeur of the exterior, looks forward to seeing in the Hall of Representatives another illustration of quiet dignity, becoming in the young republic, which claims to carry its simplicity almost to sternness, which in its love for plainness affects to think even a court dress a backsliding into gorgeousness not to be tolerated in its Ministers abroad. But alas for the disappointment which awaits him who enters with these ideas! He sees before him the Hall of Representa-

tives, a chamber like a disused showroom, which has all the windows in its ceiling, and yet has no light; which is large without being spacious, low in height without looking comfortable, covered with gilt and scarlet without being decorated, gaudy without effect, costly yet mean and even dirty in its appearance, with a tawdry vulgarity of splendour that disgusts every man of taste, and with its enormities of gilt and paint sufficiently darkling and obscure to fail to impress the masses. There is a kind of mixture of a grand Californian bar-room and a second-rate Paris café—an air of a rather well-worn half-business place of entertainment, which is inexpressibly disappointing to one's anticipations, and which even the recollection of the exciting—indeed, *violently* exciting—debates it has witnessed quite fails to remove. Of what use are the recollections or imaginations when it only requires the presence of a dingy waiter to assure you that, in spite of everything, you must have made a wrong turn, and wandered into the ill-decorated *salle-à-manger* of the House? This impression is by no means lessened when one passes through the large barbers' saloon just off a corner of the chamber, where in the light garrulity of the tonsors the members find relief from a debate of unusual calm and dullness. With a few alterations, such as moving back the side walls some twenty feet, heightening the roof at least thirty, white-washing the gilt, extinguishing the red, and entirely remodelling the whole interior, the Chamber might be made something of, but any change which does not carry out each and all of these improvements had better be left alone. It is a comfort to pass from this to the Senate Chamber—the first that was ever used in Washington—the Chamber which has echoed the eloquent and mostly anti-English denunciations of

Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and other of the greatest of American statesmen; the Chamber in which all the measures have been discussed and passed to laws which have brought the vast empire to its present eminence. It is higher, but in all other respects much like in size its modern successor, except that its decorations are cold and plain almost to severity. The Senate Chamber now in use is precisely the same in size and form with that of the House of Representatives. It is very plain, however, and would almost be handsome looking, but for its mean proportions. The Democrats, or slave-holding party, sit on the left as you enter, the Republicans, or anti-slavery, on the right. From the Capitol the Prince visited the Patent Office, a noble building, such an one as our own indefatigable patent-chief, Bennet Woodcroft, would wish to raise in London. Here the Prince saw a suit of uniform belonging to Washington, and the clumsy old printing-press of Franklin. When will the English get a National Museum for such germs of the great inventive genius of her people?

Beyond this visit, and a short drive round the city, nothing of note was done, and in the afternoon the party returned to the White House. This Presidential mansion is not imposing though handsome, plain, and simple, painted white to conceal the traces of the conflagration when it was burnt by the English in the war of 1812. In one of the rooms still hangs the great portrait of Washington, cut from the frame by Mrs. Maddison while the English troops were actually entering the city. It is very handsomely furnished, though not at all better, if as well as many of the houses of the merchants of New York. In front of it is an enclosure and carriage-drive, and at almost the corner of the avenue a chesnut tree

with a deep-scarred bark. At the foot of this Sickles murdered Mr. Key, and some of the bullets were cut from the bark and produced in court. The very plain, and, like most other houses in Washington, poor residence of Sickles is on the opposite side of the square, with a hideous statue of General Jackson always bowing to it. What did poor General Jackson do that he should be overwhelmed with such posthumous opprobrium as this dreadful figure perpetuates? George III. saluting the cabstand in the Haymarket is a work of genius compared to it, and more than this one need not say.

On the evening of Thursday, the 4th, there was a grand display of fireworks and a small party at the White House, on which, as private, I need not dwell; and on the 5th an expedition was made to Mount Vernon—the house, the home, and tomb of Washington. The President, with the Prince, the Duke of Newcastle, and a very large party, went early in the morning down to the dockyard, where the government steamer—called after the niece of the president, the “Harriet Lane,”—was waiting. Under a double salute for the Prince and President, the party embarked, and went away down the broad and glittering waters of the Potomac. Washington is not impressive from this noble river. The intended dome of the Capitol, half finished as it is, looks like an extinguisher, and the Washington monument more like a lighthouse than ever. The city, too, lies low and straggling, and its whole aspect is flat and poor. It may and must be grand hereafter, but with that I have nothing now to do, but only speak of it as it is. Further down the river the little town of Alexandria nestles in a green bank. Some ten miles below this the shores on either side are higher and more grand.

The "Harriet Lane" steered for the most conspicuous of these headlands and anchored, and the large party went ashore in cutters, the Prince steering the one in which the President sat. You step from the boat upon Virginian territory, and are at the foot of Mount Vernon, a steep wooded headland, which rises abruptly from the shore of the Potomac, and on which the clustering trees and thick rough underwood stand out in startling contrast from the red bricky earth, the characteristic colour of all Virginian soil. A winding irregular footway leads up here, broken away in gaps, over which a few clumsy planks supply the place of the crumbling earth. Bits of bricks and stone, with now and then dead boughs, lie in the way, always narrow and difficult, and crowded in upon by branches, while around, as far as one can see through, the neglected shrubbery is rank and uncultivated, with an unmistakeable aspect of desertion, of slow and long decay, in every wild straggling deep-tangled thicket. Even the trees are mildewed over with a sickly moss, and look damp and ruinous; the ground between the briars is littered ankle deep with fallen leaves; while broken boughs, all white and brittle, are scattered everywhere, and peer out starkly through the matted weeds. Is this Mount Vernon, the home of Washington? Is this the property purchased by a grateful nation to save it from decay and demolition? Alas! Republics are ungrateful masters, and have been so from all time. Still toiling up through the steep, neglected wilderness, you come out at last upon a sloping open grass plot, more like a rough meadow now, though once a well-kept lawn. Small groups of trees are planted here and there, and underneath a few are wide-armed garden-seats, bleached white with long exposure to the weather, and fast falling to

pieces. In the centre of the lawn is a long straggling old-fashioned wooden country house, three stories high, with very tall square wooden pillars, supporting a broad balcony, which shades over the whole front. Beneath this, in an irregular square stone pavement, is a long angular wooden seat, white and almost decayed, placed close by the side of a narrow double-leaved door, from which the yellow paint is worn, and the panels are shrunk and cracked. Above the balcony, with its wooden lattice balustrade, ruined and broken like torn lace, is a sloping irregular tiled roof, green with the moss and damp of many years. Four pointed little gable windows peep timidly from under the eaves of this, while in the centre of the ridge rises a little glass lantern, like a belfry, with a huge rusty weather-cock, and an iron lightning-conductor of great thickness. At either side of the house, curving backwards, are the blanched remains of little vaulted arcades, leading to dilapidated farm-buildings in the rear; while on the left another large tiled outhouse, in better preservation, though still in keeping with the rest in swift decay, completes the scene. Such is the first appearance presented by the remains of this world-famous building; such, and no more, are the plain simple features of the house in which George Washington lived and died. Every window in its quaint white wooden front has an interest now; every little peculiarity is scrutinised as you stand amid the silence that belongs to decay, and note its every aspect for memory to treasure up and dwell upon hereafter. The old faded green blinds are closed over the sitting-room, as if the house was mourning; the others are open, but dim, hollow, and vacant, looking like eyes from which the light has fled for ever. The closed windows speak only of death, but there is something

awful in those sightless glaring panes, stained black with dust, and tapestried with webs ; there is a mute appealing mournfulness in their decay—in the sad efforts which they seem to make to keep the daylight from entrance into the gloomy rooms beyond—that is almost touching ; that speaks of one not only dead, but dead and long forgotten. The gaunt white columns are riven with unseemly gaps and crumbling to decay ; the bell-wires outside the house are worn to threads and parted, leaving a mouldering rusty stain along the wooden walls. The upper windows seem to have grown decayed and lost their light, as if from long neglect of use, for years have come and gone since they were wanted—since any faces looked for light from them. The very walk under the arcade has a faint cold echo of the past ; the solitary tap, tap from drops of water breaks on the stillness with a sound which here is noise ; the old green-tiled roof droops in slow bends, as if, its duty done, it, too, was slumbering to decay with all the rest. There is a loneliness about the place, about its solitary quiet and forlornness, that is more than clings to tombs ; it is the echoing loneliness of the forsaken mansion of one greatest in the world's history, left desolate, and never to be used again. The stacks of chimneys stand in sharp outline against a cold October sky, dumb and smokeless, breathing no signs of hospitality or token of life within those mute white walls. There are no swallows near the building, no people round the place ; even the vane above the lantern is rusted into quiet, never broken here save by the falling leaves or wind, or drip, drip, drip of water. Even the glass belfry on the roof has a ghastly look, as all white and empty, its iron bell rusted and dead, and its dim shadowy-looking windows just permitting the light of a cold

October sun to be seen through its little panes. The most bigoted stranger that ever trod within these sacred precincts cannot look around without emotion, cannot free his mind from a feeling of sorrow that this touching relic of one of earth's noblest dead should be now in such a state and left to such decay.

Those who wish to see the interior of the house must search to the left, where, down in a cellar, a negro woman and her family almost lurk—a slave herself, though the only *cicerone* to the deserted mansion of the man who gave freedom and independence to this continent.* This woman has the key of the house, and, passing sulkily under the arcade, points out with a monotonous drawl of habit the old armchair in which Washington used to sit near the door, with its little desk fastened to one side on which he wrote and answered the dispatches placed in a drawer beneath. The Prince was honoured by having the chair brought out for him to sit in—a chair which future ages will regard with as much veneration as the thrones of state on which whole dynasties were crowned. But the slave is tired of pointing it out, and hurries on to the door, fumbling in her pocket for the key, while she apologises in shambling terms for the ruinous decay

* On the occasion of the Prince's visit, of course this coloured dame did not officiate as guide. There are two or three days in the week when a steamer leaves Washington for Mount Vernon. There are always a great many visitors, who avail themselves of these opportunities to visit the building; and a gentleman then always goes in the boat with the party to guide them to the house, and also to see that none of the property is injured by cutting names or taking away relics, in which matters the Americans are almost worse than ourselves. Those who prefer to see the house quietly and unattended by a noisy crowd, must drive out by themselves on one of these off days when the boat does not run. They will then find the home of Washington as I have described it and deserted, save by the old negress and her children. For a moderate "consideration" she "shows" the house inside and out readily enough.

in which the house is falling. Oh, *vanitas vanitatum* ! a dirty negress shows the home of Washington for cents, and drops her maudlin pity on its sad forlorn neglect.

Inside the door is an old-fashioned wooden hall, wide and low, with heavy, lumbering porticoes carved above the doors on either side, and a wide, thick-stepped staircase climbing up from the corner. The boards creak as you tread on them with a loud noise, which echoes gloomily through the house ; the doors and shutters are decayed and shrunken, and let through flaunting, sharp-edged gleams of light, which find no resting-place in the gloom beyond, but, filled with dusty, eddying motes in clouds, seem struggling back again. Over one portico are a few rough stones—fossils which Washington picked up and placed there, which might almost have become fossils since he gathered them, so bygone seems all belonging to him, here in his very home. In a little case in the left hangs a rough massive key of iron, which once closed on crimes and mysteries the world can only dimly guess at now, which is as typical of shattered power and despotism overthrown, as if the fleur-de-lis sceptre of the Bourbons was hung up broken there. That old misshapen key represents the crimes of a great dynasty and their tremendous punishment ; it is the first-fruits of the French Revolution—the key of the Bastille. By its side hangs a little black profile and portrait of Lafayette, who presented it to Washington.

Instinctively one looks to the opposite wall for some token of the freedom which Washington gave to our descendants ; but the cracked neglected panels are blank and dumb and make no sign save of decay. There is no token on the wall, but you are told that his most enduring record is to be found in the

memories of a grateful nation. Well, let us see! An apartment off the corner of the hall was his sitting-room. It is empty, cold, and vacant, with one of those dim lightless windows, just letting in sufficient murky day to add to its cheerless gloom. In the corner is a little fireplace, from which the grate has been torn out, leaving a black gaping aperture as mournful as a grave. Over it, framed in the wainscot, is a painting which once represented a bright summer day; but the winter of adversity and cold neglect has overtaken its warm hues, and, dim and faded in its dirt as a November morn, it looks even more wretched than the room itself, with its colours blurred out, and holes and tatters in its decaying canvas. In a corner of the apartment is its only article of furniture—a large terrestrial globe, with its zodiac half eaten through with rust, its compass broken, and the globe itself a dirty brown ball with scarcely an outline distinguishable on its surface from damp and long neglect. Turn it round, and there seems something retributive in the fact that the United States—the very land he gave its freedom to, whose destinies he studied on this very globe—is a mere black stain, utterly unrecognisable under the mouldy decay to which this relic has been abandoned. It is written “Put not your trust in princes,” but you may say “Put not trust in peoples either,” for their captious love is hard to win and easy lost, and when once gone, can never be revived.

The room leading from this was the dining and state room—large, dim, and empty, except that in one corner stands the General’s piano: an old-fashioned, yellow, jangling harpsichord. In the centre, on a quaint enamelled plate, like a watch-dial, are the names of “Longman and Broderip, musical instrument-makers, Cheapside, London,” but no date.

In one corner is a dirty heap of leather and old rags. What do they here? Has not this building fallen low enough, but it must be a storehouse for old lumber? "Lumber?" says our guide; "I guess they're the General's saddle-bags and holsters." And such, indeed, these mouldy fragments turn out to be—the old embroidered holsters, full of holes, and shreds of ruin; the saddle-bags, moth-eaten and falling to pieces, strewing the floor, a mere unsightly litter. In this room is the beautiful marble mantelpiece presented to Washington by his devoted friend and admirer, Lafayette—a rich and elaborate structure—the only object in the whole house which retains its pristine cleanliness and form—shining out like a flower in a ruin. The room in which Washington died is upstairs, but none are allowed to enter it; perhaps this sanctuary is too decayed to be safe for visitors. There is no more to see, and if there is, you do not wish to see it. Let the dust settle again upon the rooms in which Washington lived and thought and worked for his country. They echo with a hollow feeble effort, as if, sickening to their decay, unwonted noises pained them. Close the blinds, and let them wither in silence. This house will not cumber the earth for long. How true is that eternal moral, "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." The key of the Bastille will survive as the type of a tremendous despotism, when the sanctuary of liberty in which it now hangs shall have passed away like a tale that is told.*

* From what I heard of the way in which the Mount Vernon Committee intend preserving this historic building, I should think it would almost be better to leave it to its present ruin and decay. It is about to be "reconstructed," and will, of course, be so rebuilt and repaired as to retain little of its former self. It is in fact threatened with conversion into an "eligible family residence." The cost of erecting a glass and iron

Away from the house is a rough broken footpath which leads through mazy wilds—a mingled *débris* of ruined woods and buildings. Down this the Prince and President and all the Royal party passed, a gay assemblage of some hundred visitors, going to Washington's tomb. It is a needless iteration to point out how utterly waste and neglected is this road, which seems to wind through the coarse wild underwood like an abandoned cattle-track. At last, through the trees, you come upon what seems to be the ruins of a cemetery, where, in front of a red brick wall, a few white marble columns, hemmed in by rusty iron railings, stand like sentries of the dead. Move round to the front of this wall, and before you is a hollow arched gateway, shut in by double iron gates. Within this gloomy recess are two white marble coffin-shaped sarcophagi, which reflect a wan and ghastly light over the little vault. That to the left bears the inscription, "Martha, consort of Washington;" on the other is simply cut, in massive heavy letters, the one word, "Washington." Beyond this there is nothing; and nothing else is needed, for the history of a world is carved in those ten deep letters. There is no pomp of woe about the spot. I almost wish there were, for now the tomb has the plainness that springs from neglect, and from neglect a fast decay will rise in time. The old red walls are scored with vulgar names, bricks have been broken out, and the very stone tablet overhead, which tells that "Within this enclosure rest the remains of General George Washington," is debased with the offensive scrawls of travellers, not ashamed to leave these records of their vulgar infamy behind.

roof over the whole building would be little more than 25,000*l.*, when the house beneath, thus shielded from the weather, might, with a little ordinary care, survive for centuries.

Over the bricks creep wild and tangled shrubs—weeds, rubbish, and mortar are littered in front, while all around it is a dirty, thriftless waste, like the remains of a shrubbery in which a building once stood. No pious care seems to have ever tended this neglected grave, none by to shield it from the desecration of idle profanity. It is here alone in its glory, uncared for, unvisited, unwatched, with the night-wind for its only mourner sighing through the waste of trees, and strewing the dead brown leaves like ashes before the tomb. Such is the grave of Washington!

“ Where may the wearied eye repose
While gazing on the Great,
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state !
Yet one, the greatest, last, and best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one.”

Before this humble tomb the Prince, the President, and all the party stood uncovered. It is easy moralising on this visit, for there is something grandly suggestive of historical retribution in the reverential awe of the Prince of Wales, the great-grandson of George III., standing bareheaded at the foot of the coffin of Washington. What may not history bring forth? The descendants of a regenerated line of Hapsburgs may yet do honour at the tomb of Garibaldi. For a few moments the party stood mute and motionless, and the Prince then proceeded to plant a chesnut by the side of the tomb. It seemed when the royal youth closed in the earth around the little germ, that he was burying the last faint trace of discord between us and our great brethren in the West. May it be so, and may no American in times

hereafter think of the tomb of Washington without remembering the friendly visitor who planted the tree in whose grateful shadow it reposes. May the act live in the memories of both nations, green as the offering that records it, and Britons recollect that in this graceful rite of homage to the memory of one whom we must now strive to claim as our descendant, the Prince did honour to himself and his nation. This simple ceremony over, the party returned to the "Harriet Lane," and "danced away dull care." Alas that I should say so, but the visit to the shrine of Washington partook of festivity as well as homage. But the world is made up of inconsistencies, and, as Thackeray says truly, we see tears under bridal wreaths and hear jokes in mourning coaches.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RICHMOND, BALTIMORE, AND PHILADELPHIA.

Departure from Washington—A “strap road”—Fredericksburg—Arrival at Richmond—Visit to the capitol, and alleged rudeness of the crowd—Denials of the Richmond Committee—The North and the South—The Prince visits Baltimore—The Washington Memorial—Philadelphia—Ovation at the Opera House.

THE Prince with the rest of the royal party left the White House on the morning of the 6th October. The leave-taking between His Royal Highness and the President and his amiable niece, Miss Harriet Lane, was marked by the most sincere expressions of regret on both sides, that the friendly visit had been of such short duration. Cordial were the good wishes exchanged between all the distinguished members of the royal party and the chiefs of the American Administration, who had assembled to bid them farewell, and a successful and happy progress through the remainder of their great western tour. The carriages of the Prince, the Duke of Newcastle, and Lord Lyons, accompanied by those of the American Cabinet, quitted the White House at 10 o'clock. There was a large crowd collected in the avenue leading up to the mansion, who cheered the Prince most heartily as he drove off. At the Arsenal a salute of twenty-one guns was fired as the *cortège* entered, and a similar compliment

was paid from the Navy-yard when His Royal Highness went on board the little steam cutter "Harriet Lane." The instant the royal party were embarked, the hawsers were cast off, and the quick little steamer sped down the broad quiet waters of the Potomac like a bird. Passing Mount Vernon the speed was slackened, and the bell tolled—an empty honour paid to the poor, ruinous, neglected house of Washington by every steamer or vessel of any kind that passes up or down the stream.

At 2 o'clock the boat reached the little landing-place at Acquia Creek, where the special train was in waiting to convey the party to Richmond. The first part of the journey was over what is termed a "strap road," one of the most unsafe varieties of railway ever used, even in that country of bad tramways of all kinds. The scenery through which the route lay was not very attractive. The land in Virginia has been exhausted by constant reckless farming. Very little is grown there now but tobacco, and, the climate being unusually favourable to the "cultivation of the black," slave-breeding forms almost the whole business of the State. A few plantations were, however, passed, and a few negro huts, the best worse than the worst Irish cabins. The train crossed the Rappahannock River, and stopped for a few minutes at Fredericksburg. At this city Washington was born, and there his mother is buried. But the house in which the father of his country saw the light has, of course, been pulled down, and the monument over the grave of his mother, the first stone of which was laid by President Jackson in great state nearly thirty years ago, has been left unfinished since that time. Truly, the Americans, as a people, seem to lack veneration or gratitude, perhaps both.

The train reached the fair grounds, some two miles

distant from Richmond, at six in the evening. The Mayor and a committee of citizens were in waiting to welcome His Royal Highness to the capital of the Old Dominion. There was an immense concourse of people who blocked up all the avenues leading to the Ballard Hotel, so that the carriages could scarcely force a passage. No police were present, and the pressing of the crowd soon became almost unbearable, and the reception here altogether contrasted very badly with the enthusiastic decorum with which His Royal Highness had generally been welcomed in American cities, above all such cities as Chicago, and afterwards at Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. During all the night of the arrival, every room and stairway in the Ballard Hotel was crowded with a regular mob, all striving and huddling to get some look into the apartments where His Royal Highness was staying. There was always a good deal of noise mixed with cries for the Prince to show himself—invitations with which I need scarcely say His Royal Highness did not comply, as he had already seen quite enough of the Richmond crowd on his passage from the railway to the hotel.

There was to have been a ball in the evening, but that greatest of all difficulties—financial difficulties—stood in the way of its being carried out on a proper scale, so the idea was abandoned.

On the following day (Sunday), the Prince and suite attended Divine Service at St. Paul's Church, and his entrance into this building created a far greater sensation and display of eager curiosity on the part of the congregation than had been witnessed in any part of the very many churches the Prince had attended throughout the whole progress. After service His Royal Highness, with the Duke and many members of the royal party, walked round the streets to see the

town. Richmond is not a little altered from the time when Madame Esmond reared her young Virginians here. Seen from a distance, it looks a very handsome town, both far grander and far larger than it really is. Its population is only about 40,000, of which nearly one-half are blacks and slaves. The capitol is a bizarre Græco-American building which runs much to windows, as is generally the case with all the public buildings of this continent. In the hall of this building is the noble statue of Washington, the first erected to that great patriot, with a simple, dignified inscription worthy of the hero it commemorates. The sculptor's legend in the corner reads, "*Fait par Houdon, Citoyen Français, 1788.*"

It was during the visit to the capitol, and while inspecting this fine statue, that some of the crowd of Richmond are alleged to have behaved in a manner so insulting to the royal visitors, and so likely to cast a stain upon the hospitality of the people of the town.

I was not present on this occasion, but heard of what was said to have taken place soon afterwards, and of course made diligent and repeated inquiries, not only at the time, but even quite recently, since the return of the royal party to England, and the result of every investigation I have been able to make leaves no doubt that some very rude remarks were made by the crowd, while the Prince was inspecting the statue of Washington; but on the other hand, I am equally convinced that this rudeness was at the very most the act of a few impertinent boys who, as a most distinguished member of the suite told me, ought to have had their ears well boxed. Since this occurrence, the Reception Committee at Richmond have published manifesto after manifesto, denying in the strongest terms that there was any, even the smallest, foundation for

the statement, that rude remarks were ever uttered. I know on undoubted authority, that the Prince, whose hearing is almost remarkable for its quickness, never heard a single word of the coarse observations which it is stated were used on this occasion by one or two persons. Several members of the suite also state the same. But on the other hand, gentlemen with the royal party, though not forming part of the official suite, did overhear one or two very offensive remarks. Both English and American gentlemen who were present, and stood in the crowd, confirm most positively the fact, that they were constantly uttered, *sotto voce*.

This is exactly how the matter stands, and if Richmond admitted all that was alleged, the whole would only amount to impertinence from a few "*gamins*," for which the city itself can no more be held answerable, than Canada for the mad stupidity of the Flannigans and Robinsons at Kingston or Toronto. It was not, however, viewed in this impartial light in America, and the occurrence was at once seized upon by the Republican party, and magnified and exaggerated to its very utmost, in order to affect the then fast approaching election for the Presidency, in favour of Mr. Lincoln. Thus poor Richmond woke up one morning, and found itself notorious throughout the United States for blackguardism, and ruffianly inhospitality of every kind, because some fifty or sixty dirty scamps over whom they had no control had used rude language, and made coarse remarks. Now Richmond certainly did not deserve all this, though the Reception Committee must have their share of blame in the matter. The eager curiosity of the people to see His Royal Highness was well known, and having this fact to guide them, the authorities of all the towns which the Prince visited, took precautions to prevent his being

crowded upon and followed by an inconvenient mob. This was so at Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and Washington. At Detroit, where there were no police, the firemen were called out to keep the streets as clear as they could. If some such precautionary measure of this kind did not fall within the province of the "Committee of Reception," for what purpose were they appointed at all?

After leaving the capitol the crowd, which had then increased immensely, followed so close upon the Prince as almost to inconvenience him with their pressure, and became, for the time, a most material annoyance. Two or three of the suite turned round and actually pushed the foremost back to prevent their treading on the Prince's heels; but, beyond this, there was no interference, nor were any disrespectful remarks attempted. Arrived at the house of the Governor of the State, Governor Letcher, all the royal party went in to pay their respects, and their carriages after a time were sent for, to a private door, by which they issued unobserved, escaped the crowd, and had a quiet drive out to the pretty little cemetery of Hollywood. Beyond the controversy to which this visit gave rise, there would be little worth recording, and in fact the excursion would never have formed part of the royal programme at all but for the wish of avoiding the appearance of anything like party feeling in the arrangement of the tour. Had it been exclusively confined to the northern and free States, those of the south where slavery is dominant would all undoubtedly have felt bitterly offended. It is true that the Prince had been in Missouri, which a few years since was a great stronghold of the pro-slavery party. Now, however, it is not only equally divided between the pro- and anti-slavery supporters, but the members

of the former are steadily on the decline, and in a very few years more Missouri must become a free State. There is not the least prospect of such a happy change in the opinions of the inhabitants of the capital of the Old Dominion.

Virginia as a State is probably not surpassed in its intolerant advocacy of pro-slavery doctrines by any in the Union save and except by the merciless bigots of Arkansas. While the royal party were in Canada the American papers were full of accounts of an unfortunate news agent who had been found with some copies of the great anti-slavery organ, the *New York Tribune*, in his possession, and who was actually sentenced to be hanged by the vigilance committee who *detected* him. Things are not quite as bad as this in Virginia, but they are bad enough, goodness knows. One might as well talk of freedom of opinion in China or Morocco, as of the liberty allowed to either thought or speech in any of the ultra slave states of America, and in Virginia almost above all others. What would any man's life be worth who should express in Charlestown or Richmond sympathy with the blacks, or disgust at their degrading cruel bondage? It would not be worth an hour's purchase—not a single minute's. The mere suspicion of being an abolitionist would suffice for his tarring and feathering and being ridden out of the town on a rail.

At the same time, it must be said that much of this intense feeling is due to the fanatical attempts of the extreme anti-slavery party, who encouraged openly or secretly the late mad attempt of John Brown to raise an insurrection among the blacks at Harper's Ferry, which is only some fifteen or sixteen miles distant from Richmond. When it is recollected that negro insurrections have often been marked with the infliction of the most

fearful atrocities on the whites whom they have overpowered,—atrocities to which those of Cawnpore and Delhi are almost as nothing ; it is not to be wondered at that the whites are vigilant and merciless against those who tamper with their slaves with this object in view. In fact, the very safety of their own lives depends upon such precautions. The incredible amount that would be required to effect an equitable release of the slaves by payment of the value of the “ chattels ” to their owners, would be such a stupendous amount, that this solution of the slavery question has long been abandoned as utterly hopeless. The extreme abolitionists, therefore, only propose that an Act should be passed declaring all slaves free ; in other words, that the entire property of the Southern States,—the slaves who were purchased when the traffic was not only legal but encouraged,—should be confiscated and declared by an Act of Congress to be slaves no longer. Against such an extreme step, of course, the slave owners declaim with almost as much vehemence as against those who endeavour to promote insurrection. In short, the attempt to pass such an Act would be instantly met by the secession of the Southern from the Northern States. That this disruption of the Union will in the end solve the slave difficulty, I quite believe, and from all I heard from those best acquainted with the subject, secession is only a question of time. The interests of the Northern and the Southern States are too widely dissimilar for any true bond of union to subsist between them. Each day widens the division more and more. The Northern States, however, almost monopolise the energy, intelligence, and manufacturing genius of the country ; and whether the Southerners secede or not, will eventually make little difference to their great future. The difference between

the two seems to be that the people of the Northern States almost hope for secession, and the Southerners, with all their loud braggadocia, almost dread it.

On the Monday following the visit to the Richmond capital, the Prince quitted New York for Baltimore. The route was over the same ground previously traversed to Washington, and thence through a fine and fertile country to the chief town of Maryland. At Baltimore only a halt of one night was made; in fact, the Prince merely stopped to sleep after his long and fatiguing day's journey. But the visit, short as it was, afforded fresh proofs, if proofs were needed, of the cordial warmth and good feeling with which, as a rule, His Royal Highness was welcomed at all the chief towns through the United States. Only one short year before the Prince's visit, Baltimore was the most riotous and disorderly city in the Union. Up to that time, even New Orleans was behind it in the frequency of its daring cold-blooded murders,—in the desperate encounters which took place almost weekly in its chief streets. When the townspeople at last rose as one man, and insisted on the formation of a really efficient and energetic body of police, murders had become of such frequent occurrence, that I should almost fear to be accused of exaggeration if I related their numbers here. The present energetic chief of the police told me that when his services were called upon at Baltimore, no less than fifteen persons had been shot down and murdered in the open streets the week previously. A high hand was necessary with such utter desperadoes; and, on the first disturbance, those who refused to disperse quietly were shot down without mercy by the police. A few months of this determined rule put an end to the riots, and at the present time there is scarcely a state town in the

Union—not even Boston itself—where more perfect order prevails. In Baltimore, the desperate rowdies have either been killed, imprisoned, or driven from the city, and the less turbulent awed into subjection and good order.

There was an immense crowd to see the Prince arrive, who waited patiently round his hotel from four in the afternoon till nearly seven in the evening. When he at last did come, their demeanour was quiet and orderly, and, at the same time, marked with such an enthusiastic and cordial feeling of welcome, that none could see without being impressed by it. There was a short tour made round the city next day,—a city called the City of Monuments in America,—from the fact of its having three. One of the most conspicuous of these is the Washington Memorial, an immense column, almost as high as the Monument, surmounted with a statue of Washington at top, but which might as well be a statue of George III. for aught that any one at that distance can see to the contrary. The second monument, and one which stood exactly opposite the rooms in the hotel occupied by the Prince, is a handsome, though most bizarre memorial—Egyptian in its base, Roman in its column, and Greek, Roman, Egyptian, and American all together in its capital. It was erected to commemorate those who fell in the attempt to defend the city from the British in the war of 1812.

There was, however, but little time to view the lions of Baltimore, for early the next day the travelling commenced for Philadelphia.

In wealth and importance in the United States, Philadelphia is second only to New York, while in political affairs its decision, as the decision of the chief town of Pennsylvania, is often of more weight than

that of New York itself. As a city, it is perhaps for its general plan and situation almost the very best in all North America. All the streets are wide and clean, the houses lofty and magnificent, and the whole town traversed from end to end in every street by iron tramways for the passage of omnibuses, a plan which is of course of immense convenience to the inhabitants, but which cuts the streets up in such a manner as almost makes one hate them in spite of their great utility. Unusual crowding might have been expected at this city, for His Royal Highness arrived on the evening of the day appointed for the State to choose electors for the office of President. The very crisis of the long and fierce struggle between the Democrats and Republicans was at its height. There was of course a great concourse to see the Prince, just as there was afterwards at New York, but it was quite equal to it in its orderly decorous enthusiasm. More than this cannot be said if I were to write whole chapters on their demeanour. In the way of a grand and beautifully regulated city there is much for every one to see at the city of Brotherly Love, but it is too old to be of much interest to the tourist who loves to see the brick and mortar wonders of the far West, the huge exotic cities which have risen almost since the tide of emigration began to flow from Ireland in 1848 and 1849. On the other hand, it is not sufficiently old to interest the traveller from Europe. In fact no city in all the north-western continent is: their antiquities date from a time which Englishmen call very modern. It was not till the great days of the revolutionary war commenced that the historic interest of Philadelphia begins. The first American Congress assembled there; the Declaration of Independence was issued from there; the Convention which formed the Constitution

of the Republic assembled in its quaint roomy hall. In Philadelphia resided the first President of the United States, and Congress always met there till the close of 1797. After the disastrous defeats of the American army in the battles of Brandywine and German-town, it was held, during the war of independence, for more than a year by the English troops.

On the day following his arrival, the Prince drove round the streets of this splendid city, went to the races held in the suburbs, and visited the chief public buildings. Everywhere he went, there was the same respectful recognition—a kind of homage which, without in the least approaching servility, was decorous, cordial, and one of almost affectionate friendly welcome. On his return to the hotel an immense concourse had collected, but there was no mobbing, no intrusive forwardness, nothing in word, look, or gesture which was not of such kind respect as would have gladdened any Englishman to witness. The tremendous reception of New York of course surpassed that of Philadelphia both in its magnitude and importance, but it did not efface the memory of the welcome which the Prince received in the finest city of Pennsylvania.

In the evening the royal party went to the Opera, to a grand performance of *Martha*, given specially in their honour in a theatre which, for size and magnificence, is equal to the best in Europe. The whole of the audience—the *crème de la crème* of Philadelphian society—rose *en masse* as the Prince entered, and rose again and remained standing while the “National Anthem” was sung. This compliment was the more marked from the fact, that when the beautiful American Anthem was played none rose or moved. Never before had any American audience risen to the strains of “God save the Queen.” It was only known in Philadelphia

that it was customary in England to do so, and therefore was it done in honour of the Prince's visit.

A little inquisitiveness on the part of opera glasses would have been excusable on this occasion, but with perfect good taste nothing of this kind was attempted, till the Prince himself set the example towards the close. The whole audience rose again as the Prince quitted the building, but this time their fervency was not to be restrained, and the house rung again and again with cheers and clapping hands, and fluttered all over with waving handkerchiefs. There were few events connected with the royal progress which made a deeper or more favourable impression on the royal party than their visit to Philadelphia. There was in fact a good tone about it from first to last which could not even be weakened by their subsequent unequalled reception at New York.

CHAPTER XIX.

NEW YORK.

Enthusiasm in favour of the Prince—Its Origin—Protest of the "Irish-born Citizens"—The New Yorkers lectured by a certain Journal—Impressive Character of the Prince's Welcome—His Arrival and Reception—Down the Broadway—American Hotels—The Prison System—The "Tombs"—The Pirate Hicks—Attention paid to the Prisoners—Grand Ball—Accident to the Ball-room Floor—A Carpenter buried alive—Drive round the City—Grand Torchlight Procession—The English Royal Family Prayed for at Trinity Church.

THE population of New York is probably one of the most excitable on the face of the earth: a population which not only enjoys excitements, but actually requires them. Last summer, fortunately for their peace of mind, in this respect they had plenty and to spare.

Apart from one or two astonishing murders such as those of the pirate Hicks, Jackalow, the Chinaman, &c., there was the visit of the Japanese Embassy and the arrival of the Great Eastern. Then the keen struggle for the Presidential election again absorbed attention. But even the varying fortunes of this contest, fought with an earnestness and determination to which one finds no parallel elsewhere, sank to a mere nothing as the time drew nigh when His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was expected to visit the empire-city of America. The Prince had been running his quick progress through the West under the very eyes of the

American people, all of whom were daily informed by their papers, even to the minutest detail, of all that the Prince did, and of a good deal more too which he never thought of doing at all.

The excitement manifested at other cities re-acted upon New York, until only one topic occupied the minds of the people, which was how best to receive their young guest. The whole of this enthusiasm in favour of the Prince might be traced to three causes. The first was the admiration in which the Queen's name is held throughout America. Loyalty does not of course enter into this feeling: it is a pure love of her character as a great Sovereign and a good mother. It is a feeling which has been growing up for years in America; no matter where you may be in the Union, north or south, east or west, there is one great topic on which all men agree, one subject on which they seem never tired of expatiating, and that is Queen Victoria. The simple fact of being her subject and her admirer is a passport to the friendship of all Americans, and an Englishman feels a double pride in going among Republicans with such a lady at the head of his country. The second cause was the Prince's own kind and genial behaviour throughout the tour. In spite of the careless misrepresentations of some of the papers, facts had spoken for themselves, and the Prince of Wales had gained a reputation for courtesy and kindly feeling which will not be lightly lost in America. The last, though not perhaps the least cause of all, was the feeling of hospitality which always pervades New York, and which, as an almost invariable rule, makes its inhabitants think nothing can be done too much in the way of cordiality and welcome for the visitor. As a city, New York is to Englishmen the most hospitable under the sun. Foreigners are always

welcomed there ; but for the traveller from the mother country there is a kindness and courtesy shown, such as he can meet with in no other part of the world, save perhaps Australia. When these three causes were united — respect for the Queen, admiration for the Prince of Wales, and welcome to a great visitor—it is not difficult to imagine how among a warm and excitable people the feeling in favour of giving him a grand reception spread far and wide through all classes of society in the American capital.

Of course, however, no rule is to be found without its exception, and the exceptions on this occasion were shown in a little meeting of those who called themselves the "Irish-born citizens" in the 69th regiment of New York militia, and a few others of the more violent Irish party. They "protested against the outrage done to their feelings as free men and citizen-soldiery by the action of Major-General Sandford to do honour to the Prince of Wales, the representative of a Government which had driven them from their homes, and which continued to destroy their kith and kin in the land of their nativity."

One of the resolutions passed at the meeting was that, "it is beneath the dignity of a sovereign people, and a stain on its manhood, to pay court in any form to monarchs," &c. Another, "that whereas the Crown of England, to which the Prince of Wales is heir, is responsible for the wrongs inflicted on Ireland, for the banishment and proscription of her people, the destruction of their homes, and the suppression of her ancient nationality ; and whereas it is no portion of their duty as citizen-soldiers to exhibit themselves before a scion of the royal house, to which they owe nothing but eternal hostility ;—therefore be it resolved, that we decline to exhibit ourselves before the Lord Prince of

Wales on the 11th inst., or at any other time, in the State of New York." These resolutions excited the unmitigated ridicule and contempt of all New York, which likened them to the celebrated manifesto of the three tailors, headed "We the people of England." Colonel Corcoran however, and the men of the 69th Regiment became only more incensed at the utter want of sympathy with which their resolutions were received, and the flood of sarcasm which was poured down on them from all sides. To such an extent was the ridicule carried, that the poor 69th was left no option but to decline to show itself in public, and therefore gladly adhered to its resolution of staying away when the Prince was received by the rest of the militia. The key to this conduct on the part of the 69th may perhaps be found in the fact that it was, I am told, a purely Orange regiment, and one remarkable for the warmth of its party feeling. Most of the men did not blush to avow their sympathy with the Kingston inhospitables, and accordingly refused to parade. With this last impotent display of wrath from a defeated faction, the Prince was done with the Orangemen. While thus mentioning the Orangemen, I may say that all I heard in New York with reference to the unhappy dispute at Kingston left little doubt on my mind that if the Prince had been so ill-advised as to have landed there and recognised the Orange Procession, his reception at New York would have been painfully different from the grand welcome he eventually met with. Very nearly, if not quite one half, the entire population of New York are Roman Catholics: certainly the great mass of the lower orders, the very people who make or mar the effect of the reception, are members of the Romish Church. These watched with feelings of no ordinary interest the progress of the dispute at King-

ston and Toronto, and their delight at the firm refusal of the Prince to recognise political or religious party lodges was boundless. Of course the real source of this exultation might be traced to their considering the Prince's refusal a party victory for themselves and a snub for their opponents. But whatever the cause, the result was, that the mass of the Roman Catholic Irish—the people about whose conduct during the reception all had previously entertained serious misgivings, turned out and joined heart and soul in all the preparations that could do honour to His Royal Highness. To a man these would have been against him had he landed with the Orangemen of Kingston.

The public of New York had been so schooled and abused by one journal as to the necessity for a quiet yet kindly welcome, that one would have almost thought, from the tone of the articles, that the populace of the city were a mere horde of untutored roughs—people to whom it was necessary to point out the most ordinary rules of civilised behaviour. In fact, throughout the whole course of the tour, this New York paper had never ceased to heap dirt upon the manners and customs of its own countrymen. A little crowding at the country towns, the mere harmless curiosity of villagers, en route, had been transformed in the columns of a certain newspaper into studied outrages, and visited, in the *New York Herald*, with such a down-pour of maudlin "Billingsgate," as, if any sensible American ever minded how that journal raved, must have made the poor country people regret the hour they ever saw His Royal Highness at all. In the same style the New Yorkers were lectured and denounced *en avance*, and there was a constant succession of coarse articles, in which the people of that great city—the people who eventually received the Prince with a

grand dignity, such as I never expected to see in any concourse of citizens in the world—were held up daily as little better than a horde of savages. How these insulting diatribes were borne goodness only knows. They were enough to make the very name of His Royal Highness odious to all sensitive Americans. In fact, so strong were some animadversions, that I know they at last gave rise to much uneasiness both among English and Americans, who in their mind's eye pictured an open barouche with the Prince in it, tossed like a little boat upon the surges of a violent, irresistible, rough, half-drunken mob, all trying to shake hands with him, and clamber into the carriage at once. And all these things were written of the people of New York, who gave the Prince such a marvellous reception! Can the Americans wonder at their being so misunderstood abroad when thus libelled to their very teeth by the second journal for influence and importance in the United States?

The visit of the Prince to New York was in fact marked by such an ovation as has seldom been offered to any monarch in ancient or modern times. It was not a reception; it was the grand impressive welcome of a mighty people. It was such a mingling of fervent, intense enthusiasm, of perfect good order, of warmth and yet kind respect, that I am fairly at a loss how to convey in words to English readers any adequate idea of this most memorable event.

There was no pomp or pageantry attempted of any kind, no grand liveries or gilded coaches. There was a military procession, but that was only an item in the great feature of the day, which was the welcome of the citizens. It was such a welcome as only a whole people and a free people could ever give, and in the details of its enthusiasm and its good order there was

much, strange as it may seem, that made such a reception possible only in New York. In Paris it would have been a governmental affair of soldiers and gendarmes; in London it would have been a mob with an immense police force to control it. In New York it was simply the people turning out in hundreds of thousands. A huge sea of decorous, but most enthusiastic spectators, who even at the spots where they were densest were yet so quiet, so impressive in their majesty of good order, that at no one place did they seem to have a single element in common with what we call a mob. It was more a gigantic meeting of the citizens of New York, convened for some great and solemn rejoicing along the whole length of the city, than the mere chance mustering of its busy, restless, and excitable population. It was such a grand display of popular enthusiasm, there was such a dignity in the calm reliance felt by every one in the preservation of order, such a perfect warmth and geniality of kindness evinced from highest to lowest towards the young visitor, as made the whole demonstration, perhaps, one of the most remarkable of its kind that has ever taken place. Quiet and demure as are the English people, there are yet few Englishmen who can realise the fact of the whole inhabitants of an immense city, assembling to witness a spectacle and give a cordial welcome, intrusted at the same time with the duty of keeping order among themselves. Yet this was actually the case at New York; and along three miles of road, thronged with half a million or more of spectators, there were not fifty policemen, and even these were only stationed at intersecting streets to stop carts and vehicles from entering in the line of route. Yet description does not easily convey the idea in such a multitude of the strict, the rigid good order and good

humour that prevailed. This, too, was not for an hour, or only while the Prince was passing. It was the unvarying demeanour of the whole concourse from ten in the day till past six at night.

The Prince and all the royal party travelled from Philadelphia to Camden by steam ferry, and from Camden to Amboy by rail, and thence by water to New York in the "Harriet Lane." On this steamer General Scott received His Royal Highness on the part of the military of New York, and Mr. Peter Cooper, as representing the committee of citizens who gave the ball at the New York Opera House. There were a few presentations of other gentlemen, and, these over, the whole party sat down to a superb collation. There was not much in the way of scenery on the run down to the "Empire-City." The land was low and monotonous, though fertile and heavy with crops of corn. It was near 2 o'clock before New York came in view, presenting, as always happens on these great occasions, its most unfavourable side towards the approaching visitor. It seemed a long, low, interminable mass of red brick houses, with hosts of shipping on the water; making up with their tall spars for the want of spires over the dusky wilderness beyond. Boats laden to the very edge of the water were skimming to and fro in the distance, like flights of summer flies, and wall-sided steamers, with their tiers of decks crowded at every spot, went striding about with a great splash like houses bathing. There were ringing of bells, of course, and remorseless blowings of steam whistles; but, on the whole, the aquatic portion of the enthusiasm was not much, when compared with the marvellous reception given to the Great Eastern only four months previous. In fact, all the interest was concentrated on the shore and the pro-

cession up the Broadway, and, though there was no lack of animation in the harbour, it seemed afterwards to have been a mere nothing to the reception in the city.

As the Royal steamer came in view the guns from the batteries pealed forth their royal salutes with slow, dignified regularity, shrouding the town in huge masses of white smoke that drifted over the city in a thin veil of cloud, like the mist of a winter's morn. Gradually objects grew more and more distinct; the Battery was seen, a glittering mass of regiments, the walls, the windows, the roofs of the houses along shore; the masts and yards of all the vessels in the harbour; the quays and wharfs, the trees, and every spot or post from which a glimpse could be obtained was one dense sultry-looking mass of human beings, all seemingly in motion, waving their hats and handkerchiefs, cheering and clapping their hands. All the air seemed filled with a hoarse undulating roar, as from the waves of an angry sea. The landing-place was at Castle-garden, the spot where emigrants are received and housed by the State of New York on the first days of their arrival. Its general appearance is like neither garden nor castle, but it was a convenient spot, and close to where the troops were drawn up for inspection by His Royal Highness in the Battery, where the landing was nominally supposed to take place, for it was there that the ceremony of the day began. All around the buildings called Castle-garden had been put into perfect order, and flags of England and America were intertwined everywhere. Mr. Mayor Wood, with the aldermen of the city, were in attendance here, and as the Prince landed his worship advanced, and, addressing the Prince, said, "Your Royal Highness, as chief magistrate of this city, I

welcome you here. In this welcome I represent the entire population, without exception." The Prince bowed, and said "It affords me sincere pleasure to accept your hospitality, which, I have no doubt, will be worthy of the great city of New York." Here the alias of Baron Renfrew was entirely dropped, as indeed it had been for some days previous—all invitations to fêtes and public notices of reception being given in the name of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The members of the corporation and General Sandford, commanding the Militia of New York, having been presented to the Prince, the royal party proceeded at once to the office of the Emigration Commissioners. Here the Prince changed his walking dress for the uniform of Colonel. The Duke of Newcastle wore his uniform of Lord-Lieutenant; General Bruce, Colonel Grey, and Major Teesdale, also assumed their full uniforms and orders. The horses which each of the party rode during the Canadian tour had, with delicate thoughtfulness, been purchased for their use on this occasion, and mounted on these, and accompanied by the principal American officers, the party issued from Castle-garden towards the Battery. A long, deep, tremendous, sustained cheer greeted the Prince, whose appearance astonished every one. Slight and almost boyish in his appearance in morning dress, in uniform and on horseback he looked a young nobleman, whom, apart from his exalted position, any Englishman might be proud to see acknowledged as a representative of his nation. He sits a horse as only young Englishmen can, and receives his homage of welcome with the easy grace of one to the manner born. Certainly, as he cantered down to the Battery, his horse rearing and prancing with timidity at the tumult of cheers around, he looked even worthy of

the great welcome that awaited him, and more than this it would be difficult to say. In the Battery were drawn up in successive lines five brigades of the New York Militia—mustering in all some 6000 or 7000 men. Taken as a type of the Volunteers of the country, they certainly were splendid specimens.

In the 3rd Brigade were the 7th Regiment, the pride and admiration of New York. They are, undoubtedly, a most perfect body of soldiers, equal in all the minute technicalities of discipline to our very best line regiments. I must own, however, I cannot share in the feeling in New York, which awards all praise to the 7th, and I cannot pay the Militia of New York a higher compliment than to say that, to my unprejudiced eyes, there were on this occasion, several other regiments there] almost, if not quite, as good as the famous 7th. The 4th Brigade, to use Lord John Russell's simile, was "conspicuous for the absence" of the 69th Regiment; for Colonel Corcoran and his officers and men refused to turn out to welcome the Prince. The insult, however, was not passed over so lightly in New York. Colonel Corcoran was, it was said, to be tried by court-martial and dismissed for refusing to obey orders, and the whole regiment itself may probably be disbanded, for the feeling was strong against it. The inspection of the Militia merely consisted of riding slowly along the front of each corps. Every regiment drooped colours and presented arms as the Prince approached them, surveying with open admiration the handsome] uniforms, the erect, steady, military aspect of every company, regiment, and brigade on the ground. As a Volunteer Militia they certainly formed a body of men of whom any nation might feel proud. Our own Volunteers will arrive at the same perfection in time, but

they are yet too young to fairly bear comparison with these picked corps of New York. Let our regiments, however, look to it in time, for when next his Royal Highness sees them reviewed he will judge of them by the high standard he has seen in America. The inspection took a very long time, almost too long for the patience of the multitudes in Broadway, who had been waiting and waiting for long weary hours. From ten o'clock in the morning the immense concourse had been slowly collecting. Before twelve all were in their places, and here it was nearly four o'clock and no Prince in sight. At last the long inspection terminated, and a carriage drawn by six coal-black horses came into the Battery for the Prince, with a train of other vehicles for the rest of the suite. The open barouche for His Royal Highness was plain, but excessively handsome. It had been built expressly for the occasion, and cost the city more than a thousand dollars. The Prince sat with Mayor Wood on his right, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Lyons facing. Amid the most tumultuous cheers the carriage went in from the Battery towards the enclosure, called the City Hall Park—a park not by any means as large as the recent enclosure at Camberwell which has been honoured with that title. Here the visitors caught a full view of Broadway, and it was one of the grandest and most impressive sights which His Royal Highness is ever likely to witness. Broadway, I must say now, is not the Elysium of thoroughfares which Americans suppose it to be. In ten or twenty years hence it will certainly be the finest street in the world. Now it is too unequal. Here is a row of colossal marble palaces, six or seven stories high, and next a small *hiatus* of ordinary shops, built when New York was in its nonage. Next comes a grand series of build-

ings carved in solid stone, with shops as large and extensive as small towns, and employing almost a population of assistants. To these succeed cast-iron stores, with richly decorated fronts, tinted to resemble bronze, and then again white marble and granite, Bath stone and brick, a wild, bizarre street—a pattern book of shops and palaces such as one sees nowhere else in the world, such as could only arise in a fast-growing young empire like America. From the City Park, however, none of the inequalities were seen. It only appeared one long vista of lofty palaces, thronged from base to summit with thousands of people. Both sides of the way for miles were lined with a dense mass, which seemed to vibrate slowly in its massive undulations backwards and forwards in constant heavy waves. Balconies, windows, roofs, storey over storey to the lofty house-tops, were white with eager faces. Every tree along the road clustered with people,—every railing, every post, even to the distant chimney stacks, were occupied. It was one vast concourse of citizens such as few people have ever seen assembled together, such as is not likely to be seen again in our time. When the Prince entered this great avenue of human beings a long deep cheer went up, such as could only be given by hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic people. It seemed less a cheer than a prolonged outbreak of welcome—the welcome and greeting of an empire.

It is impossible to describe the route from this point. The impression left was grand, but vague and undefinable, as that of the ocean in a storm. Flags and banners were across the road, but they seemed as solid as masonry compared with the endless flutter of handkerchiefs—a flutter that seemed to make the whole avenue glimmer and flicker—that rippled out

over the fronts of massive distant buildings like flakes of snow, that formed a perfect fringe above the huge black crowd of heads. Hats went into the air, and handkerchiefs too, at last, and there were cries of "God save the Queen!" with "You're welcome to New York!" and cheers and shoutings, even gestures of kindly feeling and delight, such as carried even the coldest away with the headlong torrent of enthusiasm. In vain you sought to catch a glimpse of anything definite—the vague immensity of the whole impressed you too much. There seemed to be no details, such as usually belong to a vast assemblage of people of all ranks,—no quiet here and outbursts of vociferation at another spot. It was one continued unanimous welcome that can neither be told nor forgotten. At one church—the mother church, as it is called—the chimes were ringing prettily "God save the Queen." Yet from this edifice, some eighty years ago, Dr. Inglis (in later times Bishop of Nova Scotia) was expelled for reading prayers for George III. after the Declaration of Independence. Here it was now chiming the national anthem, and all New York mad with exultation and delight, welcoming the great grandson of that same George, who had only a few days before been to the tomb of Washington bareheaded, and planted a tree to shade the place of sepulchre of that great man. Who can ever believe in the permanence of hereditary antipathies after this? What antipathy, rather, can be hereditary between such empires as England and America? If the West is ever so bad it owes its faults to England. If Americans ever think lightly of England, let them remember they are the inheritors of our every vice and virtue. Our kith and kin meet us there in every city, town, and village—exaggerating our national character—both for

good and ill, but with the grand type of the Anglo-Saxon predominating over all.

At the City Park His Royal Highness and suite left their carriages, and stood in the middle of the enclosure to see the regiments from the Battery march past. This was rather a serious hitch in the day's programme, for it took a long, long time to accomplish, and the day waned and dusk came, and nine-tenths of the people were still waiting for the royal visitor. Apparently enough, however, saw this meagre ceremonial of marching past to have satisfied all America. Even the houses round the square seemed to have turned into component parts of the crowd, so dense were the clustering masses that thronged at every window, over the copings, filling the balconies, and huddling together on roofs a hundred feet from the ground. And the enthusiasm seemed boundless, inexhaustible. If the Prince only turned his head they cheered; if he didn't they cheered louder still. In fact, the Prince had come, the people were glad to see him, and testified it by never stopping cheering while he remained in view, no matter what he did. It was past dusk and getting very dark as His Royal Highness again entered his carriage and resumed his triumphant progress down the Broadway. Up to this time there had been round the carriage an escort of light cavalry, including in their ranks some of the fattest men in New York. But at the request of the Prince they fell back so as to let him see and himself be seen by the cordial people who had waited for his coming so long and quietly. At every point from this time it was one long, cordial greeting. It was such a mixture of enthusiasm and good manners, of the most vociferous welcome yet the most profound respect, as no other visitor that ever entered this city has been welcomed with. No matter

what the excitement, it never tempted the people to break their self-formed and self-kept line. They seemed to feel that it might be indecorous and misconstrued to press upon the royal *cortège*, and the route was rigorously maintained open till the Prince had passed at least half a mile. In this manner His Royal Highness journeyed down the Broadway of New York, and at last, at nearly seven o'clock, arrived at that palace of all American hotels—the Hotel of the Fifth Avenue, the magnificence and extent of which astonished every member of the royal party. On the following day quiet drives were made about the city and round its more distant suburbs, unequalled for picturesque beauty by any city in the West.

New York is very much of the same kind as the Broadway, that is to say, like London in its startling contrasts of wealth and squalor. Unlike London, however, most of the chief streets are planted with rows of trees, which in the summer days give the long avenues a most beautiful appearance ; and unlike London too, all but one or two of the principal streets are wretchedly paved, or rather not paved at all, and full of deep holes and ruts, almost sufficient to overturn a carriage. Even in the drive to the magnificent park which is being formed under the superintendence of Mr. Olmstead, and which as a park will some twenty years hence be almost a wonder of the world, the road is not only full of holes, but with such rocky boulders sticking up, as require the most careful driving to avoid. For public buildings there is not much for any traveller accustomed to the old cathedrals and grand historic monuments of England and the continent. The edifices the best worth seeing are the stores and hotels. These are not only in their external structure, but internal arrangement magnificent to an

astonishing degree. Half the best shops of Regent Street might be stowed away in any of the palatial warehouses which line the Broadway. As to hotels, the full meaning of the term as understood in New York is not known in England. When we in London have enumerated Claridge's, Long's, the Clarendon, Morley's, the Great Western, and a few others, we have told all that we can offer in the way of accommodation to all sorts of travellers. But, alas, how poor and worthless do the two latter appear by the side of the magnificence of New York in this respect.

The St. Nicholas has 900 bed-rooms in it, and has seldom, if ever, less than from 1500 to 2000 persons stopping there. The Fifth Avenue at which the Prince stayed is both a larger and a handsomer building than Buckingham Palace, and built entirely inside and out of pure white marble. London tradesmen of the class who depend on chance visitors lose an enormous sum yearly from the want of a good American hotel. Americans can't stand the London hotel system, and as soon as they have gratified themselves with a flying visit to St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, &c., they rush to Paris and find in the Louvre Hotel not certainly what they get in New York, but immeasurably better than the best the London hotels can offer them, always excepting Claridge's and Long's.

The prison system of the Americans is one which all travellers think it incumbent on them to go into ecstasies about. I had no opportunity of visiting the Islands of Sing Sing, where the prisoners under sentences of all kinds, from two years to imprisonment for life, are confined. I can, therefore, only judge of the state of discipline there by the almost daily accounts

in the New York journals of desperate attempts on the part of the convicts to escape, very many of which were successful. Before the arrival of the Prince at New York, I paid a visit to the chief gaol of the city, answering much to our Newgate, where prisoners await trial, and await the time when, if condemned, it is their turn to be removed to the Islands of Sing Sing. At the time I went there the celebrated pirate Hicks was awaiting execution for the dreadful murders on board the oyster sloop, which were detected in so extraordinary a manner. If the confession of this ruffian was to be relied upon, a greater miscreant never suffered on the gallows; for the circumstances he detailed left no doubt that at the very least, he had actually murdered between fifty and sixty persons, many of whom were women, whom he had captured in ships off the coast of Cuba, and to whom death must have been a mercy, if his ghastly narrative was to be depended on. It seemed almost a kind of wonder that in this age a man so bloody and so remorseless could have pursued his career of murder with such impunity, and still carried his lust for blood to the very verge of eternity. I saw him on my first visit to New York, and was told that even at that dreadful time, when the very minutes of his existence were numbered and fast passing away, he seemed to derive a dreadful satisfaction in detailing crimes from which the mind recoiled in amazement and horror.

The prison called the "Tombs" now stands in the centre of a district called the Five Points, the St. Giles of New York. The building itself is in the Egyptian style, massive and colossal in its proportions as those rock-hewn temples which appeal with such silent grandeur to the tourist who "does" the Nile. The very aspect

of the huge structure is mournful. Not a window lightens the monotony of its huge granite walls, which have a blind impressive appearance that well becomes its name, and makes it seem like what it is in truth—a great sarcophagus of crime. All its terrors, however, are external, and in this it is unlike our penitentiary at Milbank, where everything is gloomy and silent as the grave, and where, when the great gates clang behind the visitor, he feels it jar upon his heart as if hope were shut out for ever, and knows at once, by the cautious vigilance of the well-armed warders, that he is within the walls of a prison where the worst and most dangerous of London villains are crushed into a temporary submission. The entrance to the "Tombs" is nothing like this. The way in is open enough, and a turnkey merely sits at a door to take checks from visitors or passes from those who have leave to visit their friends, and which, to judge from the numbers always inside the prison, seem rather liberally given. Passing across a stone courtyard, in the midst of which a little fountain plays, and where an American eagle, chained by the leg (though less vicious than any other inmate within the walls), sits and droops his rusty wings all day, the visitor enters another yard spanned above by the Bridge of Sighs—a light iron path so named from the fact of murderers after trial being led back over it to their condemned cells. Entering a narrow doorway he at once finds himself in a handsome lofty passage with rows of strongly grated doors at either side, with light galleries above communicating with similar rows of cells in the walls. Little slates over the entrance to each cell, mark the prisoners' names, for there are sometimes two or three inmates. "But are they prisoners, and is this a prison?" is the first thought of the visitor as he looks through the bars into

the carpeted cells and sees their occupants, in every style of dress or undress, lounging on their beds, smoking their pipes and reading the morning papers, or laughing merrily through the grating with friends (just then at liberty), who have brought them in whatever they may want. It seems incredible, but it is a fact, that these miscreants are supplied with the daily journals, with novels, or with prayer-books, as their tastes may lead them; are allowed to smoke *ad libitum* at all hours, are even supplied with drink, should their profligate lives have rendered such stimulants necessary to their comfort. In a word, they are less felons than pensioners boarded by the State. On the lowest floor of the passage which the visitor first enters, the cells are all occupied by those under sentence of death, of whom there are generally but too many. Over one of these was written the name of Albert Hicks, *alias* William Jackson. My conductor tapped at the bars, and sliding back an iron door beyond, in answer to the summons, a tall, thin, athletic man, dressed in a loose blue suit, came grinning forward, from whose appearance, prisoner as he was, I shrank back almost in fear. In all my life I had never seen a human face on which the worst vices of our nature were so terribly impressed. It seemed almost like that of a baboon. The retreating forehead and projecting mouth, the restless, cruel, small black eyes, the hard, merciless grin upon the features, more dangerous and fearful than any frown, were awful to look upon. He seemed to enjoy the evident sensation of loathing and dismay which he excited, and as he stepped forward, with his hard stony smile and rapid shifting look, hanging his head on one side to get a better view through the bars, his appearance was more that of a wild beast than a human being. His long lean hands clutched the bars



eagerly, and, drawing himself up close, he seemed suddenly to disregard us, and looked at the bolts and fastenings with an eager kind of gaze that was painful to watch, then, after a minute, loosening his hold, shrank back into the cell and slammed the door, almost as one could fancy in despair at being so powerless for evil. Up to the day I then saw him, he gloried in his crimes, and dwelt boastfully upon them to any who had nerve enough to listen to the awful tale. A few minutes afterwards his wife and child came to visit him, but two Sisters of Mercy were then in his cell, and it may be hoped he was attending to their exhortations, as after a few hurried words with the poor little woman, and without casting a glance on the child, who held to the bars and looked up at him with a playful smile, he shut his door and retired again. The wife remained there, mute and apparently absorbed, rocking her child to and fro, and staring unmeaningly with red swollen eyes at her husband's name over the massive grating. Beyond, there were two or three others under sentence of death, and many of whom deserved death as well as Hicks, but they almost laughed at the idea of being hanged. And they were right, for the mistaken leniency of the law of the New York State requires that twelve months shall elapse between the sentence and the execution. During this interval a spurious philanthropy is sure to be exerted in behalf of the unfortunate wife and children of the malefactor, and a commutation of the sentence becomes almost certain. Hicks was hung under the Federal Law, and, but for that and his being a vagabond, without friends or money, even his execution would have been almost doubtful. The case of one Felix Sanchez, a half-negro, who occupied a cell near Hicks, was peculiar. He had murdered a man in New York,

but escaped, and went out west. Here he made some lawless acquaintances, who persuaded him to travel south, and where, waking up one morning after a riotous debauch, he found that his companions had done a neat stroke of business during his intoxication, and sold him to a dealer for 1500 dollars. He was already on his way to a sugar plantation. He resisted, and was sent down to another dealer (rather more strict with refractory subjects) at New Orleans, where he managed to communicate with the police, and gave himself up for the murder rather than remain for life as a slave. It was a wise choice, for he, too, it is now certain, will not be hanged, nor, perhaps, considering the circumstances under which he killed the man, is it altogether right he should be, though he is quite undeserving of the pardon he will no doubt succeed in getting. Near these was young Jeffers, who was accused of shooting dead his stepfather, and another gentleman who strove to capture him after committing the act in the streets of New York, only a few days previously. He seemed, a mild, quiet-looking lad, apparently only intent on his morning paper, in which he was perusing an account of his own arrest, examination, and personal appearance and general antecedents, given with all the reiterated headings, italic emphasis, and minute details so peculiar to the American journals. Above these cells were the prisoners awaiting trial for manslaughter, arson, forgery, burglary, or smashing, all comfortable alike in their cells, lolling, reading, and smoking, and better taken care of apparently than ever they were in their lives before. On the women's side there were very few criminals. The prison van—the "Black Maria," as it is termed—came in every now and then, disgorging its fifteen or twenty persons of both sexes and all ages. All the wretched, outcast

men thus brought to gaol were voters, it must be remembered, and, as far as voting was concerned, had as much political influence in New York as the President or Heenan himself. The women, as might be expected, were of every grade of misery and infamy, some so young as to be mere children, some so old as to be all but helpless, drunk and sober, magnificently dressed, or with scarcely enough to cover them; but all were brazen and unsubdued, and passed into a common yard, where they basked in the sun, or, quietly denuding themselves of their upper garments, proceeded to pin up the tawdry finery which had been rent off their backs in some midnight brawl. On the whole, the "Tombs," though curious and well worth a visit from a stranger, is, after all, a fearful place, and it is with a feeling of positive relief that one emerges from its massive walls into the bright sunshine, and tries to forget the load of guilt and misery which it encloses.

On the day succeeding the arrival of His Royal Highness, the great New York ball took place. This fête had been talked of, and looked forward to, by all the city for weeks. At its first conception, when the committee was formed, the number of tickets to be issued was strictly limited to 3000. People lived on in the earnest hope and firm belief that this select number would eventually swell into 6000. They were disappointed, however, as the total of admissions granted up to the commencement of the ball only amounted to 3021. The result of this Rhadamanthian sternness on the part of the committee was, of course, to create a perfect *furor* with everybody to get the tickets. Their possession implied not only being a unit in the "Upper Ten Thousand," but one of the three thousand above the ten. Thus, as the day drew near, and

as the reception of the Prince added to his fame and *éclat*, and the committee continued inexorable, those who were fortunate enough to have tickets awarded them became positive monuments of recognised fashion in the eyes of their less fortunate acquaintances. No admissions were sold at all—at least, not publicly. The expenses of the entertainment were defrayed by the committee of a hundred of the foremost citizens of the city, and to each of these were awarded ten tickets for distribution among friends, whose names were submitted. Some tickets, I was told, were, nevertheless, parted with by these second-hand recipients for a heavy “consideration;” but there were only one or two such instances, though the prices realised by them must have offered a great inducement to others to forego the ball; for on the night of the fête, as much as £150 was offered for an admission, and offered in vain. The night of the ball came—the ball took place—and next morning found New York grieving in sack-cloth and ashes over the failure of the long-expected entertainment. Certainly, as a fête—so long talked about, so long preparing, and which, it was asserted, was to eclipse all other entertainments of the kind, ancient or modern—it was unquestionably a failure; though the mere breaking in of the floor was only an item in the causes which led to its unfavourable contrast with similar festivals in the Canadian provinces.

Without anything like rigid formality, there was still in all the visitors an appearance of too much constraint and want of ease for general enjoyment. The preparations had been profuse, and all that lavish expenditure could do to secure success was applied, but notwithstanding the grand surroundings and the real magnificence and suggestiveness of the scene, the spirit of

festivity seemed to be absent. Only the most eminent citizens of New York had tickets, and even there a man does not attain to eminence till forty, after which age he never attains to eminence in a ball-room. The result of this was, that the very life-blood of these fêtes—young gentlemen and young ladies—were in a manner excluded. In fact, there was scarcely any young men there, and far too small a proportion of young belles. Perhaps, too, the whole effort was too great for the occasion. The spontaneous outpouring of the masses of citizens on the day of the Prince's arrival was an event of infinitely greater interest and magnitude than the colossal entertainment in which the gay excitement of the tour was to have culminated. I should judge, moreover, that the tastes and feelings of the people of New York are not well adapted to a celebration of this kind. The very cautious manner in which it was arranged gave evidence of this. A number of merchants, men of much wealth, and occupying the highest social position in New York, assumed the management of the ball. In order to insure the respectability of the company, it was arranged that the names of all holders of tickets should be submitted for approval of a committee, a proceeding never adopted in Canada. A singular circumstance connected with the disposal of the tickets, was the distribution at the same time of admonitory notes, describing minutely the style of dress in which gentlemen were to appear. This occasioned some merriment; but, in spite of the public assurances to the contrary, it is by no means certain that the suggestion was wholly needless. What is called "the best society" in New York, is composed of very diverse and inharmonious elements. The standard of aristocracy is wealth; and wealth is there so suddenly gained and

lost, that the citizen who to-day holds the humblest station may to-morrow lead his social coterie. The merchant who until yesterday was ready to scoff at frivolities of fashion, may to-morrow be startled into the necessity of yielding to its most imperious laws. And so the scrupulous committee, bent at least upon exterior elegance and symmetry, thought it wisest to forestall all possible ignorance upon the subject of dress—no insignificant consideration upon an occasion so showy as that they had in charge. In this guarded manner they consummated all their plans, acting under the natural belief that with every condition of decorous adornment and external requirement properly supplied, the first and most important step to ultimate success would be achieved.

The ball-room, filled with its throngs of guests—of whom, by the way, there were at least a third too many—was undoubtedly as brilliant a picture as any the royal party had witnessed. The regulation as to dress was gracefully submitted to, not always to the advantage of individuals, but greatly to the benefit of the mass. The apparel of the ladies present was, I might almost say, recklessly magnificent. The only jewels generally worn were diamonds, and these were in such profusion, that the floor and the galleries sparkled like dew-laden banks of flowers in a bright sunlight. The room itself—a very large and gaudily-frescoed theatre, about one-fourth less in size than Gye's—was hung about with such embellishments as good taste justified, and altogether the scene was more dazzling than any which the Canadian ball-rooms presented, always with the exception of that at Montreal.

The Prince and suite were announced at half-past ten o'clock. The assemblage then was jammed in a

solid mass near the platform held in reserve for the guests. Indeed, all over the artificial flooring erected above the stage and parquet the people were so closely clustered that motion of any kind was impossible. His Royal Highness was greeted with a little sensation and a murmur of welcome, which were immediately lost in the burst of "God save the Queen," from the orchestras. During the American national melody which followed, an attempt was made in the centre of the room to open a space for promenading, but without the slightest avail. When the music ceased there was an awkward silence, which lasted without an attempt at interruption for a few minutes, everybody perceiving the utter impossibility of action at the time. The relief to this monotony, which was getting uncommonly dull, came in a most unexpected way. With a hollow crackling sound the centre of the floor sunk abruptly some three feet. The fall was slight, but the chief danger to be apprehended was from sudden panic. The company, however, fortunately, displayed the most perfect coolness and presence of mind—there was not the least sign of terror, hardly of discomposure. The people withdrew from the sides of the hole as rapidly as possible, and the few under whom the floor had bent too suddenly to enable them to get out, quietly extricated themselves as if the whole affair was a thing of course, and necessary to the opening of any and every ball. The prospects of the fête were most seriously darkened by this catastrophe. The general opinion of everybody who looked into the gap was that "something ought to be done." Somebody suggested carpenters, but this idea was scouted as premature, inasmuch as the managers of the fête had not at once made up their minds as to how the *contretemps* had taken place. Eventually, however, they came to the same

conclusion, as everybody else had done from the first, that the mishap was solely owing to the want of proper support beneath. Carpenters were the practical suggestion after all. They were summoned accordingly, and the work of restoring at once undertaken. For more than an hour and a half the rough shirt sleeves and coarse jackets of the workmen were mingled with the delicate toilettes around,—an amusing commentary on the anxious forethought of the committee with regard to dress. The work was done with marvellous quickness,—so quick, indeed, that one of the men was overlooked and nailed down under the floor. He knocked to be let out, but his request coming at such a moment, just when the floor was complete, was generally regarded as frivolous and ill-timed. He maintained, however, such a determined knocking that his demand was at last reluctantly conceded, a plank taken up, and the imprisoned artisan let out all hot and dusty. A little after midnight the flooring was thoroughly restored and dancing began.

His Royal Highness first danced with the wife of the governor of the State of New York, and afterwards, over the very spot where the accident had occurred, with a number of the daughters of distinguished citizens. The curiosity of the company was quite irrepressible, and was displayed in so bold and demonstrative a manner, that one was sometimes led to regret the committee had not vouchsafed a hint concerning manners as well as dress. Hundreds of gazers hemmed in the guests as they danced, impeded their movements, and utterly forbade their free participation in the promised enjoyments of the evening. Nevertheless, the Prince continued to dance until a late hour in the morning, with apparently the same pleasure which he seemed to find in all the provincial balls. The crowd

lingered until the end, and towards the close appeared to brighten into a more cheerful humour than had been earlier shown. It is fair to say that the remembrance of the ball, although less gratifying on the whole than that of many preceding entertainments, was to all extremely pleasant and agreeable: and that if the more important festivities of Canada had not been so unexceptionably administered, this would, perhaps, have been without a rival.

The day of Saturday was passed in driving round the city, and making private calls and visits to some of the chief objects of interest along the Broadway. The first was to Mr. Brady's photographic establishment, where a number of admirable portraits of the Prince, alone and surrounded by all his suite, were taken for the members of the historical society, with whose wish to have these interesting records of the royal visit the Prince had at once complied. The sittings over, the whole party drove to Barnum's Museum—a building in which all sorts of vulgar monstrosities and curiosities, more or less real, have been gathered together by that prince of showmen, Mr. Barnum. The enterprising proprietor was himself absent on this occasion, but his deputy attended to receive the illustrious visitor, and showed him over its *bizarre* collection, sometimes containing objects of almost interest, sometimes the merest rubbish, and absurdities of deformity. His Highness next drove to the magnificent jewellery establishment of Messrs. Ball and Black. This building is a very recent addition to the rows of superb stores that abound in the Broadway, and is one of the finest even in that splendid avenue. The rooms in it are of a height and size such as we have no notion of in London, and decorated with a magnificence which would appear lavish and almost absurd

for places merely meant for business shops. Of course in such a building the stock of plate and jewellery is displayed to most unusual advantage, and a very grand effect produced. The details of this effect, however, scarcely repay examination. There, however, are no grand works of art in gold and silver as at Hancock's, and Hunt and Roskell's, nor exquisite reproductions of ancient cups and salvers and rich minute objects of *bijouterie* as at Elkington's. There was not as much in the whole store in fact, from top to bottom, as would be found in a single department of any of the great jewellers of London. I say this in mere justice to our own goldsmiths, whose stock in trade certainly as much surpasses those of the stores at New York as their places of business are utterly eclipsed by the American buildings. An immense crowd collected round Messrs. Ball and Black's establishment while the Prince was visiting it, cheering so determinedly that at last his Royal Highness was obliged to show himself at the balcony in acknowledgment, to the intense delight of the crowd, who roared themselves hoarse with enthusiasm. From the Broadway the royal party went to General Scott's house in Twelfth Street, off the Fifth Avenue. This was, of course, a strictly private visit, and one which, when it became known, gave immense satisfaction to the New Yorkers, for the general, as an old and distinguished veteran, is one of the most popular men in the state. A stay of more than two hours was made here, after which the party returned to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, all along the route being crowded with enthusiastic people, who cheered him till the air rang again. On his return to the hotel this evening, a very drunken English sailor persisted in blocking up the door of the hotel, and uttered all sorts of vague maudlin threats against

Albert Edward. The police accordingly removed him, and the poor fellow died two nights afterwards at the lock-up from *delirium tremens*, brought on, as it was proved, by more than three weeks' incessant intoxication. This poor drunkard's unmeaning threats were magnified by the *New York Herald* into an attempt to assassinate the Prince of Wales; and but that the "sensation" articles of that journal were pretty well understood in New York, the announcement might have created almost a panic. Fortunately, it was known that those selling paragraphs were always fabricated "to order;" and as the *New York Tribune* and *Times* put the matter in its true light, the fear of the Americans, lest anything should be said or done in the city to mar the effect of their splendid reception, was soon allayed.

Late on Saturday night the grand torch-light procession of the firemen, in honour of the Prince, commenced, and continued promenading the streets till past one o'clock in the morning. The volunteer fire brigades of New York always form a most important and picturesque element in all processions. As fire brigades, however, they are most colossal shams, as any one who takes the trouble to examine into the organisation and working of the whole force can see in a very short time. At Boston and Cincinnati their uselessness has been long seen through, and a regular paid force, like our own fire brigades, substituted in their stead. At Philadelphia, also, the volunteers have been to a great extent done away with, and in a short time will be superseded entirely. Among the intelligent citizens of New York the fire brigades are no more believed in than they are at Boston or the "Queen-City." Their torchlight processions, however (which are always remarkably splendid), make them

popular with the people; and what is of infinitely more importance to their conservation is, that they form rather too strong a political organisation to be rashly meddled with. I was told that they number among themselves some 10,000 votes, and influence more than four times that number. The functionary who would be rash enough to propose their being superseded by regular paid corps must make up his mind, whether he failed or succeeded, to forego public life in New York for ever. New York volunteer firemen, therefore, are still among the institutions of the state, and the result is, that in no other city of the same size in the world are fires of such common occurrence or commit such destructive ravages.* Their processions, however, I must do them the justice to state, are always admirably managed, and most effective in their general brilliancy.

On Saturday night all the volunteers of the various companies turned out to the number of nearly 6000. All their engines (polished till they resembled goldsmiths' work) were hung with lamps and draped all over with garlands of flowers. The ladders and hose waggons were similarly decorated. Every man, marching in ranks and hollow squares, wore his red tunic and helmet. Each had a lighted torch in his hand, and each brigade was preceded by a fine band. The effect of the whole turn out, therefore, as can easily be imagined, was remarkably fine. They mustered soon after six o'clock, but the arrangement of the *cortège*, spread out so as

* Soon after my first visit to New York in the "Great Eastern" a fire occurred in the city. Two rival fire companies proceeding to the conflagration met in the same street. There was immediately a desperate fight, during which firearms and knives were freely used on both sides. In this skirmish no less than fifteen persons were more or less seriously wounded, and the victorious brigade celebrated their triumph over the enemy by breaking up the engines and ladders of their antagonists.

to cover some miles of ground, took a long time to perfect. It was nearly nine o'clock, therefore, before it began moving down upon the Fifth Avenue Hotel, from the balcony of which splendid building the Prince with the Duke of Newcastle and suite were to witness it. Very few spectacles appear to delight New York more than one of these grand displays, and, accordingly, the whole population of the town was out in throngs as dense almost as those which lined the Broadway on the night of the Prince's arrival. Round the Fifth Avenue Hotel—on the spot where the interest was concentrated, and where there was ample space for thousands to assemble, the crowds were immense. Every window, every housetop was swarming with tiers of faces. Yet the same quiet good order reigned among all as prevailed through the streets on the day of the arrival.

As the procession came down the Fifth Avenue it seemed, looking around the countless mass of lights, like a river of flame—a kind of narrow variegated prairie fire, which lit up the buildings far and near with its bright glare, turning the sea of faces to a dusky red that gave the whole scene a tremendous and indescribable aspect. Most of the engines had beautiful lime lights in front of powerful reflectors, which concentrated the rays into one long pencil of brightness that was visible above everything. As the head of the column approached the Royal balcony a long deafening cheer rent the air, and the companies simultaneously lit the Roman candles which each man carried, and thousands of variegated balls of fire went whirling up in all directions. The effect of this was really wonderful. The whirl of coloured fires in the air—the bright dancing mass of torches below, lighting up the trees and houses—the lively music of the bands,

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the cheering of the whole concourse, and the interminable column of flame which seemed to surround the hotel like a belt, dying away among the trees in the far distance in a dull, foggy glare,—the crowds of faces thronging out of windows and peering over lofty roofs, the waving of handkerchiefs and clapping of hands as the scene grew more brilliant and exciting every minute,—all made up such a grand picture as only New York can show on these occasions. For an hour and a-half the huge procession continued to file past, the Prince acknowledging with the utmost courtesy the cheers of each brigade. Second only to the anxiety with which all looked for the Prince was the interest with which the Duke of Newcastle was regarded. His firmness and decision in the Orange affair had raised him immensely in popular estimation, as in truth any one rose there who made a firm and successful stand against the dictation of mob law. When the procession had passed the Fifth Avenue Hotel its labours by no means terminated. It had to show itself in nearly all the chief thoroughfares of New York, so that it was nearly one A.M. before the march was over. Immense crowds were out to see the last of it, and though, as a rule, New York of a night is far from being an orderly, or, worse still, even a safe city to be out in late, yet everything went off as quietly as possible.

On Sunday morning the Royal party went to the Trinity, or the Mother Church. There was, of course, a most crowded congregation inside the building, and a still more crowded one outside. This was the church (or rather one rebuilt on its site) from which I mentioned that Dr. Inglis was expelled for reading the prayers for King George III. But during the service on that morning prayers were offered up for Her

Majesty, the Prince Consort, and Albert Edward Prince of Wales, the first time that such a petition has ever been made for English Royalty in that building since Dr. Inglis lost his living for persisting in making it.

CHAPTER XX.

WEST POINT AND ALBANY.

The Prince leaves New York—Voyage up the Hudson—Arrival at West Point—The Military School—Voyage resumed—Enthusiastic Reception.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS started for this, the most picturesque centre of all the grand scenery of the Hudson, on the morning of Monday, the 15th of October. Great crowds assembled to witness his departure from New York, in spite of the earliness of the hour and the cold damp gloom of the day. There was the same respectful enthusiasm, the same warm cordiality of demeanour that distinguished the reception—that, in fact, had marked every occasion when the Prince had been among the people of New York. The Royal party went at once on board the "Harriet Lane" steamer, and amid the most heart-stirring cheers of farewell, the Prince quitted the Empire City—a city which must ever have a fresh and pleasant place in his memory and the memories of all who were with him on that occasion. Taken throughout, his welcome there was one of the most brilliant, cordial, and affectionate that ever was spontaneously offered by a people to any passing visitor, no matter how illustrious.

The voyage up the Hudson was like floating through a gorgeous vision of fairy land. The beauties of

American scenery are but too little known among Europeans. English tourists "do" the Nile or the Rhine, and imagine they have visited the two rivers best worth seeing of their kind in the world. It is an exception to find an English tourist who knows the Hudson River, though, as far as my not small experience goes, there is none to compare with it. The Rhine is as nothing, and even the Bosphorus might almost yield to its grand and stately magnificence. Going on board one of those large river steamboats which ply between New York and Albany at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and which in all other respects are among the luxuries of American travel, the tourist passes through such scenes of primeval beauty as can never be effaced from his memory. The mighty river at first is hemmed in by lofty cliffs, called the Palisades, which, striped with thin red and black strata, look like coloured palings erected by Nature to keep within bounds the stream which pours so grandly down beneath. These Palisades are, somehow, considered the great beauty of the river; though really very grand, they are far inferior in grandeur to the scenes above, where a spur of the Alleghany Mountains closes in upon the flood. Occasionally glimpses of rich merchants' villas are caught here and there, but they are few and far between, and gradually disappear as the boat progresses with a stride that jerks everything in the saloons, and the wild mountain regions are gained, where the eagles still linger, and where the face of the country is not changed from the time when the first New England settlers drove the Mohawks before them. At every turn you think the very source of the Hudson is reached, as the mountains close in fast. But still the river pours between, under gigantic cliffs, as bare at the water's edge as the bones of the world, and

clothed above in such a mass of verdure as only the Hudson shows. Ravens start up at every turn, and hawks and buzzards wheel high in the air in circles, as the beat of the paddles breaks on the deep silence of the hills. It is a wild, but not a solitude. Crags and rocks keep opening out; here an island rising in terraces of massive granite, and next a little chain of aits, clad in the richest green, and seeming a connecting link between the river and the lofty, grand, imposing mountains of woodland at either side. Cropsey's exquisite painting has made "Autumn on the Hudson" as familiar to the English as they can ever be without seeing the grand original. It was autumn when the Prince journeyed up it to West Point—autumn in all its beauty. It seemed at first as if the approach of winter, which had been making rapid strides, had rather dimmed the glory of the scene, for the coloured garments of the trees hung thinly over their brown gnarled boughs, and the ground was thickly strewn with the autumn leaves, which at a distance shone out among the grass like piles of fallen fruit. Higher up, however, as the river wound in between the lofty chain of hills at either side, details were lost in the grand magnificence of the whole, and each mountain became a huge glory of crimson and gold. The day was dull, and the clouds lay low, often topping the hills with a misty fleece, like smoke from a fire, for the whole scene was burning and glowing in its ardent colours. The water was calm as a mirror, and reflected back the piles of gorgeous tints—the great trees of gold glittered and trembled with every breath, and such a glorious background of ruby-coloured foliage spread out on every side in long purple vistas as only autumn on the Hudson shows.

The royal party reached West Point soon after one

o'clock, and were met at the landing-place by Colonel Delafield, the commandant, and the chief officers of the institution. Accompanied by them His Royal Highness rode up to the summit, and after a short stay proceeded to inspect the cadets of the school and witness them go through their evolutions.

West Point, both from the almost unequalled charms of its scenery, and it being the seat of the great military school of the United States, is perhaps one of the best known of all the places on the Hudson, always excepting the Empire City itself. It is replete with interest, too, as having been the key to the first great position of the young Republicans in the War of Independence, a key which Arnold held and would have betrayed into the hands of the English, but for the discovery of the plot by the arrest and execution of Major André at Tarrytown, a little above it. The remains of the old forts which were thrown up at the time are still to be seen, though ruined now and almost undiscernible. The military academy was established in 1802 by the Government, by which it is entirely supported. The education of the cadets is entirely gratuitous, and extends over a period of five years, during which time they are completely grounded in all the more minute practical and theoretical details of their future profession. In return for their education each one is required to spend eight years in the public service, unless sooner excused for some great and meritorious action. Nine-tenths, however, I was told, of those who are educated here remain for life in the small regular army of the United States, always on frontier duty in the uttermost wilds of the far West—the hardest duty, perhaps, that is exacted from any officers in the world. I heard it said by many who ought to be well acquainted with the subject, that the

school at West Point wants reforming—that it is not what it used to be, and does not now, at least, accomplish such results as might fairly be anticipated. How far this may or may not be true I cannot venture to say from such a hurried visit. It certainly appeared to be all that could be wished. The cadets there were perfect in their drill, and equally *au fait* in the learning belonging to the more theoretical duties of their future profession. I learned also that the present officers of the United States' army were educated there, and the universal opinion of officers of all countries is, that a better educated body of gentlemen does not exist than is to be found among the regular American army. Some time was passed in showing the Prince over the buildings and parade grounds, and in witnessing the drill of the cadets to the number of about 300. As I have said, they all performed their manœuvres with the steady regularity of well-disciplined troops. Their marching past in particular was admirable. The formal portion of the ceremony over, His Royal Highness and suite had time to drive about and admire at leisure the superb scenery round the place, which the woods in their autumn foliage made picturesque and grand beyond description.

On the following morning the journey was resumed in the "Daniel Drew," probably the fastest steam-boat in the world—a boat which, reckoning by the land she passes, can run her twenty-two miles an hour. From West Point the Hudson widens to about three times the width of the Thames at Gravesend, and continues with varying breadth, though always wide, up to Albany, some 150 miles from New York. Sometimes, as at Tarrytown (where poor Major André was captured and hung), at Yonkers, or at Peckskill, the views are charming beyond all description, but after pass-

ing the Catskill Mountains, which rise blue, cool, and misty-looking on the shore, the scenery gradually settles down into rich woodland and cultivated meadows, more varied in their extent, though scarcely as well cultivated, as those of England.

I am not going to attempt a guide-book of the Hudson, and will merely say that from these points the Prince had enough to occupy his attention on the steamboat in looking at Poughkeepsie, at Sunnyside, where Washington Irving lived, or the place which is shown as the Sleepy Hollow, where he builds his story of the headless man. At last one gets gradually tired even of these ever-recurring nooks, and hails with delight the aspect of the tall warehouses which rise over the narrow, ill-paved streets of Albany, which, for wretchedness of path and roadway, are more like the Grande Rue of Constantinople or Cairo, than the seat of Government of the New York State. The upper parts of the town, however, are very fine, and Albany claims to have a larger portion of what is called good society than New York itself. But as good society is not a whit more interesting to look at in America than in England, there was not much else to see at Albany, and the Royal party, after their usual drive round the city, retired early for the repose they all so much needed. The first thing the following morning they were off again for Boston, crossing the high viaduct in front of the falls of the Cohoes, where a huge river struggling over a number of cliffs and dashed into a kind of streaming spray, looks like a fall of clouds. To my mind this waterfall, after Niagara, is one of the best worth seeing in America. The rest of the country on to Boston was of no great interest. Now and then the line wound through thick woods, but as a rule it had all been long settled—was well cleared and very uninteresting.

All the stations along the route were crowded with eager visitors, who had been waiting for hours merely to see the train whirl by and to cheer with as much vehemence as it passed as if every one of the hundreds present had not only seen His Royal Highness, but been favoured with a personal interview. At Springfield Station, where a short stay was made, there were many thousands assembled, and the Prince came out upon the platform of his car and bowed his acknowledgments of the perfect storm of enthusiasm with which his arrival was welcomed. So, again, at Worcester there was the same never-tiring cordial multitude shouting and waving hats and handkerchiefs as if they were demented. At every place, in fact, the warmth of enthusiasm was really boundless.

CHAPTER XXI.

BOSTON AND PORTLAND.

Welcome at Boston—The Prince's Entry—Inspection of the Militia—Grand Musical Festival—New Version of "God Save the Queen"—Visit to Harvard University.

BOSTON gave the Prince of Wales a reception inferior to New York only in its magnitude. Its warm, cordial enthusiasm, its decorum, its immense outpouring of a people's welcome equalled that at the capital, and more than this it would be impossible to say. It was, on a more confined scale, a repetition of the same grand scene which he had already witnessed in the Broadway. If there could be a distinction drawn between such heart-stirring ovations, I should feel inclined to lean rather in favour of the enthusiasm of Boston, but this slight shade of difference, if any really did exist, might be more than accounted for by the fact that on the day of the arrival at New York the people had been quietly waiting in dense masses for eight hours, and it was so dark when the Prince got down the Broadway that one-half of the people saw nothing of him at all. Certainly, New York and Boston as completely eclipsed all other cities on the tour, in the intense cordiality of their welcome, as Halifax surpassed nearly every other place in its street decorations, or Montreal in its ball.

Boston claims to be the modern Athens of the West,

the Edinburgh of the Union, with the single difference between it and our own northern capital that the claims of Boston are so well founded that they are never denied in America. Not only the greatest names, but nearly all the names eminent in American literature and science and art are those of Boston men. Boston is, in fact, always pointed to as the model city of the Union—the model city for the good order, intelligence, and quiet prosperity of its inhabitants—the model city for the jealous care with which the progress of public education is watched and fostered by the State. New Yorkers sulkily admit its superiority in these respects, but fairly enough point to the heterogenous mass of emigrants who yearly inundate their streets as reasons why that city is less orderly and has made less intellectual progress ; so, with the exception of an occasional sneer at the rigid excellence of Boston, and now and then a bitter cut when they do detect a shortcoming among its people or rulers, the claims of the English city of America, as it is called, are as generally admitted as any superior excellence ever is in this world. Boston, both in its general appearance and in the houses and manners of its people, is certainly the most English city I have seen in the States. Its inhabitants, also, are not a little proud of this resemblance, which strikes the visitor at once, for in no city in the United States is the feeling of affection towards what they term the mother country so strong and so kindly. Yet the hall is still standing where the harangues commenced which ended in the War of Independence, and a tall and rather ugly obelisk looms over the city marking the spot where was fought and won the victory of Bunker's **Hill**. Surrounded by such memorials and with others still more suggestive in the very streets where the first blood was shed, an anti-English feeling would not be

surprising. But, as I have said, the very reverse of all this is actually the case, and the name of England and the English is not only admired there, but loved. There may have been some little misgiving on the part of Boston, when it heard of the grand decorum with which New York had received His Royal Highness, and even the most patriotic of Bostonians who witnessed that display admitted with reluctance that the model city could do no more than equal it. It did equal it, however, and in saying this I think I give the highest praise that can be bestowed upon either city.

At the little suburban station of Longwood, about three miles from Boston, the royal train stopped. Mayor Lincoln was in waiting to receive His Royal Highness. With his worship were a few of the chief citizens of Boston, who were duly presented to the Prince, who had then an appearance of much fatigue—an appearance which had shown itself unmistakably in all the suite more or less during the previous week or two. The party entered the open carriages which had been provided specially in honour of the occasion, and a kind of half procession being then formed, escorted by Volunteer troops of Light Dragoons, the *cortège* proceeded to the city. The crowd was comparatively thin in the suburbs, but along the streets leading to the Revere House they formed in such dense, impenetrable masses as almost surpassed the throngs at New York. Windows, roofs, and balconies, too, were crowded in the same manner, and all were cheering and waving hats and handkerchiefs—the same as at the capital, the same concourse, the same fervour of welcome, the same good order. In all its grandest and most touching details it was alike in both cities. Beyond escorting him home to his hotel, however, nothing was done worthy of record on the night of the

arrival, save that the streets were kept in a pretty considerable uproar till an advanced hour by a grand torchlight demonstration of the Bell and Everett party in reply to the Republican fête of the same kind on the previous evening.

The next day was made the great day of the reception, and in order that it might be observed with all festivity and honour the Mayor suggested to the inhabitants that it should be kept as a grand public holyday. The hint was no sooner given than adopted, a general suspension of all business was decreed, and every shop in Boston was closed as if it had been Sunday. The first event of the programme for the day was the inspection of the Militia on the Common. Before His Royal Highness set out for this, an old veteran, Mr. Ralph Farnham, the only remaining survivor of the battle of Bunker's Hill, was presented to him. This venerable man was then in his 105th year, having been born at the commencement of 1756. To that day he preserved a mental and bodily vigour which seldom falls to the lot of those who pass the allotted span of threescore and ten. He served throughout the greater part of the War of Independence, was in most of the half skirmishing actions which distinguished that struggle, and was present when General Burgoyne capitulated at Saratoga. I am sorry to be obliged to add to this record that the old veteran—the last of the men on either side who fought round the earthworks in the midst of which the Bunker's-hill Monument stands—was far from being independent in his old age. He was even seeking for subscriptions to enable him to eke out with comfort the few remaining days which can yet be vouchsafed to him. What passed between His Royal Highness and this venerable relic of bygone days I am

not aware ; but the fact of the interview appeared to have given much satisfaction to the kind-hearted people of Boston, who have so completely buried their animosities as to look on England with a feeling of hearty affection, such as one does not often see equalled, even in our most loyal colonies. The review took place in the pretty little park in the centre of Boston, and which, though called "the Common," is as picturesque and quite as well kept as St. James's. Here all Boston seemed to be assembled ; a fact, I felt quite sure of till I saw the return of His Royal Highness to the city. The troops were drawn up in the centre, looking at a distance amid the mass of people like a bright coloured picture set in a dark, sombre framework. To the delight of all, His Royal Highness came upon the ground in uniform. His suite also—at least the military portion of it—of course paid the same compliment to the occasion. The hearty enthusiasm of the people was boundless. It was a repetition of the night before—a repetition of the days in New York, yet withal so fresh, so spontaneous, so untiring, that every welcome seemed better than the last, till, as a spectator, one almost wondered when and where the devotion of respect and hospitality was to end. And all this kindly feeling was but a reflex—almost a faint reflex—of the chivalrous sentiment of respect and love with which the name of Her Majesty is revered throughout the length and breadth of America.

If the Queen ever does visit the United States, her reception will mark such an epoch in the welcome of sovereigns as the world never saw before. The troops on the ground gave the usual royal salute, presenting arms and lowering colours as His Royal Highness rode along the ranks. The evolutions of marching, &c., then commenced. As at New York, their manœuvres

were executed with a steady solid precision which would have done honour to some of the best regiments in our service. There were probably not more than 2500 or 3000 men on the ground; no very great number, certainly, though great enough when the reader remembers that those corps were only a part of the militia of Boston, and only types of those that are to be found more or less numerous in every town or city of the United States. The number, therefore, was sufficient to serve as a test of efficiency for volunteer corps. Keenly as each company was scrutinised as it passed, it was impossible to detect a flaw of irregularity in its movements. There was an ease and evenness about all they did which made it difficult to imagine them only volunteers. Conspicuous among the regiments were those companies which had come to Montreal to assist at the *éclat* of the splendid reception in that fine old city. They were greatly admired at the Canadian capital, but here they were no better than others: the drill of all, in fact, was perfect. So conservative is Boston in all its traditions of the old country, that some of their volunteer companies actually still wear the military costume of the infantry of the early days of George III., old and quaint-looking as the soldiers in the pictures of the victories of Wolfe. The inspection occupied some time. When it was over, a military procession was formed, with the *cortège* of the royal party in the centre; and with these honours His Royal Highness was escorted back to the old State House, in the centre of the city. It is quite impossible to describe the ovation which the Prince met with on this progress. It would be but repeating what I have endeavoured to write of the reception at New York. Every street was literally choked full with thousands of spectators, and long tiers of ladies and

gentlemen, story above story, clustered over the front of every building. In New York there were only a few police to keep the side streets clear; at Boston there were none. The people were their own police, or rather, I may say, none were needed. The masses swayed heavily up and down the roads in slow undulations, but, though almost crushed by their own weight, there was no attempt to encroach on the broad space which they themselves allowed for the passage of the procession.

Along such streets, and amid such demonstrations of welcome as really can only be imagined, the Prince journeyed slowly, now and then removing his plumed hat as he passed under some unusually long balcony of ladies more than ordinarily demonstrative, or neared a street corner where the throng and enthusiasm demanded special notice even amid such a scene. The party stopped to lunch at the State House. It was the very building, and looking into the very street, where the first attack was made by English troops on the then colonists of Boston, where, from the blood then shed in State Street, arose the War of Independence, and the empire of the United States. In these events, and in all that relate to that war, the Americans have indeed much which they need strive to forget, and the English much which they should endeavour to conceal.

Lunch over, His Royal Highness returned to his hotel, still passing between the same crowds, still meeting with the same enthusiasm.

At five o'clock there was a grand musical festival in the Music Hall. The hall itself is a magnificent building, noble and lofty in all its proportions, exquisitely chaste and simple in its decorations. It realises one's idea of what the House of Representatives at Washington ought to be, instead of what it is. For

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this occasion, however, the interior was specially decorated with almost regal magnificence in honour of the Prince. The first balcony facing the orchestra was draped with crimson velvet and gold, the upper galleries with blue velvet and gold, while all around and above were intertwined the flags of England and America. The effect thus produced was positively dazzling; and when crowded, as it was, with a richly-dressed audience, the whole hall presented a rich, luxuriant, and magnificent effect.

At the back of the hall was built a large orchestra, capable of containing, tier above tier to the height of fifty feet, 1200 juvenile choristers. This was filled from base to summit with a perfect bouquet of children. They were mostly young girls. All were dressed in white, looking, in the distance, on a colossal scale, like those soft, snowy banks of azaleas one sees at flower-shows. Every other available nook and corner of the spacious hall was crowded with all the rank and fashion of Boston, their rich variegated dresses setting off to the utmost perfection the great white altar of little singers which rose in the midst. It was altogether one of the most beautiful scenes which the Prince had witnessed in America. The instant the royal party entered the hall, the orchestra, if I may so call them, of young people rose *en masse*. They had been rigidly tutored not to cheer, but they seemed to restrain themselves only by a very great effort, as was plainly visible in the rapid manner in which they waved their pocket-handkerchiefs, lashing them about with an enthusiastic vehemence that was delightful to behold. The performance equalled all the expectations which were raised by the preparations, the appearance of the audience, and the building. It was second to the yearly festival at St. Paul's only in the number

of its young performers. A new version of " God save the Queen" had been composed for the occasion. Nothing I may say was allowed prominence in these receptions of the Prince unless it had been prepared *en avance* as an honour and a tribute to the royal guest. This anthem so fairly represented the feeling of the American people during this remarkable visit that I cannot refrain from giving it now *in extenso*. It was sung with such a depth of feeling, with such a welcome in every tone, with such a kindly reverence and warmth as can never be expressed in mere dry words. It was as follows :—

" God bless our Fathers' land,
Keep her in heart and hand
One with our own !
From all her foes defend,
Be her brave People's Friend,
On all her realms descend,
Protect her throne !

" Father, with loving care
Guard Thou her kingdom's Heir,
Guide all his ways :
Thine arm his shelter be,
From him by land and sea
Bid storm and danger flee,
Prolong his days !

" Lord, let War's tempest cease,
Fold the whole earth in peace,
Under Thy wings !
Make all Thy nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of Kings !"

When His Royal Highness, at the conclusion of the concert, quitted the hall, the young vocalists rose again, but this time their enthusiasm could not be restrained. One set the example of a cheer, and in an instant it spread from mouth to mouth, gradually extending from

where the little choristers sat, all through the building, till it echoed with an outburst of long pent-up feeling of affection, hospitality, and welcome so blended in warm hearty shouts of gladness, that the English spectator could only look on with pride and mute amazement at such a kindly tribute to his young Prince. Every day, every hour of the long tour only convinced me more and more of how little the English people know of their brothers in Canada—how little the English and Americans really know of each other. To most Englishmen Canada is a geographical expression, and they are better acquainted with the Hindoos than the real sterling character of their great descendants and rivals, the Americans.

In the evening, after the musical festival, there was a grand ball. It was given in the beautiful opera-house, which was decorated and lit up with the most charming good taste. The whole of the spacious building was very full, though not by any means too crowded for the proper enjoyment of such a festivity. All the arrangements of the fête were, in short, very good, so it was a decided success. Still, as with all the other balls that had been given on the tour, none even at their brightest approached, either for splendour or good taste, the magnificence of the great fête at Montreal.

Next day there was a brief visit and frugal lunch at Harvard University, at Cambridge, the foremost seat of learning in America, and which numbers among its professors men of world-wide reputation in literature and science. On his return the Prince was expected to visit the superb public library of the city, the only one conducted on truly liberal principles that I ever heard of. This fine building contains upwards of 200,000 volumes. Any one, no matter who, on registering his

name and address, can borrow books from it. Only one work or volume is lent at a time, and only allowed to be retained for fourteen days. These rules, however, are relaxed if good reasons are given, and always in the case of habitual readers. Between 2000 and 3000 volumes are thus lent out weekly, and not ten pounds' worth are injured or missing at the end of the year. In fact, during the last two or three years, the losses sustained by the library have been merely nominal, and in nearly all cases arise from unavoidable accident. It speaks well, indeed, for the Boston people to have founded such a system, and to work it with such complete success. Unfortunately, there was not time to inspect this superb institution.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE VOYAGE HOME.

Reception at Portland—Embarkation for the Voyage Home—A Winter Voyage across the Atlantic—Stormy Weather—Delay in reaching England—Home at Last—Conclusion.

I HAVE little more to add to the long record of "The Prince's Tour," save his arrival and embarkation at Portland; and having followed His Royal Highness throughout "unto this last," a few words more will suffice to bring to a conclusion my narrative of this most remarkable Progress of the Prince of Wales.

The good citizens of Portland were, on the whole, rather disappointed that the Prince could make no formal visit to their town, and that it was merely used, in fact, as a port for embarkation. It is only doing justice to their hospitality to state that they left no effort untried which could induce His Royal Highness to extend this part of the programme into a more lengthened visit, and in the hope that they might be successful they had arranged a little series of excursions and fêtes for their illustrious visitor, which by dint of early rising and late travelling might possibly have been got through in a week. But the fiat had gone forth that the Prince would embark on the 20th of October, and so, as on every other occasion of this long and varied tour, the programme was adhered to, to the

day, the hour, and the minute. It must have been almost a painful office for those intrusted to carry out these arrangements on the route to have to refuse these continual kind offers of respect and welcome which were pressed upon the royal party at every town through which they passed. They were refused, however; had they not been, the Prince could scarcely have got through his tour in less than twelve months. So Portland, like the rest, had to remain contented with its good intentions, and expend its hospitality on the officers of the royal squadron, to whom before the arrival of the Prince a magnificent ball was given, and every possible kindness and attention shown during their short stay. There were the same scenes of enthusiasm in Boston on the day of the Prince's departure as on his arrival, only differing in character. It was less a welcome than a kind and regretful farewell. On that day, as on all the days during the Prince's visit to that fine old city, the English and American flags were intertwined over the monument erected to commemorate the battle of Bunker's Hill. Long after the train had left Boston the great column could be seen with its rival banners for the first time floating together over the emblem of bygone strife. At Portland there was no formality about the reception. The people were out in thousands, cheering and delighted—kind and respectful as everywhere, quite content if they only saw the Prince, and knew that he in turn saw and appreciated their welcome. There was a short drive made round the town, and then the party went to lunch at the Prebble House, for there was much leave-taking to be gone through and kind Canadian friends to be bid farewell. Mr. Rose, of whom all had so many warm recollections, was there, with Mr. Cartier, the Prime Minister, the Mayor of Montreal, and the leading gen-

tlemen connected with the series of superb entertainments which that great capital of Canada gave the Prince. There were gentlemen too from Halifax and New Brunswick, Quebec and Toronto, London and Hamilton. All who had been in any way concerned in the magnificent displays and receptions of the great Canadian colonies were waiting to wish His Royal Highness a happy voyage back, and take a kind leave of their young visitor, who on that soil will always be remembered with pride and affection. A little before three o'clock His Royal Highness left the hotel to embark. Nearly two months previous it had been arranged that the departure should take place from Portland at three P.M. on the 20th of October. "The day and the hour" had come, and, with the same perfect accuracy which had distinguished every movement of the long progress, this last appointment was kept. Crowds thronged the streets down to the wharf, the hill overlooking it was black with people, the ships in the bay were dressed with colours. There was great shouting, cheering, and waving of handkerchiefs as His Royal Highness, with the chief members of his suite, stepped into the "Hero's" barge, and one long-shouted farewell seemed to fill the air as the boat shoved off from American soil, and the first Prince of Wales who has ever visited the United States quitted the shore with the love and good wishes of all its people. There was a moment of ceremony as the "Hero," "Ariadne," "Flying Fish," "Nile," and "Styx" manned yards and slowly thundered out a royal salute. Another salute as the Prince's standard went up to the "Hero's" main. Then "boats' recall" was hoisted, and before five o'clock the royal squadron was steaming out of the harbour. One last salute was given as the vessel passed the forts. It was returned gun for gun, dotting

the hills with smoke, till the crowds were hidden and the land lay in a dim blue haze, which gradually sunk lower and lower in the horizon.

On board the "Hero" the Prince, with all the immediate members of his suite, was embarked. The "Ariadne" had only two of the Prince's travelling companions—if I may so term them—the son of Lord St. Germain, the Hon. Mr. Elliott, and the Hon. C. Ellice, the son of Lord Howard De Walden. The pretty little "Flying Fish" took no one; for in a vessel of such small size and comparatively low speed it was not unreasonably conjectured that a winter passage over the Atlantic would be both a long and an uneasy one. How she made her way through, was unknown to the rest of the royal squadron; for there was rather a strong swell on, with an adverse wind, the first night of departure, in which she was not able to maintain the speed of the other vessels, and gradually dropped more and more astern, parting company towards the middle of the night.

A winter voyage across the Atlantic is the same for princes as for other people—that is to say, always a long, dull, and comfortless affair—a damp monotony of days and nights, slightly broken now and then by a thick fog or a sharp gale. On this run, as in going out, and as all through Canada and much of the United States, His Royal Highness had his usual ill-luck with regard to weather. There were head-winds, there were calms, there were fogs, and in the short intervals, when the breeze was favourable, there was so much of it and to spare, that on the whole one rather wished the calms and fogs were back again. There was no desire to be too fastidious on board the squadron. Any wind with west in it would do. But, of course, this never came but once, when there was such a considerable admix-

ture of the westerly element, that I think everybody in his heart was glad when it was gone again. It is astonishing what an amount of discomfort is concealed under the saying of a "Thirteen-knot gale in your favour." For the first two or three days out both the "Hero" and "Ariadne" were under steam. The former was at full speed, the latter at less than half, and having to resort to every nautical artifice to keep her place behind the flag-ship. In spite of all, however, this beautiful frigate kept ranging up alongside and a-head of the "Hero." There seemed to be no keeping her great speed within bounds, and between the intervals, when the watch turned up to shorten sail, the main deck forward echoed with an impromptu song among the sailors, with the chorus of "Wait for the 'Hero,' wait for the 'Hero,' wait for the 'Hero,' she's a long way behind." There were "chaffing" signals, too, going on between the vessels as to the state of passengers on both, and ironical offers of medical assistance in case they were very bad. In these, however, the "Ariadne" had much the best of it, for, with the exception of His Royal Highness and one or two others, the knot of passengers on the poop of the "Hero" was rather thinned by the first day's head sea. Now and then the "Ariadne" ranged up so close alongside that both parties could converse from their respective quarter-decks by writing out their questions on black boards, and holding them up. Once, indeed, the "Ariadne" came so close that both could speak with ease. This experiment, however, was only attempted once, for a heavy swell was running, and the two ships were within a hair's-breadth of coming broadside against each other, when the consequences might have been most serious. Their yards actually touched, and nothing but the speed of the "Ariadne" and the

indomitable coolness of Captain Vansittart saved them from actual collision. Even as it was many ran below, thinking that the masts and spars would be about their ears. After this slight escapade open order was enforced, except in fogs, when the "Ariadne" had to follow, almost touching the Prince's vessel. These fogs were as frequent as on the voyage out, and were a source of perpetual anxiety. Every officer on board the "Ariadne" was determined, come what might, not to part company with the "Hero." Yet the danger—to say nothing of the difficulty of keeping together when both were steeped in yellow clouds, impervious to light and almost to sound—can easily be understood. The mists seemed by their very weight and density to make the ocean dumb, and only a huge, silent fog swell, which seemed almost supernatural in its mute undulations, gave evidence that the vessels were really at sea. Every mast and spar was hidden, fog-lights were useless—even at a few yards off they only shone with a dim, thick, yellow glare, which might be a mile off, or a yard, for anything one could distinguish. The very sea itself was blinded out by this wet, dun, choking atmosphere, and, as far as sight or sound could tell, the "Ariadne" or the "Hero" might both have been, as they really seemed, in the clouds. Voices could be heard on board the "Hero," and the creaking of her masts and cordage as she drooped over and over from side to side with the swell; but not a vestige of her form or lights could be discerned for a single instant. The fog hung, in fact, on everything like a pall, and seemed to check sight, and noise, and even motion. The "Hero" used to go a-head, sounding her fog-whistle, till the shrill alarm was faint in the distance, and stifled in the thick air. Then the "Ariadne" would follow, sounding hers, till close upon

the flag-ship, when the "Hero" again took up the scream and went a-head; and in this manner, moving step by step, the nights and days would pass. On these occasions Captain Vansittart, and Mr. Phillips, the first lieutenant, seldom left the bridge for an instant. It was both dull and anxious work, especially as the fog always melted into a thick calm, leaving the vessels lounging from side to side with a heavy idle motion like a couple of "jibbing" horses that would back, or rear, or sidle, or do anything, in fact, but go on. The "Ariadne" carried coals enough for her voyage home, but the "Hero" only stowed some six or seven days' fuel, most of which, of course, was reserved in case, as it really happened, of their coming on the English coast with easterly winds against them. But, in spite of the care with which the coals were husbanded, it was evidently of no good lying becalmed some 600 miles off Portland, so on Thursday, the 25th, both vessels got up steam, and went a-head, the "Hero" at full speed, and the "Ariadne" keeping her place with ease at little more than one-third, and with only from eight to ten pounds steam in her boilers.

On Friday the 26th, signal was made to the "Ariadne" to tow. The idea of a 26-gun frigate towing a line-of-battle ship through rather a heavy swell seems almost absurd, but the "Ariadne," either under sail or steam, can do such feats as were never heard of from a steam frigate before. So the "Ariadne" took the "Hero" in tow, and actually dragged her along through a heavy rolling swell at the rate of nine knots an hour. Such an effort appears almost incredible, and I must own that, had I not seen it myself, I should have found some difficulty in believing that any frigate afloat could possibly have done it. Both vessels were rolling rather heavily, and the hawser kept tightening and vibrating

like a harp-string. No one knew the instant it would part, and as it was taken along the "Ariadne's" upper deck, where the men could not possibly be always kept clear of it, it was a constant source of anxiety to all. It went at last with a terrific snap at about five A.M. on the 27th. There were plenty of men near it when it parted, but providentially it sprung into the air and went clear over the stern without hurting any one. At that time the long-wished-for wind had come at last from the north-west. The towing, therefore, was not renewed, but both went on under all plain sail, the "Ariadne" shortening hers every hour to keep with the "Hero." During Saturday the breeze freshened more and more, the sea got up as the glass went down, and the wind came in fierce squalls, driving showers of sleet and hail before it. On Sunday it blew more than half a gale, and hour by hour, reef after reef was taken in by the "Hero," and, of course, the "Ariadne" was obliged to follow the example. Both ships began to roll rather heavily, and stray traps went crashing about; the "Ariadne" creaked and groaned in every timber, the wind moaned and howled through the shrouds in every tone of hoarse and dangerous anger, while the clouds of hail drove over everything, and kept ringing and spinning from the deck like small shot. Everything was dark, wet, noisy, creaking below, while above nothing could be heard but the hurried tramp of the sailors, the roar of the storm, and dash of the spray as it leapt up over the ship's side on to the deck. This was the 12-knot breeze in our favour. About three A.M. on Monday this brief storm was at its worst, and struck down upon both ships in a succession of angry squalls.

The sea and sky seemed to have entered into a conspiracy, and were blended together in a dull, leaden-

coloured mass, half scud, half foam, save to windward, where amid the flying haze of wind and spray a dense low bank of livid copper-tinted clouds was rising up into the heavens with ominous rapidity. There was a heavy sea rolling, from which the waves came pouring down rank on rank, their dull heavy sides streaked with weird looking zigzags and blotches of lurid foam, and their lofty blue ridges seething with tufts of spray, like hills tipped with half thawed snow. The "Hero" was abreast of the "Ariadne," not quite a mile to windward, no longer towering with a mass of canvas moving with stately undulations over the ocean, but with a few wet, black-looking sails, close reefed, and rolling quick and heavily—a mere hard-struggling, weather-beaten ship. The squall which the copper-coloured clouds foretold came on her first with a hoarse, loud roar, as if a mountain was in motion. At once it split both her foresail and her mainsail, and heeled her sharply over. What more it did I cannot say, for the storm seemed to muffle her up with clouds of mist and hail, till in a short time her outline only loomed faintly through the haze, like the shadow of a ship upon a watery cloud. The "Ariadne's" turn came next. With a loud premonitory rush of hail, and dash of sea up over her sides, the wind struck her, as sailors say, "like a hammer." The reefed maintopsail split at once. Then the forestaysail went. The almost instant destruction of this sail was a wonderful sight. The block holding it broke up, and the huge mass of wet canvas blew out slatting in the wind with a fierce noise like volleys of musketry, and jerking every timber in the ship as though she was actually striking. Another minute and this, the newest and strongest sail in the ship, had blown away piecemeal in little shreds and fragments. With this squall the thickness of the

weather increased, till even the dubious, greasy light of the moon was damped out. At last the clouds partially cleared at six o'clock, and then the "Hero" was nowhere to be seen. The last that had been seen of her was through the mist, when she was apparently heaving to to reef. So the "Ariadne" hove to also, till nearly nine o'clock, in the hope of her consort being still in the neighbourhood. At nine o'clock the gale was almost as bad as ever, but the sun was bright for a short time, yet still the flagship was nowhere visible. Blank consternation fell on all the "Ariadne's," from captain to crew, for to part thus, after all their long days and nights of trouble, was felt to be mortifying indeed. After a delay of two hours and more, Captain Vansittart came to the conclusion that the "Hero" must have run before the gale, and was still a-head. Acting upon this supposition, which proved to be quite correct, all the sail which the "Ariadne" could safely carry in such a heavy breeze was crowded on, and away she went, tearing through the waves at the rate of more than thirteen knots an hour. For the credit of this noble vessel, however, I grieve to say that in this her first real trial in a heavy sea she proved rather an uncomfortable ship. It is true she was running almost before the wind, and through the trough of a very heavy sea; but, making every possible allowance for these disadvantages and her weight of coal, it still by no means accounted for her tremendous lurches. She rolled with a deep, slow, heavy motion, as if almost at times about to capsize. To say that she dipped her main-deck guns under water of course means a great deal, but even this is short of what the "Ariadne" sometimes accomplished in her unwieldy gambols. She rolled from twenty-four to twenty-six degrees to windward, and from thirty to thirty-six or even thirty-

eight to leeward. In some of her lurches over to leeward it was only possible to guess at the number of degrees she went; but her inclination may be judged from the fact, that in one tremendous dip she made she actually dipped her quarter-boats into the water. This was certainly her worst, though she very often heeled over so as to bring the boats within a few inches of the sea. The shot was sent below from the upper deck, and the long 68-pounders so lashed that, unless she actually turned over, they could never move. Two of the light brass howitzers forward, however, were capsized, and some anxiety was felt during the heaviest rolls lest any of her huge main-deck guns below should get adrift. Fortunately, however, they had been well secured, and never moved an inch.

All our troubles, however, were forgotten when, though the gale still blew, the weather cleared, and the man at the mast-head hailed that the "Hero" was in sight. It was only from the mast-head, however, that she could be seen under the very meagre allowance of canvas which Commodore Seymour meted out to her on all occasions—about fourteen or sixteen miles a-head. The instant the discovery was made, additional sail was crowded on the "Ariadne," and the way she tore through the water was "a caution." The "Hero" herself must at least have been going ten knots before such a wind, and a stern chase is proverbially a long chase; yet in less than five hours after first sighting her from the mast-head the "Ariadne" was alongside once more, and the "Hero" signalled how glad she was to be rejoined by so good a consort. With the night the wind—the only favourable wind we had—died away, and left both ships rolling helplessly to the bidding of the long, smooth swell. Then came calms by day with fogs by night, then more idling and

rolling, getting a start of wind for a few hours to raise momentary hopes of still making a fair passage; then again calms, and yet more fogs, till the chances of reaching England under fourteen days waxed fainter and more faint with each long day's non-progress. Then the "Ariadne" would tow again. To prevent danger from the hawser parting while on board, the end was made fast to the shackle of her stream cable—a huge piece of iron, equal, according to the calculation of the dockyard authorities, to nearly three times the strength of the towing hawser. Yet before the towing had lasted half an hour the shackle broke, and left the "Hero" adrift.

I would venture humbly to suggest that the Lords of the Admiralty should see this wretched piece of iron-work. The fracture shows a worse kind of metal than one would expect to find in the coarsest pig-iron. Yet on the strength of this shackle the "Ariadne" herself, with all on board, might have to depend for safety in her most trying emergencies. It is impossible that it could have been tested at the dockyard before it was issued, as it broke at less than half the strain it is professed to have been proved to. A larger shackle was then got up, and with this the "Ariadne" again set to work, and pulled the "Hero" through the water some 200 miles, making every timber in the ship creak and work awfully under the strain. After twenty hours of this work, the hawser parted on board the "Hero," and, as there was then a little wind, the towing was not renewed, but both vessels crept on under sail, the "Ariadne," as usual—though having her mizentopsail and topgallantsail backed—dodging about on all sorts of tacks to keep with the flagship. In this manner, now creeping on for a few hours with a faint wind, then steaming a little through calms and

fogs, the 1st of November found the ships in that part of the ocean called "the beginning of the Chops of the Channel," with the sea like glass, fogs by night with a long fog swell, and a steady easterly wind against us during the day. On this, the 1st of November, we were 600 miles from the Lizard; at noon on Monday, the 5th, we were 430. These figures give the best idea of the amount of progress made in this time. The "Hero" had not coal enough to steam, and the wind was too strong in the day, and the swell too much at night, for the "Ariadne" to tow.

Thus day by day and hour by hour was passed, with these two fine ships lying all but idle in the water, and everybody fuming and fretting for the fair wind, which the more it was wanted "the more it wouldn't come." On Monday, the 5th, there was another attempt made to tow the "Hero," but then there was a heavy swell on, and after some three hours the hawser parted again, and both ships jogged on as usual, creeping up slowly to windward, and passing many sail of merchantmen similarly engaged. At last, on Monday night, the 5th, the glass fell, and a strong southeasterly gale set in, the very foulest of all the foul winds that could have chanced to us. Of course there was nothing for it but to close reef the topsails, and keep dodging about to remain as near the entrance of the Channel as possible. This, however, was not to be done. The gale was fierce, though, strange to say, the sea was not high, still high enough to make both vessels generally uncomfortable and wet below. Thus the 6th and 7th were passed with no sign of the wind abating, and the two ships still staggering heavily to leeward across a sea of dirty-looking foam. Everybody studied the barometer, which still kept obstinately high, and every one thought the wind must come round

on the next day, though the next day was, of course, as bad as ever, and only brought such small additions to the live stock as starlings, thrushes, and a woodcock blown off the land, showing that the wind was likely to be hard and very lasting. There was only one comfort left us, and that was, that since the great weight of coals on board the "Ariadne" had been got rid of by towing, she never rolled at all worth speaking of. On Wednesday, the 7th, the ships were near Galway, and it was thought the "Hero" would have made for that port, filled up with coal, and then steamed home. But for some reason or other she did not, and on the next day the wind was too strong and she could not have done it had she tried. Friday, the 9th, the ships were back again in the same place that they had been on Monday, the 5th; while on Sunday, the 11th, they were some thirty miles further off the land than they had been on Sunday, the 4th. Altogether, what with wind, rain, and hail, it was not an encouraging cruise, especially as fresh provisions were out, even to the vegetables, and there was nothing to eat but the saltiest of ship's salt stores. On Monday, the 12th, both vessels were well into the Bay of Biscay, making a long slant down towards Ushant. If the wind changed to either south or north-west, there would be a chance of getting in; if it did not, there was nothing for it but to wear and stand out to the west again—perhaps for another week, perhaps for a fortnight, and all this on salt provisions.

It was not in human nature to bear it with patience, and the barometers were consulted every hour and every minute that night. At last they began to fall. Then came rain, then little puffs of fair wind, coquetting and flapping about the huge sails. Gradually it came round more and more from the west, till by ten A.M.

on the 13th, the 24th day out, there was, almost for the first time, a fair wind, and both ships at last making their course stood towards England. The breeze, however, was but a poor one. In the night it almost died away, though the "Hero" still kept the double reef in her topsails to a light wind that scarcely moved her five knots an hour. A yacht would have gladly spread all her canvas to the wind which was keeping this crack line-of-battle ship under double-reefed topsails. On the morning of the 14th the wind came decidedly fair—a strong sou'-wester, under which, running full before the wind, both ships went hissing and rushing through the water at the rate of more than twelve knots an hour. This was all very well, but as some slight uncertainty existed as to where the vessels were, and consequently whither they were going, it was evident that they could not carry on long that way. There had been no observations for some days, and when there had been any, the "Hero's" differed from the "Ariadne's," and the dead reckonings from both. Observations from stars only made matters worse again. So, as the weather was thickening and the wind inshore, both ships shortened sail at one o'clock, and hove to to sound; coarse gravel was got in eighty-three fathoms, which the chart said meant off Ushant, but this was almost doubtful, so soundings were taken again at six, and the bottom at sixty fathoms placed the first soundings above suspicion. The course of the vessels was, therefore, altered to east-nor'-east, and under shortened sail the "Hero" and the "Ariadne" stood across the Channel for the Lizard Light. This, the last night of the cruise, was as foggy as any, and once the "Ariadne" missed the "Hero" and sent up red rockets, but the rockets were answered by the "Himalaya," which had been long on the look-out for us. At last the "Ariadne" put on full steam,

and running up at fourteen knots an hour, overtook the "Hero," cautiously creeping towards the Lizard. Fortunately the light was soon made, and the cold gray morning at last showed the shores of Old England in the lofty, rugged, picturesque coast of Cornwall. The run to Plymouth was soon made, and before ten A.M. the "Hero" and the "Ariadne" cast anchor inside the Breakwater, the ships in the Sound and in the harbour and the batteries on shore saluting the Prince's flag. In a very short time His Royal Highness was ready to land. For the last time the ships manned yards, salutes were fired as the royal standard came down from the "Hero," and amid cheers from the crews of the "Hero" and "Ariadne," the Prince of Wales quitted the royal squadron, and his long progress was brought to a close.

In little more than four months he had traversed all Canada and the greater part of North America, winning such a friendly feeling of regard for himself as must in the future history of the two nations be productive of the greatest and most beneficial results. While giving to His Royal Highness the credit that is really his due for frank and polished courtesy, and that natural high breeding which springs from innate good nature, I should not be discharging my duty as narrator faithfully if I failed to remark that a most important share in the success of the progress was due to the Duke of Newcastle. On his grace rested the responsibility of every single step undertaken—of the wording of every address received, and every reply delivered. In short, it is only necessary to remember the facts to do justice to his grace; but these facts are, that he had the entire management of the tour, and its grand success surpassed every anticipation that had been formed. Second to the Duke in rank and importance, though

scarcely second to him in popularity, were Earl St. Germans and General Bruce. All the members of the royal suite formed warm friends wherever they stayed; but his lordship and the general were especially fortunate in this respect, and will be kindly remembered in America when other incidents of the late royal progress in America will have almost been obliterated by the lapse of time. A long period, however, must elapse ere the Prince of Wales and his visit are forgotten in Canada and the United States. It was the first royal visit ever paid to the West. Never will royalty be seen there under a more attractive guise.

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